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TWENTIETH YEAR

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DAVID A. GORTON, M.D.

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ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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- IV. *The Present Phase of the Mormon Problem.*
- V. *The Ratio of Capital to Consumption.*
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THE Editors of the NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW desire to express their gratitude to the subscribers and contributors for the generous support which they have given the work, and to set forth anew its aims, objects and policy.

That any American work of so independent and liberal a character as that of the NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW should have survived the depression of the times, and the still greater foe of American periodical literature, the competition of English Quarterlies, is a matter of congratulation; and the fact itself is due more to the labors of contributors and the interest excited by the character of the work, than to any effort on the part of its management.

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- | | |
|---|--|
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| II. Natural and Supernatural. | V. Past and Present of Life-insurance. |
| III. German Novels and Novelists. Part I. | VI. The Travail of Democracy. |

SECOND SERIES, VOL. I, No. II.—*October, 1877.*

- | | |
|---|----------------------------------|
| I. The Civil and Military Administration of General Ulysses S. Grant. | IV. Oriental Christianity. |
| II. The Influence of Caste on Western Europe. | V. Harriet Martineau. |
| III. German Novels and Novelists. Part II. | VI. Odd Customs in Old Families. |

SECOND SERIES, VOL. II, No. III.—*January, 1878.*

- | | |
|--|---|
| I. The National Interest and the Labor Question. | V. The Supernatural. |
| II. The Mæcenas of Germany. | VI. The Sheridans—a Rare Literary Family. |
| III. Philology and the Origin of Speech. | VII. Rationale of the Death-Rate. |
| IV. The Progress of Modern Astronomy. | VIII. John Lothrop Motley. |

SECOND SERIES, VOL. II, No. IV.—*April, 1878.*

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| I. The Progress of Self-Government. | V. Career of M. Thiers. |
| II. Pre-historic Man in America. | VI. Divine and Human Agency. |
| III. Art and Religion in Works of Fiction. Part I. | VII. Old Irish Books and Manuscripts. |
| IV. The Alexandrian Museum. | VIII. Money and Currency. |

SECOND SERIES, VOL. III, No. V.—*July, 1878.*

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| I. China and the Chinese. | VI. The Papacy of Pius IX. |
| II. The Ethics of Marriage and Divorce. | VII. Evolution and Volition. |
| III. Art and Religion in Works of Fiction. Part II. | VIII. The Knights Templars. |
| IV. Russia's Present Position in Europe. | IX. The Development of Art. Part I. |
| V. The Lunar Theory. | |

SECOND SERIES, VOL. III, No. VI.—*October, 1878.*

- | | |
|---|---|
| I. Ethics of Civil Government. Part II. | V. Education and the Religious Sentiment. |
| II. The Relation of Science to Scholastic Philosophy. | VI. Present Aspects of Socialism. |
| III. Madame Dudevant. | VII. Libraries, Ancient and Modern. |
| IV. Condition and Prospects of the Southern States. Part I. | VIII. William Cullen Bryant. |
| | IX. Triple View of <i>Divine and Human Agency</i> . |

SECOND SERIES, VOL. IV, No. VII.—*January, 1879.*

- | | |
|---|---|
| I. Ideal Commonwealths. | VI. The Ecclesiastical Question in Italy. |
| II. The Battle-field of England and Russia. | VII. Condition and Prospects of the Southern States. Part II. |
| III. Matter, Life and Mind. | VIII. The Development of Art. Part II. |
| IV. War Indebtmnt: Its Limitations and Dangers. | IX. Alzog's Church History. |
| V. Voltaire and the French Revolution. | |

SECOND SERIES, VOL. IV, No. VIII.—*April, 1879.*

- | | |
|---|---|
| I. Problems Physical and Metaphysical. | IV. The Poetry of Atheism. |
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- I. Dante.
- II. Godwin's History of France.
- III. The Modern French Drama.
- IV. The Works of Charles Dickens.

- V. The Nineteenth Century.
- VI. A Glance at the Fine Arts.
- VII. The Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.
- VIII. Italy, Past and Present.

No. II.—September, 1860.

- I. James Fenimore Cooper.
- II. Hungary, Past and Present.
- III. Social Life in America.
- IV. Torquato Tasso.

- V. The English Language.
- VI. Seward as an Orator and Statesman.
- VII. The Works of Miss Evans.
- VIII. "Availability;" or, Politicians *vs.* Statesmen.

No. III.—December, 1860.

- I. Lord Bacon.
- II. American Female Novelists.
- III. Camoens and his Translators.
- IV. England under the Stuarts.

- V. Tendencies in Modern Thought.
- VI. A Glance at the Turkish Empire.
- VII. The Greek Tragic Drama—Sophocles.
- VIII. French Romances and American Morals.

No. IV.—March, 1861.

- I. Persian Poetry.
- II. Americanisms.
- III. Mexican Antiquities.
- IV. Modern Criticism.
- V. Popular Botany.

- VI. The Saracenic Civilization in Spain.
- VII. Motley's United Netherlands.
- VIII. The Lessons of Revolutions.
- IX. Quackery and the Quacked.

No. V.—June, 1861.

- I. Ancient Civilization of the Hindoos.
- II. The Jesuits and their Founder.
- III. Jeremy Bentham and his Theory of Legislation.
- IV. Greek Comic Drama—Aristophanes.
- V. Recent French Literature.

- VI. The Canadas: Their Position and Destiny.
- VII. The Sciences among the Ancients and Moderns.
- VIII. Danish and Swedish Poetry.
- IX. The Secession Rebellion; why it must be put down.

No. VI.—September, 1861.

- I. The Poetical Literature of Spain.
- II. Hans Christian Andersen and his Fairy Legends.
- III. Influence of Music—The Opera.
- IV. The De Saussures and their writings—Mme. Neckar.
- V. Mahomet and the Koran.

- VI. Wills and Will Making.
- VII. Aristotle—his Life, Labors, and Influence.
- VIII. Carthage and the Carthaginians.
- IX. Spasmodic Literature—Philip Thaxter.
- X. The Secession Rebellion and its sympathizers.

No. VII.—December, 1861.

- I. The Men and Women of Homer.
- II. Fallacies of Buckle's Theory of Civilization.
- III. Burial Customs and Obituary Lore.
- IV. Modern Italian Literature.
- V. Necessity for a General Bankrupt Law.

- VI. Russia on the Way to India.
- VII. Berkeley—His Life and Writings.
- VIII. Count De Cavour.
- IX. The Morals of Trade.

No. VIII.—March, 1862.

- I. Vindication of the Celts.
- II. Dr. Arnold of Rugby.
- III. Female Education: Good, Bad, and Indifferent.
- IV. Christopher Martin Wieland.
- V. Improvement and New Uses of Coal Gas.
- VI. Bombastic Literature.

- VII. Influence of Comparative Philology on Intellectual Development.
- VIII. Our National Defences.
- IX. The Union, not a League, but a Permanent Government.

No. IX.—*June, 1862.*

- | | |
|---|---|
| I. The Chinese Language and Literature.
II. Angelology and Demonology—Ancient and Modern.
III. Sir Thomas More and his Times.
IV. Maud as a representative Poem.
V. The Comedies of Molière.
VI. Education and Unity of Pursuit of the Christian Ministry. | VII. Sir Philip Sidney.
VIII. Aurora Leigh.
IX. Yellow Fever a Worse Enemy to Civilization than Soldiers.
X. The National Academy of Design and its Great Men. |
|---|---|

No. X.—*September, 1862.*

- | | |
|---|---|
| I. Lucretius on the Nature of Things.
II. The Works and Influence of Goethe.
III. Madame de Maintenon and her Times.
IV. Effects of War and Speculation on Currency.
V. Sacred Poetry of the Middle Ages. | VI. The Laws and Ethics of War.
VII. New Theories and New Discoveries in Natural History.
VIII. Poland—Causes and Consequences of her Fall.
IX. Quackery of Insurance Companies. |
|---|---|

No. XI.—*December, 1862.*

- | | |
|--|--|
| I. The Arts and Sciences among the Ancient Egyptians.
II. New England Individualism.
III. Genius, Talent and Tact.
IV. Ought our Great Atlantic Cities to be Fortified. | V. The Writings and Loves of Robert Burns.
VI. André and Arnold.
VII. Bacon as an Essayist.
VIII. Publishers: Good, Bad and Indifferent.
IX. Direct and Indirect Taxes at Home and Abroad. |
|--|--|

No. XII.—*March, 1863.*

- | | |
|--|--|
| I. The Works and Influence of Schiller.
II. Astronomical Theories.
III. Culture of the Human Voice.
IV. Lucian and His Times.
V. Electro-Magnetism and Kindred Sciences. | VI. Orators and Eloquence.
VII. Insurance Quackery and its Organs.
VIII. Charlemagne and his Times.
IX. James Sheridan Knowles. |
|--|--|

No. XIII.—*June, 1863.*

- | | |
|---|---|
| I. The Greek Tragic Drama—Æschylus.
II. Theology of the American Indians.
III. Phonographic Short-Hand.
IV. Arabic Language and Literature.
V. Earthquakes—their Causes and Consequences. | VI. Manhattan College.
VII. Woman—Her Influence and Capabilities.
VIII. Peruvian Antiquities.
IX. Manufacture and Use of Artificial Precious Stones. |
|---|---|

No. XIV.—*September, 1863.*

- | | |
|--|---|
| I. The Insane and their Treatment—Past and Present.
II. The Clubs of London.
III. Cowper and His Writings.
IV. Feudalism and Chivalry.
V. Meteors. | VI. Spuriousness and Charlatanism of Phrenology.
VII. The Public Schools of New York.
VIII. Ancient Scandinavia and its Inhabitants.
IX. Social Condition of Working-Classes in England.
X. Commencements of Colleges, Seminaries, etc. |
|--|---|

No. XV.—*December, 1863.*

- | | |
|---|--|
| I. Prison Discipline—Past and Present.
II. Richard Brinsley Sheridan.
III. Influence of the Medici.
IV. Girard College and its founder.
V. Modern Civilization. | VI. Laplace and his Discoveries.
VII. The House of Hapsburg.
VIII. The Mexicans and their Revolutions, from Iturbide to Maximilian.
IX. The Gypsies: their History and Character. |
|---|--|

No. XVI.—*March, 1864.*

- | | |
|--|--|
| I. Sources and Characteristics of Hindu Civilization.
II. Juvenal on the Decadence of Rome.
III. The Brazilian Empire.
IV. Catiline and His Conspiracy. | V. Klopstock as a Lyric and Epic Poet.
VI. Our Quack Doctors and their Performances.
VII. Kepler and his Discoveries.
VIII. Ancient and Modern Belief in a Future Life. |
|--|--|

No. XVII.—*June, 1864.*

- | | |
|--|--|
| I. Pythagoras and his Philosophy.
II. History and Resources of Maryland.
III. Russian Literature—Past and Present.
IV. Cemeteries, and Modes of Burial, Ancient and Modern. | V. College of the Holy Cross.
VI. Liebnitz as a Philosopher and Discoverer.
VII. The Negro and the White Man in Africa.
VIII. Our Presidents and Governors compared to Kings and petty Princes. |
|--|--|

No. XVIII.—*September, 1864.*

- | | |
|---|---|
| I. Chemistry: its History, Progress, and Utility.
II. Vico's Philosophy of History.
III. Elizabeth and Her Courtiers.
IV. Do the Lower Animals Reason? | V. William Pitt and His Times.
VI. Spinoza and his Philosophy.
VII. Commencements of Colleges, Universities, etc.
VIII. Emigration as Influenced by the War. |
|---|---|

No. XIX.—*December, 1864.*

- | | |
|---|---|
| I. Pericles and his Times.
II. The Civilizing Forces.
III. Chief-Justice Taney.
IV. Spanish Literature—Lope de Vega. | V. Currency—Causes of Depreciation.
VI. Leo X and his Times.
VII. Chemical Analysis by Spectral Observations.
VIII. The President's Message. |
|---|---|

No. XX.—*March, 1865.*

- | | |
|---|--|
| I. Italian Poetry—Ariosto.
II. Lunar Phenomena.
III. Grahame of Claverhouse and the Covenanters.
IV. Our Gas Monopolies. | V. Edward Everett.
VI. Machiavelli and his Maxims of Government.
VII. History, Uses and Abuses of Petroleum.
VIII. Swedenborg and his New Religion. |
|---|--|

No. XXI.—*June, 1865.*

- | | |
|---|---|
| I. The Celtic-Druids. | VI. Modern Correctors of the Bible. |
| II. Wallenstein. | VII. Ancient and Modern Discoveries in Medical Science. |
| III. United States Banking System—Past and Present. | VIII. The Lessons and Results of the Rebellion. |
| IV. The New York Bar—Charles O'Connor. | |
| V. Phases of English Statesmanship. | |

No. XXII.—*September, 1865.*

- | | |
|--|---|
| I. Lord Derby's Translation of Homer. | V. The Negative Character of Cicero. |
| II. William Von Humboldt as a Comparative Philologist. | VI. The National Debt of the United States. |
| III. The Wits of the Reign of Queen Anne. | VII. Civilization of the Ancient Persians. |
| IV. American Female Criminals. | VIII. Commencements of Colleges and Seminaries. |

No. XXIII.—*December, 1865.*

- | | |
|---|--|
| I. Authenticity of Ossian's Poems. | V. Epidemics and their Causes—Cholera. |
| II. Daniel Webster and His Influence. | VI. Lord Palmerston. |
| III. The Symbolism of the Eddas. | VII. Museums and Botanical Gardens. |
| IV. Character and Destiny of the Negro. | VIII. The President's Message. |

No. XXIV.—*March, 1866.*

- | | |
|---|--|
| I. Galileo and his Discoveries. | V. The President's Veto—Rights of Conquered. |
| II. Australia—its Progress and Destiny. | VI. Lessing and His Works. |
| III. International Courtesy—Mr. Bancroft's Oration. | VII. Pain and Anæsthetics. |
| IV. Sydney Smith and His Associates. | VIII. British Rule in Ireland. |

No. XXV.—*June, 1866.*

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| I. Socrates and his Philosophy. | VI. The South American Republics and the Monroe Doctrine. |
| II. The Saturnian System. | VII. Greek Tragic Drama—Sophocles. |
| III. Heine and his Works. | VIII. Partisan Reconstructions. |
| IV. Why the Opera fails in New York. | |
| V. Buddhism and its Influence. | |

No. XXVI.—*September, 1866.*

- | | |
|--|---|
| I. The Julius Cæsar of Napoleon III. | V. Our Colleges and our Churchmen. |
| II. The Philosophy of Death. | VI. Irish Law and Lawyers. |
| III. Arabian Civilization, and What We Owe It. | VII. Samples of Modern Philosophy. |
| IV. Newton and his Discoveries. | VIII. The National Convention and its Work. |

No. XXVII.—*December, 1866.*

- | | |
|---|--|
| I. Physiology and the Lessons it Teaches. | V. Hungary—her Literature and her Prospects. |
| II. Cuba—its Resources and Destiny. | VI. The Acquisition of Knowledge Impeded by our Legislators. |
| III. Robert Boyle—his Influence on Science and Liberal Ideas. | VII. Indecent Publications. |
| IV. Food and its Preparation. | VIII. Education in Congress. |

No. XXVIII.—*March, 1867.*

- | | |
|--|---|
| I. Alfieri: his Life, Writings and Influence. | V. Poisons and Poisoners. |
| II. Oliver Cromwell: his Character and Government. | VI. Negro Rule in Hayti and the Lessons it Teaches. |
| III. The Temporal Power of the Pope. | VII. The Sun and its Distance from the Earth. |
| IV. Chatterton and his Works. | VIII. Insurance—Good, Bad and Indifferent. |

No. XXIX.—*June, 1867.*

- | | |
|---|---|
| I. The Ancient Phœnicians and their Civilization. | V. Release of Jefferson Davis <i>vs.</i> Military Domination. |
| II. Ornithology of North America. | VI. Fichte and his Philosophy. |
| III. Origin of Alphabetic Writing. | VII. What the Politicians make of our Postal System. |
| IV. Virgil and his new Translator. | VIII. Euler and his Discoveries. |

No. XXX.—*September, 1867.*

- | | |
|--|---|
| I. The Jews and their Persecutions. | VI. Assassination and Lawlessness in the United States. |
| II. Have the Lower Animals Souls, or Reason? | VII. The Jesuits in North America and Elsewhere. |
| III. Winckelmann and Ancient Art. | VIII. The Civil Service in the United States. |
| IV. Dante and his new Translator. | |
| V. What has Bacon Originated, or Discovered? | |

No. XXXI.—*December, 1867.*

- | | |
|--|---|
| I. Greek Comedy—Menander. | IV. Lafayette, as a Patriot and Soldier. |
| II. Animal Magnetism: its History, Character and Tendency. | V. Nebular Astronomy. |
| III. Management of our Finances; Ruinous Influence of Paper Money. | VI. Martin Luther and the Old Church. |
| | VII. Mediæval German Literature—Eschenbach. |
| | VIII. Heraldry; its Origin and Influence. |

No. XXXII.—*March, 1868.*

- | | |
|---|--|
| I. Epicurus and his Philosophy. | V. The Venetian Republic and its Council of Ten. |
| II. English Newspapers and Printing in the Seventeenth Century. | VI. Progress made by American Astronomers. |
| III. Progress and Influence of Sanitary Science. | VII. Supernatural Phenomena. |
| IV. The Microscope and its Discoveries. | VIII. Impeachment of the President. |

No. XXXIII.—*June, 1868.*

- | | |
|--|---|
| I. Seneca as a Moralist and Philosopher. | V. Thomas Aquinas and his Writings. |
| II. Present Aspect of Christianity. | VI. Illustrated Satirical Literature. |
| III. Chess in our Schools and Colleges. | VII. The Discoveries of Hipparchus and Ptolemy. |
| IV. The Rational Theory. | VIII. The Impeachment Trial and its Results. |

No. XXXIV.—September, 1868.

- I. Nicholas Copernicus.
- II. Three Centuries of Shakespeare.
- III. Epidemics—Ancient and Modern.
- IV. The Siege of Charleston.

- V. Our Colleges and Seminaries, Male and Female.
- VI. "Strikes," *versus* Wages and Capital.
- VII. Comets and their Orbits.
- VIII. Our Presidential Candidates

No. XXXV.—December, 1868.

- I. Infernal Divinities—Ancient and Modern.
- II. Early Christian Literature.
- III. The Sorrows of Burns.
- IV. The Phenomena of Sound.

- V. Orangeism in Ireland: its History and Character.
- VI. George William Frederick Hegel.
- VII. The Miraculous Element in our Periodicals.
- VIII. Ancient Etruria.

No. XXXVI.—March, 1869.

- I. Diogenes the Cynic.
- II. The Turco-Greek Question.
- III. Béranger and his Songs.
- IV. Successive Conquests and Races of Ancient Mexico.

- V. Columbia College.
- VI. The Ruling Class in England.
- VII. Celtic Music.
- VIII. President Grant and his Cabinet.

No. XXXVII.—June, 1869.

- I. Vindication of Euripides.
- II. Rousseau and his Influence.
- III. The Parsees.
- IV. The Philosophy of Population.

- V. The Man with the Iron Mask.
- VI. Vassar College and its Degrees.
- VII. Henry Kirke White.
- VIII. The Irish Church.

No. XXXVIII.—September, 1869.

- I. The Byzantine Empire.
- II. Popular Illusions.
- III. The Primitive Races of Europe.
- IV. The Queen of Scots and her Translators.
- V. The Troubadours and their Influence.
- VI. The Ethics and Aesthetics of our Summer Resorts.

- VII. King Arthur and the Round Table Knights.
- VIII. Our Higher Educational Institutions, Male and Female.
- IX. Note to Vassar College Article in our last Number.

No. XXXIX.—December, 1869.

- I. Hindoo Mythology and its Influence.
- II. Hugo and Sainte-Beuve.
- III. The Greek Church.
- IV. Women's Rights Viewed Psychologically and Historically.

- V. Robin Hood and his Times.
- VI. Our Millionaires and their Influence.
- VII. Mr. Gladstone on the Heroic Ages.
- VIII. Eclipses and their Phenomena.

No. XL.—March, 1870.

- I. Rabelais and his Times.
- II. National Organic Life.
- III. Louis XI and his Times.
- IV. Opium and the Opium Trade.

- V. Erasmus and his Influence.
- VI. The French Crisis.
- VII. A Neighboring World.
- VIII. Our Criminals and our Judiciary.

No. XLI.—June, 1870.

- I. Rise of Art in Italy.
- II. Johann Ludwig Uhland.
- III. Rivers and their Influence.
- IV. Origin and Development of the Modern Drama.

- V. The Nations on the Persian Gulf.
- VI. Specimen of a Modern Epic.
- VII. Visit to Europe—Some Things usually Overlooked.

No. XLII.—September, 1870.

- I. Alfred the Great and his Times.
- II. Madame de Sévigné and her Letters.
- III. Icelandic Literature.
- IV. Yachting not merely Sport.

- V. The American Bar—William Pinkney.
- VI. Sophocles and his Tragedies.
- VII. The Abyssinian Church.
- VIII. The Franco-Prussian War.

No. XLIII.—December, 1870.

- I. Female Artists.
- II. The Lost Sciences.
- III. Our Navy, and what it should be.
- IV. De Quincey and his Writings.

- V. The Structure of the Earth.
- VI. Causes of the Franco-Prussian War.
- VII. Development of the Cell Theory.
- VIII. Party Strife and its Consequences.

No. XLIV.—March, 1871.

- I. Ceylon and its Mysteries.
- II. Canova.
- III. National Characteristics of French and Germans.
- IV. The Central Park under Ring Leader Rule.
- V. Ancient Graves and their Contents.

- VI. German Minor Poets—Freiligrath.
- VII. Specimen of a Modern Educator of Young Ladies.
- VIII. Mountains and their Influence.

No. XLV.—June, 1871.

- I. European Nationalities and Races.
- II. The Religion and Ethics of Spinoza.
- III. Anonymous and Pseudonymous Authors and Works.
- IV. The Russian Advance in Asia.
- V. The Financial Basis of Society.

- VI. What the English Intellect has done during Victoria's reign.
- VII. Age and Vicissitudes of the Earth and its Inhabitants.
- VIII. Mayor Hall's Message and our Municipal Administration.

No. XLVI.—*September, 1871.*

- I. The Decline of Poetry.
- II. England under the Tudors.
- III. The French Tragic Drama—Corneille.
- IV. Our Aristocracy as Manufactured from the Raw Material.
- V. Ancient Africa and its Races.

- VI. American Colonial Literature.
- VII. Collegiate and Scholastic Quackery, Male and Female.
- VIII. The "Spiteful" National Quarterly and Innocent Ring-Leader Rule.

XLVII.—*December, 1871.*

- I. Bohemia: its Political Vicissitudes and its Literature.
- II. Recollections of Daniel Webster.
- III. Brittany: its Antiquities and its Legends.
- IV. Our Quack Doctors, and how they Thrive.

- V. Fortified Cities.
- VI. Our National Finances.
- VII. Extinct Races of America—The Mound-Builders.
- VIII. The Stellar Universe.

No. XLVIII.—*March, 1872.*

- I. Ancient Inhabitants of Europe and Whence they Came.
- II. John C. Calhoun.
- III. The Evolution Theory.
- IV. Archbishop Spalding.

- V. The Mediterranean and the Vicissitudes it has Witnessed.
- VI. Assassination *versus* Fraud.
- VII. German View of German Unity.
- VIII. Russian Literature.

No. XLIX.—*June, 1872.*

- I. Serpent-worship among the Primitive Races.
- II. Law of Equivalents.
- III. Henry Clay.
- IV. Origin and Development of the Marriage System.

- V. Grant and Greeley.
- VI. Mr. Bryant's Translation of Homer.
- VII. Circassia and the Turks.
- VIII. James Gordon Bennett.

No. L.—*September, 1872.*

- I. The Evolution of Intelligence.
- II. Sir William Herschel and his Discoveries.
- III. Why the Jesuits are expelled.
- IV. Ancient Engraved Gems.
- V. New Catechism for Young Ladies—Gods and Goddesses.

- VI. The Jews in Spain.
- VII. Colleges of the Christian Brothers.
- VIII. Logic as an Agency of Reform.
- IX. Our Candidates as Reformers, Genuine and Spurious.

No. LI.—*December, 1872.*

- I. Siam and the Siamese.
- II. Notabilities of the American Bar—Rufus Choate.
- III. The Puffing Element in American Literature.
- IV. The Planetary Theory.

- V. The University of Pennsylvania and its New Windows.
- VI. Pope Alexander VI.
- VII. Development in Art.
- VIII. Horace Greeley.

No. LII.—*March, 1873.*

- I. North America before the Spanish Conquest.
- II. Motives and Struggles of Shakspeare in Settling in London.
- III. World Wealth.

- IV. Jean-Baptiste de la Salle.
- V. Supplement to "The University of Pennsylvania and its New Windows."
- VI. The Internal and External Fire of the Earth.

No. LIII.—*June, 1873.*

- I. The Napoleonic Dynasty.
- II. The Material Hypothesis of the Soul.
- III. Petrarch and his Laura.
- IV. The Sun and its Phenomena.

- V. Alchemy and the Alchemists.
- VI. Our Wonderfully Reformed City Government.
- VII. Patrick Henry and the Revolution.

No. LIV.—*September, 1873.*

- I. Anaxagoras as a Scientist and Educator.
- II. The Evolution of Language.
- III. Myths in Modern Science.
- IV. Raphael of Urbino.

- V. Our Educators: The Dead and the Living Contrasted.
- VI. Edmund Burke.
- VII. Progress of Chemical Theory.
- VIII. The Horse: How he is Cheated and Abused.

No. LV.—*December, 1873.*

- I. Responsibility of Government for the Public Health.
- II. Glaciers and their Phenomena.
- III. Icelandic Literature.

- IV. Discovery of America by the Northmen.
- V. The Dawn of the English Drama.
- VI. Alexander Hamilton.
- VII. Political Constitutions.

No. LVI.—*March, 1874.*

- I. Corals, Coral Reefs and Islands.
- II. Mill and Agassiz.
- III. The Accidents of Sublunary Immortality.
- IV. Herr Strauss and his Pantheistic System.

- V. The Glacial Period: its Cause and Influence.
- VI. Institutes, Academies and Seminaries on the Hudson.
- VII. The Salient Characteristics of Washington.

No. LVII.—*June, 1874.*

- I. Infidel Aspects of Physical Science.
- II. Woman's Duties and Rights.
- III. Solar Heat and its Mode of Action.
- IV. Swift, and his Alleged Treatment of Varina, Vanessa and Stella.

- V. Cotton Growing, Past, Present and Future.
- VI. Another Excursion among Seats of Learning, Genuine and Spurious.
- VII. Mr. Motley's John of Barneveld.

No. LVIII.—*September, 1874.*

- I. Cosmical Unity in History.
- II. Village Communities, Ancient and Modern.
- III. Grantism versus Caesarism.
- IV. The English State Church and Non-conformists.

- V. Geological History.
- VI. The Beechers and the Tiltons.
- VII. Domestic Hygiene.
- VIII. Our Educators: A Model Head-Master.

No. LIX.—December, 1874.

- | | |
|---|---|
| I. The Architecture of Great Cities. | V. Pencil Sketches of some Colleges and Universities. |
| II. Sir William Hamilton. | VI. The Planet Venus. |
| III. Etiology of the Atmosphere. | VII. Hints and Outlines for Parents and Guardians. |
| IV. Mr. Bancroft's Mode of Writing History. | VIII. The Aesthetics of Home. |

No. LX.—March, 1875.

- | | |
|---|--|
| I. The Scholastic System of Philosophy. | IV. Thomas Jefferson. |
| II. The Cossacks. | V. The Cell-Theory and some of its Relations. |
| III. Our New York Scientists, and their Remarkable Discoveries. | VI. Confucius and his Influence. |
| | VII. Notes Critical and Geographical on Education. |

No. LXI.—June, 1875.

- | | |
|--|---|
| I. Buddhism: its Past, Present and Future. | V. A Shining Light on Christopher Columbus. |
| II. The Zone of Asteroids. | VI. Papal Infallibility and Civil Government. |
| III. The Various False Messiahs of the Jews. | VII. Some Reminiscences of the Tammany Ring. |
| IV. Outline Sketches of Universities and Colleges. | VIII. Oracles: Their History and Influence. |

No. LXII.—September, 1875.

- | | |
|---|---|
| I. The Decline and Rise of Civil Marriage. | V. Pre-historic Greece. |
| II. Lessons of a Hundred Years. | VI. Shade-trees in our Large Cities. |
| III. Vivisection: or Cruelty as an Exact Science. | VII. Charles O'Connor and the Court of Appeals. |
| IV. The Puffing Element in our Higher Education. | VIII. Minor Notes and Comparisons. |

No. LXIII.—December, 1875.

- | | |
|---|---|
| I. Zoroaster as a Legislator and Philosopher. | VI. Colonial Paper Money. |
| II. Society and its Contradictions. | VII. The Elder Struve as an Astronomer and Mathematician. |
| III. Alexandria and its Libraries. | VIII. The Phenicians and their Voyages. |
| IV. A Bachelor on Woman's Rights. | IX. Our Classical and Scientific Higher Teaching. |
| V. Our Sensational Present-day Philosophers. | |

No. LXIV.—March, 1876.

- | | |
|--|--|
| I. The Greek Lyric Poets—Pindar. | VI. The Ancient Etruscans. |
| II. Our Pre-historic Ancestors. | VII. Sheriff Conner and his Departed Friend Tweed. |
| III. Michigan as our Model University. | VIII. Our Railroad Monopolies and Monopolists. |
| IV. Brahminism: its Origin and History. | IX. Life and Character of Aaron Burr. |
| V. Our Wholesale Manufactories of Physicians and Surgeons. | |

No. LXV.—June, 1876.

- | | |
|--|---|
| I. Pre-Columbian Discoveries of America. | VI. What Authors have been Persecuted, what Pampered. |
| II. The Ethics of Labor. | VII. Madame de Staël. |
| III. The Conflict of Science and Religion. | VIII. Supplement to "Michigan as our Model University." |
| IV. Critics <i>versus</i> Puffers. | |
| V. The Gachs, Celts and Kymri. | |

No. LXVI.—September, 1876.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---|
| I. Mohammed and his Institutions. | V. Dropsy at Columbia College. |
| II. Chief Justice Marshall. | VI. Beaumont and Fletcher. |
| III. The Ethics of Trade. | VII. Our Representative Schools and Colleges. |
| IV. Madame de Genlis. | VIII. Presidential Elections. |

No. LXVII.—December, 1876.

- | | |
|--|---|
| I. The Death of the Editor. | IV. The Comedies of Plautus. |
| II. The Monism of Man. | V. Curiosities of Ancient French Jurisprudence. |
| III. The Influence of Geographical Position on Civilization in Egypt and Greece. | VI. The Physiology of Lunar Light. |
| IV. Lord Macaulay and His Writings. | VII. The Ancient Scythians and their descendants. |
| | VIII. The Bombastic Element in Education. |

No. LXVIII.—March, 1877.

- | | |
|--|---|
| I. Impressions and Reminiscences of Edward I. Sears, LL.D. | IV. The Comic Dramas of the Restoration. |
| II. The Science of Political Economy. | V. National Art Education. |
| III. The Stellar Atmospheres. | VI. The Political Situation in the United States. |

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THE
National Quarterly Review.

JULY, 1879.

ART I.—THE RELATION OF PHYSICAL STATES TO MENTAL
DERANGEMENT.*

1. *Physical Basis of Mind*. By G. H. LEWES. London: 1877.
2. *Mental Pathology and Therapeutics*. By W. GRIESINGER. London: 1867.
3. *Mind and Brain; or Consciousness and Organization*. 2 vols. By T. LAYCOCK. London: 1869.

THE unity of body and mind is still further disclosed in the relation which subsists between physical and psychical disease. The teaching of pathology on this subject is in perfect accord with that of physiology,—which has already been considered; the phenomena of disease being due to abnormal or unhealthy conditions and actions of the bodily organs and functions. Sickness presents, in fact, the obverse side of human nature, and comprehends not only bodily deformities and defects and their sequences, aches, pains and disabilities, but also abnormal molecular actions and changes of the bodily substance and tissues in every part, giving rise to nervous and

*This article is the concluding section of an essay entitled *Natural Psychology*, which was published in the *Transactions* of the "Homœopathic Medical Society of the State of New York," for the year 1876. It is proper to state also that its republication in the *Review*, in this revised and enlarged form, is justified by the importance of the subject, as well as by the fact that the other sections of the essay have been published in it; the second or physiological section, entitled *The Monism of Man*, appearing in the number for December, 1876, and the first section, entitled *Matter, Life and Mind*, in the number for January, 1879.—EDITORS.

cerebral disorder, and abnormal phenomena of soul, or of psychical life.

This fact should be constantly kept in view. It has been recognized from time immemorial by medical philosophers, but continually ignored by the medical novitiate. M. Broussais never uttered a sentiment more trite than when he wrote that "Man is but half understood if he is observed only in health."* It may be said to be axiomatic. The truth which it involves is quite as significant in its bearings on the doctrine of the monism of man, or the unity of matter and force, and of the physical and psychical, as any similar axiom in physiology. Medical psychology, in fact, owes its existence to pathological phenomena upon which this axiom of Broussais is predicated, and from which it derives all the wealth of meaning with which it is so pregnant. The symptomatology of a sick man does, indeed, reveal his essential monism—oneness, homogeneity, mental and physical, body and soul—so unmistakably that it is difficult to reason one's self out of this conclusion by the most consummate use of word-symbols which the physiologist has yet been able to devise.

Griesinger has very wisely remarked, in respect of diseases of the mind, that "nowhere is the desideratum strictly to keep in view the individual of greater importance than in the treatment of insanity; nowhere is the constant consciousness more necessary that it is not a disease but an individual patient; that it is not mania, but an individual who has become maniacal, that is the object of our treatment."† The observation is equally applicable to disease of the bodily organs; for in every instance of so-called physical disease have we a case of individual disorder—an individual sick, more or less, in every part; and the more finely strung—organized—is such an individual, the more surely does a particular sickness become a general disorder. Hahnemann recognized this fact when he observed that, "Sometimes a man, who is patient while in the enjoyment of health, becomes passionate, violent, capricious and unbearable, or impatient and despairing, while he is ill; or those formerly chaste and modest, often become lascivious and

* *Irritation and Insanity.*

† *Mental Pathology and Therapeutics*, p. 462.

shameless. It is frequently the case that a sensible man becomes stupid in sickness; whereas a weak mind is rendered stronger, and a man of slow temperament acquires great presence of mind and resolution."* If there are any exceptions to this remark they will more often be found in disease of the higher nerve-centres than in disease of the lower nerve-centres, or bodily organs; for mania of the intellect, as indicated by delusions, may and does sometimes exist with little or no disturbance of the corporeal functions; but, on the other hand, it is rarely the case that a corporeal malady can exist, even the most trifling, without disturbing—sometimes in a manner most marked—the intellectual, as well as the other cerebral functions.

In all maladies we have therefore a unit—an individual—to deal with, whose mechanism, at first perhaps a supposed inconsequential part of it, has become disordered, as the hand or the foot, the mucous membrane or the skin, and the being, the living, moving, thinking "automaton" is abnormally affected by it in every part. So close is the "sympathy" between the central and the remote ganglions, so intimate is the relation of cognition and sensation; so homogeneous, in other words, are substance and being throughout the living organism, that a disorder of a part is an injury to the whole.

As an illustration of the coexistence and mutual dependence of physical and psychical states, we cite the following case which, though based on observation, shall be supposititious. Let us suppose a delicate, dark-complexioned man, with a slight swelling of the phalangeal joints of the great toe. The swelling is red and hot; sensitive to touch and to motion; the whole limb, to which the affected member belongs, aches and pains in evident sympathy with the inflamed joints. This is local and particular. Should the condition of the organic functions be inquired into, they would evidently be found deranged, every one, the manner of which every experienced physician could easily foresee—presuppose. The more purely psychical condition, however, could not be so easily apprehended, from the great complexity of moral symptoms which is often contingent upon such an affection. The sympathetic system may be so

**Organon of Medicine*, Sec. 210.

deeply involved by this little ailment as to completely unbalance and derange the psychical life of the patient for the time being. The individual may in consequence lose the control of his will, and fall under the sway or dominion of feeling, preternaturally active, and therefore disordered. He faints possibly in the attempt to move; is easily excited; is anxious and apprehensive without just cause; often impatient, quarrelsome, despairing and complaining. If he were amiable before, he is quite otherwise now. Nothing gives him either pleasure or satisfaction. Life itself is a distress—one long sigh of unrest. His consciousness is overwhelmed with the morbid impressions of his disordered body. He has lost his normal taste and relish. The books he used to enjoy have become uninteresting and insipid. The friends he loved, and whose companionship was a necessity, no longer seem the same to him. He becomes estranged from persons and things. Their presence is displeasing, irritating, and provocative of uncontrollable resentment. Instead of being trustful and loving, he is resentful and suspicious—possibly profane. Ill-nature and despondency have taken the place of a disposition naturally buoyant and hopeful. A disordered imagination has supervened, conjuring up wild, extravagant and most unnatural horrors, upon one whose fancies were full of life-like pictures, and whose conceptions were ordinarily pleasing, rational and enjoyable. This patient is full of whims, and needs to be humored, as much so as a child during its first dentition. Psychically he presents a very common form of mental alienation; physically, he is simply gouty.

Similar forms of mental alienation are observable among children suffering from diseases peculiar to childhood. The seat of those diseases is the very citadel of the grand sympathetic, the centre of emotional life; and when it is disordered the natural disposition suffers in a manner with which parents are but too well acquainted. The period of the first dentition is one during which the functions of the nerves of organic life are most easily disturbed, and the consequent perversion of the disposition is most strongly marked. The presence of worms in the intestines, for example, is indicated by

symptoms subjective as well as objective. In other words, while their presence in the economy may be suspected from dilated pupils, inflamed nostrils, offensive breath, constipated and inflated bowels, morbid appetite, convulsions, etc.,—fickleness, “mulishness,” inordinate mischievousness, insomnia, delirious sleep, etc., are indications of their presence equally characteristic. So likewise, the “sour stomach” and constipation of children affect the disposition far more seriously than they do the purely physical life. While the physical symptoms produced by those causes may be sufficiently distressing, the psychical symptoms are still more so. A lovable child may be transformed by them into one of mental characteristics quite the opposite. Nothing is more common to childhood, in fact, than these moral transformations by reason of disorders of the functions of the “vegetative,” or sympathetic system. The records of the nursery tell a fearful tale, and upon them was probably founded the doctrine of total depravity, which has long been such a favorite among Christian theologians, and which has served the double purpose of a theory of family government and an excuse to practise upon it as old as Solomon.

It should be observed, moreover, that sin and iniquity are often due to disease; and that the rude, wayward impulses of children arise, for the most part, from disorders having their seat primarily in the physique. A child, possessing a disposition naturally kind and obliging when he is well, becomes cruel and disobliging when he is ill; one with a sweet and amiable disposition, becomes morose and irritable; the bright and industrious lad becomes thriftless and stupid; the generous-minded are perverted into the greedy and covetous. All the forms of sin and wickedness recognized by the law, or known to the theologian, may be due in children, too young to have obtained the mastery of their morbid emotions, to derangements incident to digestion. Nor is this remark inapplicable to certain children of a larger growth; for criminal statistics show that crime is largely the effect of derangements caused by “strong drink”—in most instances the victim being amiable and well-disposed until his stomach and sympathetic

system were "fired" and their functions perverted by alcohol. When will our theologians and law-makers realize that only a normally constituted human being, in a normal condition, is a responsible creature and amenable to the criminal code? The day may not be near when a philosophy of life and its phenomena, moral and physical, so opposed to that of the present, shall find favor in the eyes of such classes. But when it does come, as come it must in the natural progress of ideas, we venture to predict, in the management of refractory children, an increase in the use of physic and a decrease in that of the rod, or "spanks;" and, for the cure and reformation of adult delinquents, the building of fewer jails and penitentiaries and more asylums and hospitals.

These physical effects—even to the degree of complete transformation of the natural disposition—are frequently observed in adult life in the progress of chronic maladies. The vicious become amiable, and the amiable, vicious; the irritable and combative become kind and obliging; the weak-minded become strong-minded, and the strong-minded, weak-minded. Nor are these peculiar effects of physical disease confined to any particular class of disorder. There are few diseases of either animals* or man, with which we are acquainted, which are not accompanied with psychical symptoms of some kind or other—favorable or unfavorable; and sometimes the psychical symptoms are more clearly characteristic of the malady than are the so-called physical symptoms. The parts of the bodily organism are so intimately related with each other, and the influence between each part and the *ensemble* is so reciprocal that an affection of one is immediately *felt* by the others. If there is any class of diseases that does not modify the psychical character of an individual it is that peculiar to the spinal cord, or its meninges. Several cases of spinal irritation, some of which presented well-marked symptoms of spinal menin-

*The celebrated horse, Longfellow, is a notable illustration of the difference in point. In his race with Harry Basset, he met with a serious accident, which disabled him for a time. But, although he recovered from the wound and became thoroughly well and sound, his temper was so vicious that it was dangerous for strangers to go near him. Previous to the injury his disposition was amiable.

gitis of the upper half of the cord, of a chronic character, accompanied with opisthotonos and emprosthotonos, have come under our observation, in which no decided influence of the disease upon the cerebral functions was discoverable from the beginning to the end. The patients were mostly women; and the degree of patience under prolonged sickness, and fortitude under frightful sufferings, was so noticeable as to become the subject of remark by the most casual observer. Their minds were clear and unclouded, brighter, indeed, if anything, than before or since the attack; and the general balance of all the mental powers, of the moral perceptions and the intellect, was surprisingly preserved throughout. In two of these cases the sufferers would frequently come out of the most violent spasms with faces beaming with good nature, and resume their chat with some friendly caller as if they had been indulging a frolic, instead of enduring a period of agony. Their exemption from the nervous depression and moral deterioration so frequently observed as the effect of prolonged and tedious chronic disorders, was a subject of profound interest to us. Formerly there was no degree of praise to which, in our estimation, the fortitude of these patients did not entitle them. Since discovering its rationale, however, we are less inclined to admire the self-control of these victims under such circumstances, and more disposed to believe that the credit given them for its exercise, under what appeared to be trying circumstances, was more easily earned than had been supposed.

It is quite otherwise with diseases of the "vegetative system," or disorders of the functions of "organic life," as we have seen. The most inconsequential affection of this part of man's nature disturbs at once the balance of the emotions; and if actual mental derangement does not follow upon it, a mental state is induced which is closely allied to mental derangement. The psychical phenomena of gout and dentition have already been referred to; and they afford a very good illustration of the mental effects of diseases affecting the chylo-poiëtic, or digestive system in general. The moods in such affections are proverbially sullen, fickle, irascible and irritable. The dark side of life comes into undue prominence, and the sufferer is,

accordingly, morose and melancholic. The central ganglions of the sympathetic are profoundly depressed; the blood is disordered by functional disturbance of the liver and kidneys, either as a sequence or as a cause of the ganglionic depression; and the latter send disordered messages to the sensorial centres, which, together with the supply of unwholesome blood to the circulation, depress in turn their functions, and thus corrupt all the processes and phenomena of the individual life. An individual may thus, in good health, be a paragon of excellence in all that constitutes a noble man or woman and be suddenly metamorphosed into a being of quite opposite moral characteristics, when an affection of this nature has come upon him or her. Whereas, in good health he was in possession of lovable characteristics, now he is possessed of characteristics which ally him to that abnormal conception of diseased men of ancient fame—the devil. Even should he be able to maintain his self-control and suppress the expression of his evil thoughts, in act or speech, the morbid whisperings, instigating to mischief, go on in him without abatement; and he finds it most difficult to persuade himself, or to be persuaded, that he is not really tempted of the devil, so thoroughly is he possessed by impulses attributed to that celebrity. An old patient of the writer, a lady whose moral character in health is the most unexceptionable, suffers from an occasional attack of *icterus*. During the attacks, which are sometimes prolonged, her moral character undergoes a complete transformation. From being prayerful and devout she is inclined to upbraid the Deity. She cannot, as usual, enjoy her devotions. The heavens are as brass to her. She is capricious and resentful; takes the kindest overtures in bad part; is overbearing, arrogant and reproachful towards those she once loved best, but from whom she is now alienated. She has repeatedly confided to us her secret thoughts—the morbid impulses to acts of vice, the commission of which would be a grave misdemeanor and inevitably consign her to the ranks of the low and degraded—impulses which we are confident are entirely foreign to her normal nature—and confessed, with the utmost consternation of manner her change of feeling, remarking that she was no longer

herself. Nor was she. Mary Magdalene was not more "possessed" than was she. During all these periods of profound mental agony the intellectual functions were apparently unimpaired.

It is interesting to observe that these transformations of the moral character by reason of bodily disorder are often effected without bodily pain, or physical discomfort. The sufferings are described by the unhappy patients as of the extremest type, but wholly of a mental character, being caused by reflex influence of the sympathetic upon the higher sensorial functions. Despine remarks this peculiarity of reflex, psychical disorder, and observes:

"Elle donne la raison pour laquelle les affections des organes qui reçoivent plus spécialement leurs nerfs du grand sympathique réagissent facilement sur le cerveau et sur ses fonctions, au point de changer complètement le caractère de la personne, de la rendre irritable, colère, bizarre, violente ou triste. Ces changements dans la nature instinctive de l'individu, par le fait des affections morbides dans lesquelles le grand sympathique est engagé peuvent avoir lieu sans douleur physique, sans malaise important. La grossesse, l'époque menstruelle, la constipation, la présence des vers dans les intestins, quoique occasionnant à peine un malaise local, peuvent causer les changements les plus graves dans le caractère, et même la folie, chez les personnes dont le cerveau est très-impressionnable."*—*Psychologie Naturelle*, Tome I, pp. 440-41.

Disease of the heart, particularly that known as *angina pectoris*, is very generally accompanied with excitable, anxious moods; not unfrequently with ill-humor and ungovernable choler, of which we have in history many conspicuous illustrations, notably the case of the celebrated Dr. John Hunter.

* "This is the reason that the affections of the organs which receive more especially their nerves from the grand sympathetic, react easily upon the brain and upon those functions, so much so as to change the character of the person completely, rendering him irritable, angry, whimsical, violent or sad. These changes in the instinctive nature of the individual, by means of morbid affections in which the grand sympathetic is involved, may take place without physical suffering, without serious indisposition. Pregnancy, the menstrual period, constipation, the presence of worms in the intestines, although scarcely occasioning local discomfort, may cause the gravest changes in the character, and even insanity, in persons in whom the brain is very impressionable."

In people with an apoplectic tendency these moods may be commonly observed: indeed, their liability to fall into a passion is notorious. It is a species of insanity with them, often, in which feelings of irascibility, from very trivial causes, overpower the rational will and compel the individual to acts of violence. These people are never without a grievance. It is a question of "honor" with them to resent a slight or an injury, although the latter may have no foundation except that of undue sensitiveness and a morbid tendency to envy, suspicion, jealousy, revenge, etc. That they sooner or later become parietic is a matter of observation. But paresis and apoplexia are diseases closely allied, being more often associated with disease of the heart and vascular system than with disease of the cerebral substance. The sacred writers of antiquity, therefore, were not so far astray, after all, in ascribing wickedness to "hardness of heart," a "heart of stone," etc.; for this is literally true, often, as shown in autopsies of people with *hard* tempers.

But last, though not least in this category, are disorders of the sexual functions. The abnormal psychological phenomena, having their source in diseases of the womb, ovaries, testes and spermatic vessels, simulate the symptoms of every form of mental derangement and of moral disease, those of intellectual derangement possibly excepted, even when such derangements are not actually and permanently induced by disease of those organs.

In women, mental deterioration from uterine disease is no unfrequent occurrence, even in the absence of brain complications. The strong character becomes weak; fickleness supervenes upon a judgment previously calm and clear; indecision upon resolution; pusillanimity upon fearlessness and courage; deceitfulness upon a frank, open manner. We believe that the habits of truth-telling and fidelity in the social and domestic relations are more frequently destroyed by irritable ovaries than by any native tendency to depravity in the female sex. The affections and disposition are frequently alienated and transformed by such a cause, so that the victim dislikes what she formerly loved, or loves what she formerly disliked.

Her life seems to run in morbid channels; her being seems to be inspired by abnormal impulses. If once she were fond of pets, she now dislikes them. She neither caresses nor cares to be caressed. If she formerly loved society, she now prefers solitude. Her relations with the things of time and sense have changed. Apathy has succeeded upon enthusiasm, indifference upon interest, misanthropy upon love and affection. These moral changes may be so radical as to involve the foundation of the moral character and lead her to ignore the affection of children and friends, or even to neglect her duty to him whom she has solemnly vowed to love, even though he prove worse instead of better. For some, to her, strange and unaccountable reason, she can no longer endure her husband's presence; his caresses are received with ill-concealed but uncontrollable aversion.

Women, whose moral characters were above reproach, have thus, through abnormal impressions on the sympathetic system, been known to play the fiend incarnate during the first months of utero-gestation; exhibiting every species of demoniacal fury which a demoniacal cunning could devise. All the vile passions and abnormal emotions known to the human heart frequently gain the ascendancy over the unhappy being, under such circumstances, and incite in her the desire to indulge in petty violence, obstinacy, malice, and revenge; or to exhibit a spirit of envy, jealousy, quarrelsomeness, resentment, arrogance and selfishness; or a faithless, lying, reproachful, overbearing, fault-finding, complaining mood; a disposition, often, when worse traits are suppressed, to annoy, tease, hinder, dispute, destroy property and engage in strife and weak contention, *ad libitum*—conduct altogether foreign to their normal state. Happily for the race, and for husbands, these phenomena are not the rule in pregnancy. And it is worthy of note that these unhappy forms of alienation are more frequently observed among the better classes. There seems to be some connection between a life of ease and luxury, and moral degeneration. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that the mode of life of the affluent classes engenders sexual weakness in both men and women, perverting their moral nature

and impairing their powers of reproduction,—their capacity to produce a healthy, hardy progeny.

In men, psychical disorder consequent upon disease of the sexual organs can hardly be less serious than in women. There may not be absolute hysteria in men, as in women, though we do believe that it does sometimes occur; but the moral break-down is as complete and equally common. Take, for example, that weakness known as spermatorrhœa. What ravages does it not inflict upon the cerebro-spinal system, as well as upon that of the sympathetic! In destroying the tone of the organic system, so-called, it impairs the vigor of the intellect and of volition, and corrupts the centres of emotion and of moral feeling. This disease causes in men of naturally strong mental character the same degree of fickleness and instability, the same want of fidelity in their relations of business, or love, or friendship, which we have ascribed to women suffering from an analagous disease. The courage which peculiarly distinguishes the ideal masculine character,—the courage of opinion and conviction; the heroism to brave danger and encounter obstacles; the daring to do what one believes to be right when all the rest of mankind believe it to be wrong; the resolution to work and to persevere, for work and perseverance's sake,—these high qualities all crumble into decay in an individual whose sexual system has become enfeebled by disease. The purpose of such a one is weak and vacillating; he is uncertain to promise and still more uncertain of keeping his promise; he has lost the energy of manly loving, manly working and manly daring; he comes to doubt himself, and therefore every thing else—the existence of truth, fidelity, honor, conviction; he believes all men are miserable dullards; and if he is suspicious of all men, all men, sooner or later, become suspicious of him,—and especially all women. He loves nothing long, but every thing by turns; now excess of passion, fitful and capricious; then, disgust and loathing. He has not the strength to think out new processes, nor the resolution to carry out old ones. His habits of business and enterprise reverse the axiom of business life, for he never does today what can conveniently be put off until to-morrow. That independence of thought

and action; the manly self-reliance; the strong love of life and the enduring faith in virtue; the calm clear head in trouble and adversity; the courage to live while he can and to die when he must without fear or reproach of the gods, or complaint or distrust of the providences; all the elements of character, in brief, which make a man a man, and a tower of strength to his race—a refuge for the weak in trouble and adversity—lapse in part, or die out altogether in one who suffers from the graver forms of spermatorrhœa; and in their place succeed weakness, irresolution, despondency and despair. Many forms of vice may follow also, but more often, especially in the graver or more settled forms of the weakness, no serious offence against morality is committed. He may, on the contrary, have excess of the pious element and be moral even to prudishness. While he is weak enough to be miserable he is too weak to be absolutely immoral. More often he is so good as to be absolutely good for nothing.

We believe that the influence of sexual disorders of men, as a cause of insanity, has been overrated by medical writers. The clinical records of asylums, of course, show as a matter of fact an almost constant association of the two maladies in the same person; but it is by no means always easy to determine with any thing like certainty the relation which the two states sustain to each other. While, on the other hand, we have good reason to believe that medical writers underrate the influence of disorders of the sexual functions on the ætiology of the petty vices of men and women so prevalent in civilized life. The insane must have an insane temperament, bias or neurosis, to give direction to a morbid cause. When no such predisposing bias to insanity exists, insane effects from any of the usual exciting causes of insanity cannot be counted on with certainty. Given the predisposing bias or neurosis, and the causes which produce any form of disease may likewise produce insanity. It is a matter of observation that some of the worst forms of sexual disease, both organic and functional, exist both in men and women without exciting any insane tendency. They cannot be found, however, unaccompanied with more or less impairment or demoralization of the psychi-

cal character. This, however, while it is in fact an insanity, is so outside the confines of technical interpretation.

In respect of the changes in the *morale* of an individual, through the influence of disease of the corporeal organs, Griesinger very truly observes, that they "constitute some of the most fundamental elements of the pathology of insanity. They are the key," he remarks, "to a knowledge of the predisposition to mental disease resulting from the most diverse bodily diseases, and of the mode of action of psychical causes."* The rationale of the effects of functional disease upon mental derangement is perfectly clear to the mind of every medical man. Equally clear is it to him why a grave affection may exist in the cerebral centres, or even in some parts of the spinal system, without perceptibly disturbing the bodily functions or demoralizing the emotional states. If the normal operations of the functions of organic life be preserved, a certain stability of the emotions will be assured, even if emotional insanity, by far the largest variety of insanity, be not an absolute impossibility. Indeed, we must maintain, without fear of contradiction, that the protean forms of emotional insanity, and the disease of the organs of the so-called "vegetative life," sustain the relation of cause and effect, the cause being in the domain of the latter; and that when the relation of cause and effect is inversed and the emotional disturbance precedes the bodily disturbance, the former cannot become a fixture in the mind until the corporeal powers are seriously impaired. Despine has well said that, "Les sensations physiques de plaisir et de douleur qui accompagnent les impressions de l'âme pendant les manifestations des sentiments et des passions, devaient donc avoir pour siège primitif un organe nerveux autre que le cerveau : c'est principalement aux nerfs du grand sympathique qu'appartient cette fonction ; et, comme tous les phénomènes auxquels préside ce système sont indélébiles pendant la volonté, les phénomènes de l'émotion le sont aussi."†—*Psychologie Naturelle*, Tome I, p. 439. This

* *Mental Pathology and Therapeutics*, p. 58.

† "The physical sensations of pleasure and pain which accompany the impressions of the soul during the manifestations of the sentiments and passions,

being obviously the case, the ordinary exciting causes of emotional insanity, as fear, grief, anxiety, vexation, disappointment, etc., through their influence in depressing the functions of the grand sympathetic, must permanently impair the functions of the bodily organs ere the morbid effect of such exciting causes would be able to make a fixed and permanent impression on the higher cerebral centres. Griesinger, himself, has recognized this fact in admitting that when we are influenced by "external causes capable of exciting an emotion, * * * very much depends upon these existing, habitual or transient cerebral states which are excited by the bodily conditions, whether the emotion will be constant."* It is obvious that in good health it would not become fixed, but be altogether transient, else we should all become insane at the loss of a friend, or go mad when crossed in love.

Do we sufficiently appreciate, therefore, man's dependence on his organism, the lower organism, that part of his being which it was the fashion in times past to affect to despise, for sanity—for that without which life would be hardly worth the living? The pleasures of existence are so closely related to the things of time and sense, to love and appetite, joy and hate, getting and begetting, that without them earth would be a barren and cheerless waste to the most of mankind. What perennial happiness is that which springs from the association of parent and child, husband and wife, brother and sister, friend and friend, kindred and neighbor! What lovely and exalting emotions are engendered of conjugal love; the felicity of maternity and paternity; the pleasures of the senses—of seeing, hearing, eating and drinking; the sentiment of love and worship, which contribute so much to ennoble the character and fill up the cup of life's joys. These are the things that render life a boon of priceless value; that make a heaven for man on earth. Nevertheless they have an origin—they take their rise, receive their inspiration, from his bodily

must therefore have for their primitive seat a nervous organ other than the brain; it is principally to the nerves of the grand sympathetic that this function belongs; and as all the phenomena over which this system presides are independent of the will, the phenomena of emotion are so also."

* *Mental Pathology*, etc., p. 57.

organs, chiefly in his *viscera*, unpoetic as is the idea! We may becloud our faculties in tracing the phenomena of "reflex" and "automatic" actions, and confuse the meaning of the grand facts of our earth-life with learned disquisitions upon this function or that process; but then, when we have succeeded in reducing the phenomena of organic life to that of a machine, less simple and cunningly devised than that which turns brass into wires and wires into pins; or that which records the fluctuations of the gold market with such marvellous skill and rapidity; the truth is reflected back upon us, with something like its old force and significance, that within man's body—we might properly say his *abdomen*—springs that depth of feeling and wealth of emotion which makes healthy human life the supreme joy and satisfaction it is. A heaven in which the sympathetic system and its dependencies—the abdominal viscera—are excluded, would be a dreary abode, a bore—we say it with perfect reverence—for any soul worthy of immortality. Let those deride the body and put off its crowning, therefore, whose faith is conserved thereby; but its symmetry and harmony, organic and functional, must be preserved if the kingdom of heaven is ever to be established upon earth.

The more one observes the phenomena of human life and studies the influence of the grand sympathetic upon them, the greater importance must one attach to the preservation of the normal condition of the corporeal organs. We very much doubt if bowels ever yearned with compassion, whose condition was abnormal. While, on the other hand, a well-developed healthy viscera is the source of more inspiration that is truly divine than people commonly suppose, we would have no one believe that the visceral organs are the exclusive source of divine inspiration. But we would like to see inculcated an increased respect for *that kind* of inspiration which comes from sound visceral organs. So close an analogy is there between a man's moral philosophy and the state of his abdomen, that one can make a diagnosis of the latter from an examination of the former. Does not the sulphurous philosophy of John Calvin bespeak the yellow skin and stunted form of that small-livered man? Do not the sermons of a

Beecher, an Edwards, or a Bethune indicate striking peculiarities of organization? "On the other hand, he whose moral teaching partakes of the tints of the sunbeam, is full of beautiful prophecy, of loving and merciful sentiments, has good digestion, to say the least, though his brain be below mediocrity. He is the successful preacher, albeit his inspiration may come from beneath his diaphragm. The large-abdomen preacher is generally the one that draws the crowd and pays off the church debt, though he be devoid of a moral philosophy of logical consistency and can read neither Calvin nor Chrysostom in the original." *

It will be obvious to every one who reflects upon the bearings of this subject that physical disease is a unity having two sides. It occurs to us that physicians, especially those of the very old school (we believe there is no *new* school in medicine today) are accustomed to view disease from one side only—the objective—physical. Thus have they divided diseases into two great kingdoms, according to their location. If in the head, and confined to the sensorial centres, it is psychical. If elsewhere, it is physical. This is a very grave error, which is due to over-absorption in the details of practice; an error against which Samuel Hahnemann, the peer among peerless physicians,—to his lasting honor be it said—expressly, though as it seems, vainly, guarded his followers and coadjutors. Let us reaffirm that all the phenomena of a living body are altogether psychical; in health, normal; in disease, abnormal, but still psychical—and we may say, still physical, for the twain are one and inseparable. The division of the phenomena of health and disease into physical and psychical is a convenience for the benefit of the observer. In actual observation, and when dealing with either class of phenomena, normal or abnormal, care should be taken to reunite the physical and psychical phenomena of each class into a totality. The medical observer will often get a clearer insight of the ætiology of organic disorder if he bring to his aid the so-called reflex symptoms, the psychical phenomena exhibited by it, and which are characteristic of the disorder

* *Divine and Human Agency.*—*National Quarterly Review*, April, 1878.
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under observation, and be able thereby, it is believed, to cure a malady, or at least to comprehend it, when otherwise he would fail to do either.

Griesinger has observed that the anatomical changes which indicate insanity, that is, which produce psychical anomalies, are naturally to be sought for within the cranium, in the brain and its membranes.* If it be true that structure and function are coexistent and interdependent in pathological as we have seen that they are in physiological phenomena,† we should naturally expect to find the proximate cause of all disease to consist in abnormal changes of structure and function in corresponding parts of the physical organism. And this is true no less in so-called psychical disease than in so-called physical disease. In those forms of insanity, therefore, which involve the derangement of the cerebral substance, the proximate cause of such derangement may be confidently looked for in the seat of those functions,—the brain, or in parts in intimate sympathy with it; for if psychical anomalies can exist independent of the condition of their seat and source, there is no basis for psychological medicine, and the magnificent superstructure bearing that name, which the centuries of industrial research have reared, must fall to the ground for the want of a rational support, and be again succeeded by that horrible nightmare in philosophy—demonology—and the sooner the better. Nor is this result all that would follow as a logical sequence of the independence of psychical disease of the physical environment. The revival of the belief in bodiless forms, spooks, spectres, spirits, angels, imps and devils, would naturally revive imposture-medicine and bring back to mankind the sorcerer and conjuror. The doctor would be compelled to give way to the priest; physic to charms; the pellet to the amulet; the appliances of art to prayers and invocations. For mania, we should have *possession* of an evil spirit; and the idea of medicine for a mind diseased would become an absurdity as great as it was in the time of Shakespeare. If we have securely ridden ourselves

* *Mental Pathology*, etc., p. 499.

† Vide *The Monism of Man*, in which the physiological side of this subject is discussed.—*National Quarterly Review*, December, 1876.

of the influence of this spectral philosophy in interpreting the phenomena of living beings in disease, as well as in health, it is due, permit us to observe, to the growth of a belief in the invariable certainty of the relation of cause and effect in the human economy and the adequacy of reason to interpret that relation. Many forms of insanity, notably melancholy, hysterical, and cataleptic mania, are not local disorders, or if local, they are identified with bodily disease in the first place, even if the brain-substance and its membranes become involved in their later stages. Idiopathic insanity, or psychical derangement, involving the organs and functions of the higher nerve-centres, the seat of the moral and intellectual powers, must, we believe, depend on abnormal changes in those centres, either functional and temporary, or organic and permanent. Careful dissection of the supposed seat of those centres has not always revealed the existence of such pathological changes, it is true. But how much such failures are due to the want of the means of detecting them; or of sufficient diligence and skill in the search for them; or of knowledge adequate to recognize and appreciate them; or to all these causes together, it is difficult to decide. The progress of discovery in this direction within a few years, since the invention and perfection of the microscope and other instruments of diagnostic investigation, is such that we may reasonably assume that the repeated failures of the anatomist to find the proximate causes of mania in the brain were due to errors of observation, and not to the absence there of those causes. Then, when we reflect how wonderfully delicate are those nerve-cells and nerve-fibres, of which the cortex and medullary of the brain are constituted, and how slight are the molecular deviations requisite to produce psychical anomalies, we cannot think it at all surprising that even such observers as Pinel, Morel and Esquirol should report cases of serious mental derangement occurring in persons whose brains were apparently sound. The surprise is, rather, that they were able to detect pathological changes in the cerebra of so many of the insane, in view of the inadequacy of the means of investigation to which they were confined. "We must consider," says Griesinger, "how

easily many very minute but important changes—even exclusive of those which are only microscopically appreciable—may elude mere ordinary attention; and we ought, as a rule, to accept statements regarding the normal, or abnormal, condition of the brain from those only who, by the whole spirit of their writings, show that they are acquainted with pathological anatomy, that they acknowledge this preeminently, and that they know what is to be looked for and what is to be esteemed.” Then he observes that recent discoveries of previously unknown changes have added new light on the pathological anatomy of the brain, and adds: “Just as we know for certainty that much that is important was overlooked by the older investigators, so may we anticipate still greater results from still more searching and minute investigations in the future.”*

When we remember that these words of Professor Griesinger were penned more than thirty years ago, it must materially increase our admiration of the rare sagacity and scientific spirit which animated the soul of this great German physician. His prediction has very naturally come true. Pathologists of today are able to descend into anatomical minutiae to a degree which would have amazed a Pinel, or an Esquirol, or even the Griesinger of thirty years ago. But even now, with their finer aids and facilities of observation and their vastly increased knowledge and appreciation of morbid molecular changes, he would write himself down an idiot who would claim that the last degree of molecular analysis had been reached, and that there were no greater depths in that direction to which the microscope could conduct the human mind. Nevertheless, a position has been reached in the department of the morbid anatomy of the brain, when the pathologist may confidently assert, without fear of contradiction, that mania and abnormal changes in the brain-substance or its vessels are constant concomitants of each other. Analogy, long since, forced this conviction upon the medical mind, but the proofs have come with painful slowness. The scientific spirit, however, can wait for verification. Like the Eternal, whose child it is, science is in no hurry

* *Mental Pathology*, etc., p. 409.

with its processes, and can afford to advance slowly and with infinite patience.

Schroeder van der Kolk, after an experience in the study of pathological anatomy of more than thirty years, says that he does "not remember during the last twenty-five years the dissection of an insane person who did not afford a satisfactory explanation of the phenomena during life." "On many occasions," he continues, "I was able accurately to foretell what we should find." * Maudsley's experience in the same direction, however, evidently does not justify him in making so strong an assertion. He writes: "The cases of chronic insanity, in which all anatomical lesions are wanting, are rare. The longer the insanity has lasted the more evident they usually are." Nothing could be more natural; but between a lesion, or a perceptible morbid change in the brain-tissues, and a morbid molecular change in them, there is an infinity of distance; and the inference is perfectly logical that, at the outset, or in the small beginnings of the disease, before even the symptoms of it were sufficiently prominent to excite apprehension, much less alarm, the local morbid changes might be absolutely unrecognizable, even were the brain of such a person open to inspection. By means of the ophthalmoscope, however, many minute pathological changes in the nerve-tissue in such cases are recognizable now during life, which was before impossible.

The condition of the brain and the tissues of the encephalon in acute insanity, affords the most conclusive testimony in support of the physical character of psychical disease. Even in cases that do not disclose some defect, lesion, or malformation of the membranes of the encephalon, or of the ganglionic bodies associated with the structure of the hemispheres, there is constantly to be found hyperæmia of the pia mater and arachnoid; sometimes inflammation of both these membranes; discoloration and extravasation of blood in the cortical layer, or grey substance, and frequently softening. The white substance of the brain discloses, also, the same hyperæmic tendency in the manifest increase of the puncta vasculosa. Dr.

* *Minute Structure and Function of the Medulla Oblongata*, p. 231. Cited from Maudsley's *Physiology and Pathology of the Mind*, p. 392.

Maudsley has reported a case of acute insanity of which dissection showed some of the above characteristics. The arachnoid, however, "was slightly clouded, like glass gently breathed upon, and streaked with a delicate milky opacity along the lines of the vessels, while it was bulged at the sulci by a clear, serous fluid beneath."* The author regrets that the examination of this case could not have been carried further by a competent microscopist. Had it been, he feels certain that the cortical grey, the supposed ideational substance, would have exhibited the same, or a similar hyperæmic condition.

There is something peculiarly significant in the fact that mania, whether acute or chronic, is so generally associated with disease of the serous envelope of the brain, involving at the same time, of course, the pia mater, which lies in close contact with the cerebral cortex, or dome of thought, and supplies its circulation. The anatomical relation of the parts shows conclusively that the effect of any deviation on the part of the arachnoid and pia mater, especially the latter, from their normal condition, would be at once reflected upon the cortical substance and naturally interfere with the harmonious play of its function; thus deranging the normal procession of ideas, and inducing morbid fancies or wild delirium, so characteristic of insanity. The strange fancies or actual delirium which are such familiar concomitants of simple or inflammatory fever find, in the intimate sympathy of the pia mater and the cortex, or grey substance of the brain, an easy and satisfactory explanation. The same fact also explains, in a manner equally conclusive, why insanity may exist, in its early stages at least, and leave no visible trace of its presence in the cerebral substance; its functions only being impaired by disease of its contiguous membranes, the adjacent ganglia, or the connecting commissures. Indeed, the sympathy between the cortical substance and the pia mater is so close, its dependence on it for nutrition and molecular life even, we may say, is so great, that its function could not but be greatly influenced, or entirely controlled by the condition of that vascular envelope. And Griesinger declares, on the strength of the facts brought to

* *Physiology and Pathology of Mind*, p. 347.

light by autopsies of the insane, "*that the most important and most constant changes in the insane consist in diffuse diseases of the external layers of the cortical substance—that is, of the surfaces of the brain and of the membranes covering them.*"*

In the encephalon of the chronically insane, however, as well as the incurably wicked and depraved, every form of malformation is found to which living tissue is liable. Osseous tumors of the cranial bones; stalactites and exostoses of their plates and internal surfaces; hypertrophy and induration of all the membranes of the brain; atrophy, induration, anæmia, extravasation of blood and softening of the medullary substance; cysts, tubercles, cancer growths and cystercercuses within its substance; fatty degeneration, etc.; atrophy, thickening, distortion, malformation, or entire absence of the corpus collosum and other commissury bodies; the pineal and other glands; the various ganglia of the brain; atheroma, rigidity, calcification, and aneurisms of the arteries, both large and small, even of the microscopic arteries; thrombosis and contraction of the sinuses; fibrous deposits; incomplete, distorted, and unsymmetrical development of the hemispheres and their convolutions and sulci, etc., are a few of the pathological degenerations found within the cranium of those unfortunate creatures who have died insane. The list, partial and incomplete though it be, is more significant than entertaining.

Let no one suppose, moreover—among the unsophisticated in medical subjects we mean—that lesions, or malformations in insanity are confined to the head. He who is insane in the head, is insane all over him—deranged and distorted in every part. We do not now refer to, nor include, those cases of acute mental derangement which so frequently supervene upon adequate exciting causes—causes which would rack and cause to totter in its dome the reason of the strongest; but to those cases of idiopathic, constitutional insanity, of which the asylums are full today. Their bodies as well as their brains are abnormal in every part; and herein is the important lesson of our essay. Even those cases of monomania—cases of mere

* *Mental Pathology*, etc., p. 414. The italics are his.

eccentricity of character, have generally some want of symmetry in the contour of the physique. It may be of small importance by itself; it may consist, for example, of stubbed fingers; distorted or ingrowing nails; growing together of the toes; turning in of the toes in walking; a noticeable difference in the halves of the body, of the head, limbs, etc. These physical peculiarities are common to eccentric people the world over; and we have seldom failed to discover something of the kind in them when we have had an opportunity to look for it; and, in general, the graver the form and degree of the eccentricity, the graver will be the physical defect. The pronounced insane, and those viciously wicked people who fill our jails and penitentiaries, and the hosts of other people in society, who, if they had their just deserts, in the superficial estimation of their judges, would be in jail—if enough jails there were to hold them—are physically disordered and malformed. There is a want of symmetry in their bodies everywhere; a decided deflection from the ideal type of the human form, quite noticeable. The muscles are frequently unequally developed; the skin is wanting its normal sensibility and texture; is often coarse-grained, with copious development of moles and hair; wanting in delicacy of sensation, and is not unfrequently anæsthetic. The special senses are likewise affected—sometimes preternaturally acute, or dull; sometimes entirely wanting. The structure of the eyes is imperfect, and the eyes often possess unequal sight; one being myopic, the other, presbyopic. Other peculiarities, as strabismus, squinting, opacity, cataract, etc., may be frequently observed. Not unfrequently, also, may be found deformed joints, deformed nails; ears disproportionately small, or disproportionately large; congenital varices; nævuses; hair-lip; cycosic excrescences; wens and warts; a superfluity of fingers; unequal length of the limbs; unequal size of the hands and feet. Sometimes all these members are abnormally small; sometimes they are abnormally large. The physiognomy is inharmonious and graceless. Then, there is often to be observed a want of the full power of muscular coördination, which destroys the harmony of gait and manner. The walk may be shuffling and

awkward; wanting in grace, ease and elasticity. The hands are unwieldy and acquire dexterity or cunning with difficulty. There is stuttering, or confused speech; an uneasy restless eye; an unsteady, faltering, purposeless movement; or a quiet, dull apathetic manner. With these external marks of bodily dissymmetry, if we may use the word, are generally found internal defects in keeping with them. Some of the organs are preternaturally large; others preternaturally small. Defects of the sexual system are very common. Displacement and other abnormal changes of the womb, ovaries and of the testes, with unequal development of them, or absence of some of them, are not unfrequently met with in the eccentric or insane. Then, there are atheroma and aneurism of the arteries; malformation of the heart and its valves; tumors in the stomach and intestines, worms, chronic diarrhea, or inveterate constipation, etc. But the most common and constant defect of the viscera in insanity is tubercle in the lungs. All observers agree, so far as we know, that tubercular consumption of the lungs is the most common corporeal disease with which the insane are afflicted, and, indeed, the most common cause from which they die. We have seen many cases in private practice that we believe were saved from insanity only to die of consumption of the lungs. Were it possible for these physical anomalies to subsist in the absence of corresponding psychical anomalies, one might conclude, with some show of reason, that the mind or soul of man was independent of, and sustained an existence apart from, its environment or visibility. The truth is the twin anomalies are never dissociated except under certain exceptional circumstances, susceptible of an explanation entirely consistent with their essential unity.

It has been urged in contradiction of this doctrine of the dependence of mind on the physique, that in many and well-attested instances, individuals of infirm bodies have possessed extraordinary mentality. And such instances would seem, at first view, to be inconsistent with the physiology of the subject. But the inconsistency is more apparent than real. Instead of being an injury, it not unfrequently happens that a so-called physical disease is of signal benefit to one's mental powers.

Novalis was a stupid lad until after a course of fever; and his poetic genius was never so brilliant as when he was dying of consumption of the lungs. Theodore Parker's experience was not altogether dissimilar; and the mind of the celebrated Pascal was relieved rather than burdened by bodily infirmity. Similar examples might be adduced in great numbers; and they go far to show the kindly intent of nature in the institution of disease and in guiding its direction—producing a local affection to relieve the economy of a constitutional disorder. In cases, for example, of a tubercular diathesis, consumption of the lungs may afford its victims a happy escape from a worse fate,—that of mania. Disease is never an unmitigated evil; given the requisite conditions, it is, indeed, never an evil. It is always a sequence rational and legitimate in its institution, and of course, wisely conservative in its results.

The limit of our space forbids that we should, in this place, reverse our procedure and show the morbid influence of a deranged cerebro-spinal system on the lower corporeal functions. Everybody knows the withering influence of grief, how it dries the very bones; the effect of fear, how it bristles the hair, reduces the temperature, and paralyzes the sympathetic centres of the heart; of anxiety, how it arrests the secretions and wrinkles the skin; of remorse, how it consumes the body as with a never-ending fire; of disappointment and thwarting of the affections, how life's warm currents are checked in their course, and the natural tendency of life's energies reversed by it. All nature within one, when hope is fled, engages in a slow persistent suicide. Joy reverses this process, bringing back the heart's action and restoring the respiration; while jealousy, it is said, produces spasms in the heart and chest, and anger gives rise to the premonitory symptoms of apoplexy. "Witness," says Fenchtersleben,* "the storm in the veins of the angry one; his inflamed countenance, his gasping breath, his beating pulse, wild expressions and all the premonitory symptoms of apoplexy!" Fear blanches the cheek, and despondency slows the respiration and the pulse-beat. Shame causes the cheeks to blush and the eyes to drop. The influence of love,

* *Dietetics of the Soul*, p. 106.

on the other hand, is like an exhilarating elixir, vivifying all the sensibilities. It is capable of restoring life to the infirm and renewing the youth of the aged. Whatever be the circumstances under which we live, joy or sorrow, adversity or prosperity, success or disappointment; whatever be the condition of our body, healthy or diseased, deformed or symmetrical, sane or insane, no labored argument is required to satisfy the reason of men of learning today, that the human body, like the universe, of which it is the epitome and evolution, is under the laws of mind, and is in form and substance mind's supreme incarnation and visible embodiment.

In conclusion, we observe that if additional evidence of the mutual dependence of mind and matter be required, it is afforded by the phenomena of growth, maturity and decline. Mental and physical develop in perfect accord from childhood to old age. The immature mind is invariably associated with an immature body; mental defects with defects of the physique; and if, by reason of disease or accident the development of the cerebrum is arrested, the powers of mind are arrested also, as shown in the case of anencephalic idiots, several instances of which have been cited in the course of these pages.* Not only in brainless creatures, but also in creatures whose brains are conditioned well or ill, does one observe a corresponding degree of mentality. The feeble-brained lad is proverbially stupid; the "brainy" lad is quick-witted; and if he be precocious, his physique affords abundant evidence of the fact, as well as reason for it.

In maturity the physique has reached the zenith of its development and the mind attained the height of its powers. From this point decline of both begins. And while it is true that, for obvious reasons, all the faculties and powers of the mind do not equally lose their vigor with the decline of the physique, it is true that the decadence of mentality *as a whole*, keeps even pace with that of the body. The advance of old age brings signs of decrepitude. The special senses become dull;—the eyes lose their ordinary keenness of

* *The Monism of Man.*—*National Quarterly Review*, December, 1876.

sight; the hearing is less acute; the sense of smell is impaired; the taste is blunted; the sense of touch fails. With these obvious signs of decay come impairment of the functions of digestion and assimilation. The form bends as if under too heavy a weight; the complexion loses its freshness; the skin becomes too large for its contents, and hangs in wrinkles here and there, showing the outline of the muscles beneath. These part with their tone, and the form which they support loses its suppleness. While these processes are advancing, the mental faculties show evident indications of sharing in the general decline. The memory is less retentive and loses its sensibility to impressions. The animal instincts decline and die. The reasoning powers, perhaps the last to feel the approach of life's great enemy, death, possess less force and grasp, if they do not fade out completely before the final dissolution. Should disease invade the organism and involve the brain or its meninges, the light of the mind goes out prematurely. The unhappy victim of brain-softening loses while he yet lives, moves, and has a kind of being, that which was his chiefest and most distinguishing glory—mind.

While these things are self-evident, their significance, strange to say, is very generally misapprehended. It is customary to transpose the relation of cause and sequence in respect of the relation of mind and body, and to place that second, which, in the order of nature, is first. If brain be regarded as a mere instrument for the manifestation of mind, played on by mind as one plays on a musical instrument, as we are too often told, and does not of itself coördinate such manifestations, we may reasonably pause to wonder why the flaccid brain of an infant should not furnish a more flexible "instrument" for the mind to play on than the cumbersome brain of the sturdy adult?

In view of all the facts, interpreted by the light which science reflects upon them, the "instrument" hypothesis, we fear, will have to go where so many other similar hypotheses have gone. If infancy ever exhibited the mental strength of maturity; if a babe in the arms were ever capable of calculating an eclipse, or making an induction from observed data;

if the genius of a man of average intelligence were ever discovered full-orbed in the cradle, then might we logically conclude, either that a miracle had been wrought, or that mind was distinct from, and independent of, states of the physique.

ART. II.—PRINCE BISMARCK AND GERMAN UNITY.

1. *Life of Prince Karl Otto von Bismarck-Schönhausen.*
By PROF. HESEKIEL.
2. *Frederick the Great.* By THOMAS CARLYLE.
3. *The Seven Weeks' War.* By LIEUTENANT HOZIER.
4. *History of the Franco-German War and its Results.*
By COUNT VON MOLTKE.

SOME great nations grow up; others spring up. Prussia is emphatically one of the latter. Two lifetimes, but little beyond the allotted span of human existence, would cover the whole interval between her first appearance as a kingdom and her exaltation into one of the most powerful empires of the earth. In Afghanistan and British India, the native jugglers are fond of exhibiting a performance which they call "the mango-trick," commencing with the planting of a mango-seed in a jar of earth, and the covering of it with a cloth, the removal of which, a few moments later, shows that the seed has already begun to sprout. A second unveiling discloses the blossom, a third the complete flower, a fourth the fruit already ripe for eating.

This is no inapt symbol of Prussia's unparalleled growth. In 1700, the erection of the little Electorate of Brandenburg into a kingdom under Frederick I, was the favorite jest of rulers whose ancestors had swayed the destinies of Europe in days when the Hohenzollerns owned nothing beyond their own castle-walls. But 1745 saw this "upstart" monarchy holding its own against all the might of ancient Austria, and 1763 saw the great powers of Europe tacitly admitting, by the peace of Hubertsburg, that the new-fledged State, which they had

mocked two generations before, was now more than a match for them all.* In 1813, "annihilated" Prussia stood in the foremost rank of the great coalition which overthrew Napoleon; while, in our own day, Prussia has become Germany.

But the great unification of 1870, though accomplished with startling suddenness, was in reality nothing more than the completion of a work which had been going forward for centuries. Four times have the scattered elements of the great Teutonic brotherhood endeavored to antedate history by welding themselves into one. Twice the movement rolled back to its starting-point; the third time it succeeded so far as to hold the ground that it had won, and thus to serve as a basis for the fourth and crowning effort which resulted in complete victory. The history of these attempts, together with the various causes which have helped or hindered them, is worth examining in detail.

The great upheaval of 1515, known to us as the Protestant Reformation, had a twofold aspect which is not always sufficiently recognized. It was undoubtedly, as its name implies, the religious protest of a great body of earnest men against a system which no longer satisfied their spiritual needs; but it had likewise the political significance of the revolt of a German population against the sway of an Italian pontiff. At first the onset was irresistible; but before the ground thus won could be secured, the appearance of Ignatius Loyola and his mighty system of moral strategy, together with the zealous reform of ecclesiastical abuses, arrested the charge just as its first impetus began to fail, and dissension to creep through its ranks. The great column of attack melted into a chaos of jarring fragments, and the battle of United Germany, so far as the sixteenth century was concerned, ended in palpable failure.

But the spirit of progress and of liberty, though checked, was not extinguished; and the heroic struggle of the Dutch Protestants against Spain fostered the impulse of resistance,

* Mr. Carlyle's terse summary of the Seven Years' War seems almost prophetic in the light of recent events: "Austria had lost Silesia, but Germany had found Prussia."

which exploded, in 1618, in the great convulsion of the Thirty Years' War. Once again, the Teutonic races of the North stood shoulder to shoulder against the Latin world, and once again their onslaught bore all before it. Had Gustavus Adolphus survived his crowning victory at Lutzen to dictate peace to the conquered Hapsburgs under the walls of Vienna, German unity might have translated itself into fact more than two centuries earlier, and Europe been spared the long agony of her most destructive war. But it was not to be. With the death of the great champion died the last gleam of honest manhood which had redeemed that brutal and useless butchery. Selfish ambition took the place of chivalrous zeal; and what Gustavus had begun for humanity's sake, Richelieu ended for his own.*

Nevertheless, all these miseries were not entirely without compensation. If Germany had failed, she had at least ascertained clearly, for the first time, the real causes of her failure. She had learned that the natural enemies of her coveted unity were Austria and France;—Austria, in accordance with her traditional policy of "ruling by division" the vast empire bestowed upon her by a series of fortunate accidents;—France, in order to leave her grasping ambition unbridled by the curb which the presence of a united and formidable State beyond the Rhine would be certain to impose upon it. And the recognition was mutual; for, as the sequel amply proved, France and Austria were not less prompt in noting the quarter in which the danger that both dreaded alike was to be sought and found.

Ninety-three years went by. Toward the middle of the eighteenth century, France and Austria were once more preparing to shake the world with their feuds, and far too busy to bestow much attention upon a slim, undersized, bright-eyed young man of eight-and-twenty, fond of flute-playing and writing washy verses in indifferent French, who had just mounted the throne of Prussia. Suddenly this young flute-

* The Treaty of Westphalia, which ended the great struggle in 1648, has been well defined as "a half-price purchase by Richelieu of the reward due to Sweden."

player (afterwards somewhat prominent in history under the name of Frederick the Great), stepped forth and wrested Silesia from Austria, whose utmost efforts, pertinaciously renewed with the aid of England four years later, failed to regain it. The alarm spread like wildfire. The menacing apparition in Germany, of a new and hostile power, terrified the contending houses of Bourbon and Hapsburg into a temporary alliance. The whole world sprang to arms. For seven long and sanguinary years, Austria, France, Russia, Sweden, and the countless atoms of ill-fated Germany itself, were precipitated upon Prussia in one ceaseless avalanche of ruin; but when the storm had spent itself, the indomitable kingdom was still there. The peace of Hubertsburg secured Silesia to Frederick, and the world had rest from war.

The almost incalculable importance of this achievement was very imperfectly appreciated by the generation that witnessed it, and least of all by the achiever himself. The men whose deeds are the landmarks of history, often go to their graves without knowing that they have done anything great. Columbus, thinking only of a short cut to Eastern Asia, died in absolute ignorance that he had really discovered a new world. John Hampden, when he first stepped forward to oppose the illegal taxation attempted by Charles I. little dreamed that he was actually inaugurating a new era in the history of mankind. The two young officers who, in June, 1853, stimulated the Turkish garrison of Silesia to its heroic resistance, modestly regarded as a mere incidental piece of duty what was in reality the turning-point of the Crimean War. So, too, it was with Frederick of Prussia. Greatly would the despot, the free-thinker, the iron disciplinarian, have marvelled if any prophet had suddenly disclosed to him the mighty structure of national progress and religious enlightenment which was one day to rise upon the seemingly tiny foundation-stone which his hand had laid.

But that which was hidden from his eyes, is abundantly clear to those of his successors. A great historian * has shown,

* "The fame of Frederick began to supply, in some degree, the place of a common government and a common capital. It became a rallying-point for the

with characteristic force and vividness, how this splendid wrong-doer, while laboring in the cause of his own selfish ambition, unconsciously served that of truth, justice and national liberty. The Seven Years' War and its result pressed home one thought upon every mind: "If one small fragment of Germany, holding firmly together, is more than a match for all Europe combined, what might not the whole of Germany accomplish if similarly united?" In that thought lay the germ of 1870.

The great truths of history are always in advance of their age, and only by slow and painful degrees do men learn to appreciate them. The world was not yet ripe for the rise of a new creation from the chaos of fourteen centuries of ruin. Another and a sharper lesson was needed, and it came. It came in the form of that tremendous conflagration which closed the century, and which, after defying the efforts of all Europe to quench it, set Europe itself in a blaze from east to west. The pipe-clayed exactness of the old school, with its methodical drills and parades, went down like pasteboard before the thunderbolt strokes of an audacity which fought and conquered against all rule, and in defiance of all precedent.* The rout of Jena, the sack of Berlin, avenged Rossbach and Minden. The fragments of prostrate Germany, welded into the confederation of the Rhine,† became a weapon in the hand of the conqueror; and Napoleon's iron heel crushed, seemingly for ever, the last hope of Teutonic unity and popular freedom.

It was in this season of misery, abasement and despair

patriotic feeling of every true German—a subject of mutual congratulation to the Bavarian and the Westphalian, to the citizen of Frankfort and the citizen of Nuremberg. Then first it began to be manifest that the Germans were truly a nation. Then first was discernible that patriotic spirit which, in 1813, achieved the great deliverance of Central Europe, and which still guards, and will long guard, against foreign ambition, the old freedom of the Rhine."—Macaulay's *Essay on Frederick the Great*.

* The characteristic criticism of an Austrian veteran upon Napoleon is well worth quoting: "In the good old days, we used to march and countermarch all Summer without gaining or losing a league, and then go into Winter-quarters. And now comes an ignorant, hot-headed young man, who flies about from Boulogne to Ulm, and from Ulm to the middle of Moravia, and fights battles in December. His tactics are monstrously incorrect!"

† It is certainly a singular piece of historical irony, that the first practical unification of Germany should have been effected by her bitterest enemy and most merciless tyrant.

that the seeds of the glorious harvest first began to spring. The scattered German races, menaced by a common danger, were moved for the first time by a common impulse. On the great day of Leipzig, Saxon and Swabian, Pomeranian and Wurtemberger stood side by side against the one great enemy and oppressor of all ; and Prussia, as the heaviest sufferer, was foremost in the work of vengeance. Waterloo completed what Leipzig had begun, and the Fatherland was free once more.

And now it might well have been hoped that Germany's trials were ended, and that the prize for which she had struggled so long and so vainly, was fairly within her reach at last. The march of events had swept from her path every obstacle that once impeded it. The paralyzing routine of the old system had been tried and found wanting. Austria's arrogant pretensions to the headship of Central Europe had been shattered once and for ever. France lay bleeding in the dust. A spirit of national union, hitherto unfelt, had been implanted and fostered by the great combined effort that overthrew Napoleon. Now, at last, it seemed as if, after all these weary years, the reign of German unity and popular freedom were about to extend itself unchecked from the Rhine to the Niemen. But alas !

" Heaven heard and granted half the warrior's prayer,
The other half the winds dispersed to air."

The unity, indeed, came in the fulness of time ; but it came to bring, not freedom, but only a new variety of despotism.

For a time, however, all went well. The baneful influence of Austria, indeed, yet lived in the person of her anti-reforming Premier, Prince Metternich, upon whom all the lessons of twenty years of bloodshed had been spent in vain. But his crafty genius was fully counterpoised by the firmness of Prussia, which, retaining in peace the leadership that she had assumed in war, put herself without disguise at the head of the new movement. Her foundation, in 1833, of the famous " Zollverein," (first projected fourteen years earlier,) which established one tariff for the whole of Germany, prefigured in no ambiguous form the political union by which this

commercial federation was one day to be followed. Despite the opposition offered by Austrian intrigues without, and a strong conservative party within, Prussia had well-nigh become a constitutional State in 1847, and all Germany was visibly tending in the same direction.

But a new actor was now about to appear on the scene, for whom Providence had destined the twofold part of consummating German unity at one blow, and of virtually neutralizing the boon that he bestowed by alloying it with the exploded despotisms of his predecessors. In this same year, 1847, there entered the Prussian Parliament a tall, stalwart, keen-eyed man with a heavy moustache, known chiefly by the countless duels of his student-life at Göttingen, and by his fierceness in resenting any slight, or even opposition, by whomsoever offered. Beyond this, the world knew nothing of him except that he had a country-seat on the estate of Schönhausen, and that his name was Karl Otto von Bismarck.

Most of the anecdotes current respecting Bismarck's childhood, have an *ex post facto* air which betrays them at once ; but there can be little doubt that the sight of the prints left by French bayonets in the great gate of Schönhausen, and the oft-repeated tale of his mother having been forced to fly from her home at midnight before the invading hordes of Napoleon, helped to kindle and foster the hostility to France which was one day to bear such terrible fruit. His antipathy to Austria may be easily accounted for by the hereditary rivalry between the two States, and the general indignation aroused by the intermeddling of Prince Metternich. Both tendencies manifested themselves undisguisedly at the very outset of his career, and he was not the man to let his hatred remain long without results. The vivid portrait drawn of him by one who knew him well at a time when he was making his first stride toward his present formidable eminence, is worth transcribing at length :

"Bismarck is a first-rate diplomat. No man captivates more adroitly those whom he wishes to win ; no man knows better how to strike at the right moment, or to wait when the tide is turning in his favor. He possesses great moral as well as

physical courage, shrinking from nothing which may be conducive to his end. He is not naturally eloquent, but his speeches are generally impressive and full of terse argument. In society he is an excellent companion, witty, genial, sparkling. But by the side of these virtues, the darker shades are not wanting to the picture. He can tell the very reverse of truth with amazing coolness, or, still oftener, the plain truth when he knows it will not be believed."

Such was the man into whose hands the destinies of Prussia were about to fall; and his way was already being cleared for him by means which he himself could hardly have foreseen. The shaking of the nations by the great earthquake of 1848 aided him incalculably both at home and abroad. It startled the Prussian Government from the path of moderation and progressive liberalism into a reactionary attitude which exactly suited the arbitrary views of the future Chancellor. It showed at once the internal unsoundness of his sworn enemy, France, and her inability to utilize her freedom even when she had attained it. It demonstrated with ominous clearness the utter weakness of Austria, which, having failed to hold her ground against the assault of long-despised Hungary, was at length forced to stand by and see her tottering throne propped by Russian bayonets. On every side, the old things were passing away and all things were becoming new. A great era was dawning upon Europe, and with the appointed hour came the appointed man.

In 1851, Bismarck took his place as one of the deputies of Prussia in the Federal Diet of Frankfort-on-the-Main. In 1852, he represented his Government at the Court of Vienna. In 1857 he was sent on a special mission to Paris, where he saw, face to face, for the first time, the man whom he was destined to grind to powder thirteen years later. In 1859 he accepted the appointment of Prussian Envoy at St. Petersburg. These subordinate posts necessarily gave little scope for his restless and aspiring genius; but tokens were not wanting to show what he would do if he could. His opposition to the policy of Austria was open and uncompromising. He took no pains to conceal his contempt for the efforts of the Prussian Cabinet

to conciliate the liberals; and there was a world of grim prophetic meaning in the now famous sentence which closed one of his letters from Russia: "The position of Prussia in the Federal Diet is a solecism, an abuse, a sore which we must cure with steel and cautery" (*ferro et igne*).

The occasion for this stern surgery was not long in offering itself. In 1861, William I, after a four years' regency in the name of his incapable brother, became king *de jure* as well as *de facto*. Up to that time he had striven manfully to adhere to the milder policy which had preceded the reaction of 1848; but the unanimous refusal of the Prussian Parliament to pass his "Army Bill," in the autumn of 1861, put a period to his endurance; and, looking round for some powerful coadjutor to share his arduous task, his eye lighted upon Bismarck.

When the two men last met, the future Emperor was merely Crown-Prince of Prussia, and the future Chancellor a young clerk in the civil service, whom Prince William, eyeing his towering figure with professional appreciation, dismissed with the passing pleasantry: "I see, gentlemen, that justice chooses her servants by the Guards' standard." But the times were now changed, and the men likewise. Bismarck's appointment as Minister of State, in the Spring of 1862, was followed six months later by his acceptance of the Premiership; and from that time onward, despite the opposition of the National Parliament, he was omnipotent in Prussia.

Everything now sloped down toward the great consummation. In 1864 came the Danish war, when the Houses of Hapsburg and Hohenzollern for a moment suspended their long rivalry in obedience to a common instinct of plunder, only to quarrel afresh as soon as the booty was secured. The result of their joint appeal to the Federal Diet, which gave so decided a majority to Austria, showed that the spell of Hapsburg supremacy in Central Europe, though rudely shaken, had not yet lost all its power; but the weapon was already uplifted which was to deal it the final blow.

The onus of the final rupture was skilfully thrown upon Austria (a policy repeated in the case of France four years

later); but the certainty of the whole thing having been deliberately planned by Bismarck would be sufficiently absolute, even without the cynical frankness of his reported utterance on hearing that the Vienna Cabinet seemed likely to concede the disputed points: "What? will not the old horse take the leap after all, now that we have brought him up to it?" But the leap was taken at last, and its effect was decisive. A lingering sentiment of loyalty to the fast-fading prestige of Austria, coupled, perhaps, with some alarm at Prussia's rapid growth and dictatorial bearing, brought the lesser kingdoms of Germany into the field under the banner of the Double Eagle; but Prussian discipline and the Prussian needle-gun triumphed over all opposition. The day of Sadowa hurled down Austria from her usurped eminence at once and forever; and the minor States, after vindicating the honor of their flag by a gallant, though unsuccessful resistance, recognized perforce in Prussia the leading German Power of the age—a conviction destined to bear momentous fruit four years later.

Here, then, was one-half the great work fairly accomplished at last. Of the two chief obstacles to the consummation of German unity, one was finally swept away; and Prince Talleyrand's bold scheme of making Austria "shift her centre of gravity from the west to the east," was at length translated into fact, by means which even *his* subtle and far-reaching intellect had never conceived. Indeed, one glance at the plan propounded by the modern Machiavelli to his imperial master after the crowning triumph of 1805-6, sufficiently shows how little either the one or the other foresaw the formidable eminence so soon to be attained by the kingdom which that campaign appeared to have absolutely annihilated. Talleyrand proposed to take Swabia and the Tyrol from Austria and bestow them upon Italy, erecting Venice into an independent republic, and compensating Austria with the possession of Moldavia, Wallachia and Bessarabia, together with the northern half of Bulgaria. "By this plan," he concluded, "the Germans are forever shut out from Italy, Austria is made the rival of Russia and the guardian of the Ottoman Empire, and the Russians being thus excluded from Europe, are

thereby directed upon the kingdoms of Central Asia, where they will naturally come into conflict with the rulers of Hindostan.* Had this scheme been adopted, it might have changed the whole current of European history; but "man proposes and God disposes."

Austria having been thus removed by the campaign of 1866, the only remaining stumbling-block in the path of German unification was France herself. Nor was France slow to realize the situation. Prussia had seized the place so long arrogated by Austria—the North-German Confederation was consolidating itself more and more with every month that passed—while, even among the Teutonic Principalities of the South, an alarmingly active tendency in the same direction was beginning to manifest itself. Plainly enough, if the establishment of a united German Empire were to be prevented, there was no time to lose. Accordingly, for the next two years, the reorganization and mobilization of the French army were pushed forward with all possible haste, while all the arts of French diplomacy were brought to bear upon the formidable strategist of Berlin—neither threats nor cajoleries being spared to turn him from his purpose, or to secure, at least, his connivance at a "rectification of frontier" on the part of France in the direction of Luxemburg or Belgium.

But the man of "blood and iron" was not one to be imposed upon by such flimsy devices. Forewarned and forearmed against the contest which he both expected and desired, he replied to all utterances from beyond the Rhine, whether of menace or of flattery, with a curt, disdainful confidence which showed how accurately he had gauged both his own strength and the weakness of his prospective antagonist. The events of 1870 amply bore out the soundness of his conclusions. Beneath the strokes of the Northern sledge-hammer, the showy fabric of Imperialism gave way as suddenly and irretrievably as Don Quixote's pasteboard helmet before the slash of his trusty Toledo. The mimic capital of Louis XIV witnessed

* It is a curious instance of the irony of circumstances, that Talleyrand prefaces this exposition with the remark that the four great Powers of Europe are "England, France, Austria and Russia," omitting Prussia altogether.

the coronation of an Emperor, scion of a house whose existence the "Grand Monarque" had hardly deigned to remember; and before that memorable year had run its course, Germany unity stood before the eyes of the world as an existing fact.

The delight of this long-deferred triumph was destined to be very short-lived indeed. Up to this time, the mass of the German population had very imperfectly appreciated the real character and aims of the man who had so suddenly and strangely become their political leader. Unpopular he had always been with the few who had encountered the shock of his arbitrary course; but the impression produced by his home policy was so absolutely swallowed up in the mightier importance of his foreign achievements, as to be virtually annihilated for the time being. Nor, in all probability, would the result have been different, even had that impression been tenfold deeper than it was. The very men who smarted beneath the imperious language and bearing of the stern Premier, would recount to each other, with evident enjoyment, how, when the Austrian Ambassador received the Prussian deputation in his dressing-gown, Bismarck retorted this intentional rudeness by coolly lighting a cigar, with an off-hand, "I suppose you don't object, my dear Count?" In fact, no true Prussian could long harbor resentment against the man who had humbled France and Austria to the dust, had welded into one compact and formidable empire the scattered fragments of the great Teutonic brotherhood, and had made the name of Germany feared and respected throughout the European continent. Amid such triumphs as these, Bismarck's acquittal at the bar of national opinion was as secure as that of Manlius within sight of the Capitol; and the feeling of his countrymen toward him was precisely that attributed in Lord Macaulay's stirring ballad to those by whom Manlius was judged:

"Beneath the yoke of Furius the Volscians oft have bowed,
And Rome may bear the pride of him of whom herself is proud."

Moreover, even some of the most arbitrary measures of his home policy had an air of patriotism and love of freedom which might have imposed upon keener observers than the *bourgeoisie* of Berlin. The liberals, who cursed him aloud

when he opposed the constitutional measures of the Court, were ready to applaud unrestrainedly the equally tyrannical policy by which he checked the ultramontanes and repressed the pretensions of the Romish Church. The semi-military rule which practically converted the whole country into one vast camp, might be considered a wise precaution in a State surrounded by powerful enemies; and the stubbornness with which he adhered to his own views, seemed to be amply warranted by the success which uniformly attended them.

When the first glow of the great conquest had begun to subside—when peace succeeded war, and the convenient excuse of *Inter arma silent leges* could no longer be pleaded—the subjects of the new Empire began to feel, to their cost, that the yoke which had pressed so heavily upon the necks of their enemies, lay no lighter upon their own. Many a time and oft, during the trying years that were to follow, must the German progressists have bitterly recalled a certain pithy Oriental apologue, which tells how a holy sage, who had hidden himself from the sight of human misdeeds among the solitudes of the Hindoo-Koosh mountains, beheld one day a vulture carrying food to an unfledged bird which had lost its mother. Charmed at having discovered among vultures the existence of a benevolence seemingly unknown to mankind, the worthy hermit pleased himself with this touching spectacle many days in succession, till at length the philanthropic vulture, finding its nursling sufficiently fattened, slew and devoured it! For years the conquering Germans had celebrated the chief who led them to victory as a “patriotic” leader; but it now began to appear only too plainly that his patriotism was of the same school with that of Sir Robert Walpole: “*He a patriot? Why, all he cares for is to keep things going, and to keep himself on the top of them.*”

In reality, it was merely the scene that was changed; the principal actor still remained what he had been from the beginning. Among the traditions of the Prussian civil service, there were countless anecdotes of the turbulent audacity and impatience of all opposition by which young Otto von Bismarck had scandalized the little great men of Berlin red-tapism,

years before he was called forth to overawe Jules Favre and to baffle Gambetta. On one occasion, while taking down, as a clerk in the Department of Justice, the statements of a man summoned before one of his superior officers, the witness' cool impudence provoked him to start up and exclaim: "If you don't behave better, I'll kick you out of the room." The superior, who was present, tapped Bismarck on the shoulder and said: "Turning a man out of the room is *my affair*." Presently a new cause of offence was given, and Bismarck, springing up again, cried out: "If you don't behave better I'll make my superior kick you out of the room." At another time, one of the official *grandeess* walked to the window and drummed upon it with his fingers while Bismarck was waiting, when the latter retorted by going to the other window and striking up a still louder tune on the glass. A few weeks later, being kept in the ante-room for more than an hour by the same magnate, and then curtly asked what he wanted, the young civilian answered with equal haughtiness: "I came to ask for leave, but now I request my dismissal."

The same stubborn and defiant spirit that marked the youth of the modern Themistocles, clung to his maturer manhood, and followed him into the Diet and the Cabinet. When he promulgated one of his most unpopular measures in the Prussian Parliament during the Spring of 1862, and a storm of disapprobation almost drowned his voice, he quietly drew a newspaper from his pocket, and said coolly: "When you have quite done, gentlemen, kindly let me know, and I will go on with what I was saying." On the 6th October of the same year, being met by fresh opposition from the same Assembly, he deliberately closed it, remarking that "if he could not govern with them, he would do it without them." Such a man (as the trial of Count Arnim a few years later clearly showed) was not one to hesitate at anything required to insure the success of his policy; and those who had exulted at the crushing blows which he dealt their clerical opponents, began to find that in the emphatic language of Scripture, Bismarck's little finger was thicker than the loins of the Papal Nuncio. The great Premier's substitution of military for ecclesiastical

despotism has seldom been more happily symbolized than by a single verse of the stinging lampoon that appeared in a German comic paper in 1871 :

" The walls of the Gothic cathedral old
To the ground without mercy he tore,
And then on the spot where it once had stood
Built *thirty barracks or more.*"

While such was the state of affairs in Germany, a singular and ominous parallelism was developing itself beyond the Niemen, where, for years past, similar causes had been forcing Russia toward a similar consummation. Her whole history, since the close of the Crimean War, had been an exact realization of the homely proverb, "Soon hot is soon cold." The present Czar, although his much-lauded "emancipation" was really planned by his father Nicholas to counterpoise the power of the nobility, undoubtedly began his reign as an earnest reformer. But the repeated attempts made upon his life, and the ill-judged zeal of the "Moscow Petition" of 1870, for popular privileges and the freedom of the press, speedily scared him back into the ancient groove ; and when the Franco-German War ended, he was fast becoming as reactionary as Bismarck himself.

The chosen weapon of an oppressed people is either insurrection or conspiracy. The formidable machination once brought to bear upon a foreign tyrant, was now employed against a domestic one. Socialism became the order of the day in Germany, Nihilism in Russia. The general character of both movements has been sketched by the writer in an earlier number of this Review ; * all that need be done here is to indicate briefly such details as have a direct bearing upon the subject now before us.

In the first place, then, it is worthy of remark that the year in which the socialistic movement in Germany first crystallized itself, so to speak, into a distinct and active revolutionary organization, was 1871, immediately after the close of the Franco-German War. Up to that time, its character had been theoretic, rather than practical, aiming more to convert the minds

Present Aspect of Socialism, October, 1878.

of men to one particular doctrine, than to make that doctrine the watchword of a crusade against the principalities and powers of the world. This character of the movement was undoubtedly due in a great measure to that of its founder, whose career, as the representative of a very peculiar and formidable class, merits some attention.

In 1855, a young student, named Ferdinand Lassalle, published a classical treatise which created general admiration by the depth of its research and the penetrating keenness of its observation. Several literary chiefs, who remembered having heard such men as Von Humboldt and Heinrich Heine predict great things of this young aspirant, took him kindly by the hand. His fame began to spread. Marvellous tales were told of his powers of study, and the energy with which he employed them. The society in which he moved was never weary of extolling the charm of his conversation, the extent of his learning, the vigor of his mind. A career of peaceful literary industry and scholastic renown seemed to lie open before him. On a sudden all was changed. The brilliant young scholar began to lecture publicly upon liberty and equality, the mutual relations of labor and capital, the rights of the proletarian class, and other kindred topics. He was arrested, tried, imprisoned, came forth again more bitterly in earnest than ever, and resumed his career of agitation with redoubled zeal. Within less than two years he acquired an influence over the working classes such as no man of his time had ever been able to attain, while impressing even the hostile bureaucracy with a sense of his ability, firmness and honesty of purpose, to which Prince Bismarck himself, while denouncing his system with the utmost severity, did ample justice. Had his life been prolonged, he might possibly have acted as interpreter between the two great opposing factions that divided his country, and have imparted to them that clear understanding of each other's motives and objects which was, as yet, so fatally wanting to both.

But Providence willed it otherwise. In the prime of his manhood, with all his daring schemes still unrealized, this strange being was struck down by the sword of a duellist (July,

1864), and in his stead arose a darker and a fiercer spirit, who was to him what Luther was to Erasmus. Karl Marx, a man of action in the fullest sense of the word, looked solely to results, accounted nothing done while anything remained to do, and, provided he did but attain his end, cared little at what cost of suffering and ruin that end was achieved. In one word he was the Bismarck of Socialism.

Under such a leader, the new doctrine made startling progress. For a time, indeed, the ranks of his followers were divided by a schism; but the dispute ended, as usual, in the triumph of the doers over the thinkers. The Marxites absorbed the Lassallites, just as the Jacobins absorbed the Girondins; and the movement began to wax formidable alike from its extent and its unity. Secret societies sprang upon every side. Students and artisans, men of learning and men of labor, stood side by side in the socialist ranks. Influential newspapers openly avowed and preached revolutionary doctrines. Socialist members were sent to Parliament, socialist meetings were held in Berlin. The completeness of its organization made the whole enterprise a kind of "State within a State." It was estimated that 60,000 avowed Socialists were to be found in Berlin alone. Forty-one newspapers, numbering more than 200,000 subscribers, spread abroad the doctrines of the system. A very few years after the first appearance of Marx, it was stated, probably with absolute truth, that one man in every twenty-five throughout the Empire was his sworn adherent.

All this, however, would have mattered little, had the movement still retained the moderate and purely theoretical character with which Lassalle had invested it. The two great objects for which he strove were the combination of the working classes for mutual support, and the recognition by the State of the duty of supplying laboring associations with the necessary capital. But this programme, bold as it might appear, was far too tame and limited for the fierce energy of his successor. Revolution, armed resistance, assassination of arbitrary rulers, the abolition of marriage, the redistribution of property, the extinction of the Church—such were the theories

which Karl Marx and his disciples preached in trumpet-tones from one end of Germany to the other.

The effect of such preaching was not long in making itself manifest. At home and abroad, everything seemed to have combined in its favor. The rapid succession of three wars in seven years, the terrific havoc which they had wrought, the growing pressure of the military despotism introduced by Prince Bismarck, the meagre dole of State rights granted to the commonalty, the practical worthlessness of such rights as they did possess—all this had sunk deeply into the hearts of the German workingmen, from whose ranks were drawn nine-tenths of the new school of reformers. "The German laborer," as a recent critic has well remarked, "sees himself invested with only two rights in the exercise of which he is the equal of the higher classes. One of these is the right to vote at Parliamentary elections; the other (which, as often as not, he would be quite willing to wave) is that of serving in the imperial army for a certain period. But this latter is a compulsory right, a right from which he cannot escape. On the other hand, he finds himself heavily taxed by a Government which does not help him, in order to support an army which he is very much inclined to regard as his natural enemy, as well as a brilliant and luxurious Court which is perpetually obtruding upon him the contrast between its lavish splendor and his own poverty. Hence he longs (as well he may) to overthrow the arrangements and annihilate the institutions which plainly result in his exclusion from every material advantage that makes life worth having."

Such a state of things could not last. The mind of Germany had been too thoroughly awakened by the great events and great thinkers of the Napoleonic period, ever to be thrust back into its old groove of blind and soulless apathy. For years past, a spirit of social and political inquiry had been abroad, which the unnatural pressure now imposed upon it only rendered doubly violent. Men were resolved to know "the reason why," and no rebuff, no evasion, could now suffice them. Bismarck was determined to crush Socialism, and Socialism was equally determined not to be crushed. At length the

inevitable explosion came. Two successive attempts upon the Emperor's life showed what perverted energy could do ; and the two different elements of German Socialism were aptly typified in the would-be assassins. Hödel represented the headlong, boisterous, unreasoning man of the masses ; Nobiling the calm, cynical, calculating man of the schools ; and both alike formed a significant commentary upon Prince Bismarck's policy and its natural results.

But the stern Premier was not one to shrink from the consequences, however formidable, of his own well-weighed scheme of action ; and the way in which he confronted this appalling emergency was eminently characteristic. The undue tightness of a bandage had produced inflammation ; and therefore, according to his view of the case, the obvious cure for that inflammation was to draw the bandage tighter still. Skilfully availing himself of the momentary revulsion of public feeling which followed Nobiling's attempt, he brought forward in the German Parliament, during the Summer of 1878, a "Socialist Repressive Bill" which rivalled the most despotic measures of Frederick the Great, or of Napoleon.

The Parliament, although filled with anti-Socialist members, was not too much biassed to see clearly enough whither such a measure must lead. The alarm spread. The sense of a common peril united for a moment the extremists and the moderate liberals. A coalition was formed, and the obnoxious bill thrown out. For one instant it seemed as if the great apostle of martial law had at last met with his match. But the man who had deliberately plunged all Europe into war for the attainment of his own ends, and had closed, on his own responsibility, the sittings of the Prussian Chambers when they ventured to oppose him, was not one to be so easily checked. He again had recourse to his favorite weapon of dissolution ; and the second Parliament, more obsequious than the first, passed the "Socialist Bill" with one or two merely nominal modifications.

For those who read carefully and dispassionately the various provisions of this famous ordinance, it is difficult to understand how any modern assembly, however abject,

however completely under the heel of irresponsible power, could have persuaded itself to approve and ratify, in the face of the whole civilized world, a series of measures which resemble the tyrannical decrees of Henry VIII, or Charles I, rather than the well-weighed enactments of a nineteenth-century statesman. Briefly stated, the more important clauses of the repressive bill are substantially as follows:

1. That the police shall be empowered to dissolve, without warning, and at their own discretion, all meetings of a socialistic kind, and all secret associations suspected of being in any way connected with socialism.

2. That the property of any socialist, or person convicted of complicity in the socialistic organization, shall be confiscated without trial, and distributed among the poor.

3. That any newspaper or other journal convicted of disseminating socialistic doctrines, or arguing in their favor, shall, after one warning,* be suppressed.

4. That keepers of book-stores and libraries, who shall be found guilty of selling, or keeping in stock, socialistic books or pamphlets of any kind, shall be at once expelled.

5. That any socialistic speaker or writer, or any person convicted of letting apartments for the purpose of holding socialist meetings, shall be summarily imprisoned, or fined, or both, at the discretion of the police.

6. That any man suspected of being a socialist shall be banished from the district where he resides; and that any socialist of foreign nationality shall be at once sent across the frontier.

It would certainly be difficult to carry arbitrary and high-handed disregard of the liberty of the subject much farther than this. Indeed, the nearest approach in modern legislation to this masterpiece of "fatherly correction," is the famous military code popularly attributed to Oliver Cromwell: "Any trooper losing his horse or hackney through neglect, misconduct, or dice, shall be slain with the sword. Any victualer detaining any soldier, to cause him to err from

* This modification was absolutely forced by the liberals upon Prince Bismarck, who had intended to give no warning at all.

the way, shall surely die. Any soldier neglecting or disobeying the orders given unto him, shall be cut off from his people. Any officer or soldier showing discontent at the quarters allotted unto him, shall be punished with death."

What has been gained by all this severity? Many great political crimes have been half redeemed by the splendor of their success; but what shall we say of the man who incurs all the guilt and odium of the crime, without attaining the counterpoising success after all? The repressive bill was not merely a crime, but also that which Prince Talleyrand characteristically pronounced to be far worse—a blunder. Its avowed object being to crush Socialism, the question to be asked is: Has it done so? It is already abundantly evident that it has not. The Socialists are more active, more resolute, more numerous than ever, and have recently made an open avowal of their determination to hold together till their work is done. This is precisely what might have been anticipated. The nineteenth century bears out as completely as the fifteenth the "wicked wisdom" of Machiavelli's famous saying: "Nothing is so unwise as half-way severities; the only safe blows to inflict upon men or parties are those which are too heavy to be avenged." To visit either a political or a religious creed with any persecution short of absolute extinction, merely waters the plant which it is intended to extirpate. Every commonplace agitator is suddenly transformed into a martyr, and becomes heroic in his own eyes and those of his fellows; and upon such men punishment has as little effect as upon the thieves who plied their trade beneath the gallows in the "good old hanging days" of English justice.

We have already mentioned Frederick the Great. It is, indeed, not easy to avoid some allusion to the founder of Prussian greatness, in reviewing a period in which the leading events and characteristics of his reign have been repeated with almost grotesque exactness. Although Frederick wielded only the resources of a small and disjointed kingdom, while Bismarck has at his back those of the greatest military power in Europe, the parallelism between the exploits of the two great despots is so obvious as to strike the most careless

observer. Looking back to the middle of the last century, we find Prussia, in 1748, holding the balance of power in Central Europe, and to a certain extent directing the courses of her immediate neighbors. Passing over fifteen years, we see her, in 1763, victorious over Austria and France, and dictating a treaty which gives her a considerable accession of territory. Later on, in 1770, we find Austria protesting against the ambitious designs of Russia in the East, and Prussia standing forward as a mediator between the Courts of St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Constantinople. Finally, in 1784, we behold Frederick the Great carrying out his long-cherished scheme of a "Fürstenbund," or confederation of German princes, with Prussia as their acknowledged head. All this may stand, with hardly an alteration, for a fair summary of the results achieved by Prince Bismarck's foreign policy since 1862; and thus the work commenced by Frederick the Great more than a century ago, is now being completed with such resources, and by such means, as Frederick himself never dreamed of.

But if the foreign policy of the man of "blood and iron" is strikingly akin to that of his great forerunner, his home government is still more so. Centralization, in the fullest sense of the word, characterizes the two systems, and forms alike the strength and the weakness of both. The all-pervading and microscopic watchfulness of Plato's ideal government is here translated into actual fact; and the intrusive legislation which is now prescribing what newspapers a man may read, what works a bookseller may keep in his store, what toasts may be given after a public dinner, finds its exact counterpart in the despotism of a hundred years ago, which regulated the amount of a student's pocket money, and the length of a holiday-maker's excursion.

It must be said, indeed, in excuse for Frederick, that he honestly hoped to benefit his subjects by all this meddlesome activity; and perhaps, at a time when the destinies of millions were in the hands of rakes like Louis XV, sots like George II, and courtesans like Elizabeth of Russia, it was just as well for Europe to possess one king who seemed conscious that

sovereignty might entail upon its possessor other duties beside drinking punch and shooting partridges. But in this case, as in many others, an exaggerated virtue became a positive vice.

More than one European sovereign—Philip II, for example, and in our own day, Nicholas of Russia—has followed out, from sheer jealousy of any authority save his own, the advice given by Cardinal Mazarin on his death-bed to Louis XIV: “Sire, n’ayez jamais de premier ministre.” But even this did not suffice Frederick. He was not content with having no prime minister; he would have no minister at all. Every detail of government, even the most trivial, came under his own eye, and was directed by his own will. If a young Prussian asked permission to graduate at Leyden or Göttingen, it was sternly refused him, and he was bidden to pursue his studies at home, any attempt at disobedience being punished with imprisonment and loss of citizenship. If a man wished to take a short journey on business or pleasure, he was obliged to obtain leave from the king himself, his Majesty being graciously pleased to regulate even the amount of money which the traveller might carry with him—allowing a noble four hundred rix-dollars, while a merchant or a tradesman was limited to two hundred and fifty. If a foreigner, who happened to be spending a few weeks or months in Prussia, wanted to obtain a pass for the inspection of some public building, or for a good place at a Potsdam review, his only way of doing so was to address a letter direct to Frederick, from whom he would receive an autograph answer on the following day. It would certainly be difficult to carry the theory of “paternal government” to greater length than this.

Even the personal habits and disposition of these two remarkable men—the soldier-King and the soldier-Premier—resemble each other as closely as their respective systems of government. Prince Bismarck’s amazing aptitude for doing half a dozen things at once—his powers of self-concentration—his relish for hard work—his capability of sitting up half the night over the driest details of business, and then making his appearance, perfectly fresh and clear-headed, the first thing next morning—are an exact reproduction of the characteristics

of that untiring sovereign who rose at three in Summer and four in Winter, wrote dispatches all the morning, reviewed troops all the afternoon, and received deputations and foreign ambassadors all the evening. By them, with far greater truth than by Louis XIV, might have been uttered the boast which the latter has made historical, "*L'État, c'est moi!*"

Bismarck's impatience of opposition, and his stubborn determination to have his own way at any cost, have long since passed into a proverb. One may still hear from the lips of "old stagers" in Berlin, how "Herr Otto," when little more than a lad, marched up to a pompous Bureaucrat who had offered him some real or fancied slight, and sternly bade the astounded magnate to be more civil for the future, since, but for his official title, he was no better than himself. Another tradition relates how he happened to enter a beer-saloon just as one of the frequenters was in the midst of a vehement tirade against the Government, and interrupted the haranguer by saying fiercely: "Leave the room this moment, fellow, or I'll break my glass over your head!" Instantly a storm of outcries burst forth from every part of the room; but the future Premier, unmoved by the uproar, brought down his heavy glass upon the offender's pate with such force as amply to make good his threat, and then turning to the startled waiter, said coolly: "Waiter, bring me another glass of beer, and charge the broken one to that fellow under the table."

This summary mode of argument was quite after the style of Frederick the Great, who, with the hard practical intellect of his father, inherited not a little of the latter's savage temper.* More than one of his subjects had the honor of receiving a sound caning from the royal hand. He swore at his ministers. He kicked the shins of his judges. He shook his fist in the faces of his marshals. His constitutional stubbornness was the admitted cause of many of the heaviest misfor-

* An able modern critic, however, strikes the balance in favor of Frederick: "To Frederick-William, the mere fact of any human beings, men or women, Prussians or foreigners, being within reach of his toes or his cane, was a sufficient reason for at once proceeding to belabor them. His son, on the other hand, required provocation as well as vicinity; nor was he ever known to inflict this correction on any but his own subjects."

tunes that befell him. Kunersdorf and Maxen, the two most calamitous defeats which he ever sustained, were occasioned entirely by his obstinate determination to pursue to an imprudent length against the judgment of his ablest generals, a success which had already insured him all the substantial fruits of victory. And such as he was in war, he showed himself in peace. During the later years of his reign, he more than once reversed the well-weighed and perfectly just decisions of the public law-courts; and in the same spirit of universal meddling, he expended (notwithstanding the clearest and soundest advice to the contrary) immense labor and large sums of that public money of which he was usually so miserly, in obstinate and useless efforts to create or develop local traffic by means which the experience of generations had long since shown to be worthless.

With all these remarkable coincidences, however, the two systems have one striking point of contrast, viz.: their respective methods of treating popular disaffection and freedom of speech. It must be owned that in this respect the advantage is all on the side of Frederick. The system which he was forced to pursue necessarily entailed abundant discontent. The position which he occupied in Europe was such as to render any discontent at home peculiarly dangerous. Professedly the champion of Protestantism, he found himself set over a population of which more than one-fifth were Catholics.* Ruling one of the smallest and poorest kingdoms in Europe, he was none the less compelled to provide for the maintenance of a disproportionately large standing army. While struggling against powerful enemies abroad, he was leaving, as he well knew, a strong element of discontent and ill-will behind him at home. He was a man of harsh temper, of inflexible will, of constitutionally imperious disposition, of a hard insensibility to human suffering which almost bordered upon cruelty. Surely here, if ever, one might have expected to find every expression of public feeling sternly repressed, and the popular

* Prince Bismarck, however, is not more fortunate in this respect. The German Empire, in a population of 41,058,000, numbers 14,867,698 Catholics, or more than 36 per cent.

voice of Germany silenced even more effectually than at present.

But the "soldier-King," to give him his due, set an example in this respect to many better men. Considering his despotic temperament, the irresponsible power that he wielded, and the arbitrary mode of government habitually practised by even the mildest rulers of that age, the license accorded by him to public thought and speech is absolutely without parallel. It was one of his favorite maxims, that a king's dignity requires no "keeping up;" and it is only justice to admit that he fully acted up to his own theory. The anecdotes current respecting his familiarity with the common soldiers of his army during the Seven Years' War, read more like the adventures of the Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid than the authentic memoirs of one of the most tyrannical of modern sovereigns. A knot of grenadiers are gathered around a camp-fire. The king suddenly appears among them. "Good evening, children." "The same to thee, Fritz." "What's that you're cooking there?" "Soup, father; will you have some?" "Yes, I'll try a mouthful;" and a wooden spoon is produced, and the king eats his soup in the midst of the circle, and warms his hands at the fire.

And as he was in his camp, such was he also in his capital. How *he* would have dealt with the "seditious utterances" which Prince Bismarck is now punishing so severely, a few examples will suffice to show. A Berlin publisher sent to the palace at Potsdam a copy of the famous "Memoirs" of Voltaire, the most stinging lampoon ever issued against Frederick (one might almost say against any sovereign whatever), and asked his Majesty's commands respecting it. "Do not advertise it in an offensive way," answered the king, quietly, "but sell it by all means; I hope it will pay you well." A Prussian of rank had shown unmistakable symptoms of disaffection. Frederick was informed of the fact. "How many men can he bring into the field?" asked the master of 160,000 soldiers, with calm contempt; and this was the only notice which he ever took of the affair. On another occasion, the king's attention was drawn to a crowd of people staring intently at a

placard in one of the principal thoroughfares of Berlin. He rode up, and found it to be a scurrilous caricature of himself, pasted so high up that it was not easy to see it distinctly. Frederick called one of his servants and bade him paste it lower down, within easy reach of all eyes. "My people and I," said he, "have come to an agreement which contents us both. They are to say what they please, and I am to do what *I* please."

It would be well for Germany, had its present rulers taken example in this respect from their great predecessor. But the world does not always grow wiser as it grows older. Frederick, conscious of his own strength, looked down upon malcontents and libellers with a wise disdain. Bismarck arouses and exasperates them by imprudent persecution. Frederick, while taxing his people to the verge of endurance, and disciplining his soldiers with such barbarous scourging that to be shot was thought quite a secondary punishment, permitted the foulest libels upon himself to be sold with impunity in Berlin. His great imitator is striving to achieve the useless and perilous task of closing the safety-valve of popular criticism altogether—with what hope of success, it is not difficult to predict.

It is possible enough that the Canutes of Berlin and St. Petersburg may succeed in checking the tide of human progress during their own lifetime; but no repression, no persecution, can put Europe back where she was in 1812. Where the first Napoleon failed, no one can easily succeed; and those who attempt it will do well to recall Phocion's warning to Demosthenes: "When the Athenians go mad, Phocion," said the great orator, "they will kill you." "And they will kill *you*," retorted Phocion, "the moment they regain their senses."

ART. III.—THE NATURE-SENTIMENT IN POETRY.

1. *On Poetic Interpretation of Nature.* By J. C. SHAIRP, LL.D. New York: 1875.
2. *Theology in the English Poets.* By STOPFORD A. BROOKE. New York: 1875.

THE connection between poetry and nature is primeval. Doubtless, in the remoter eras, when savage man prowled upon the earth scarcely distinguishable from the brutes, his heart was often imaginatively touched as the elemental strife sent him cowering to his cave, and the glory of the dawn awoke him once more to activity. Indeed, when the first glimmer of intellect appeared, and the soul of the Aryan family began to burst the shell of brutishness, there at once sprang up those sublime efforts to reconcile the finite and the infinite—the hymns of the *Vedas*—in which nature and imagination appear face to face. At this stage, God, Man and Nature, the all-comprehending trinity, were inseparable in conception; and it was not until a later period, when, however, the blind nature-worship of the Aryan mythology was still surviving, that the Homeric poems marked the growing separation between the consciousness of man, the conception of the world, and the thought of Deity. But when this change had become widely felt, and the very philosophy which was so largely its cause had withdrawn men into a city life, nature lost its hold in great measure on man's affections, fell into the position of a drudge to supply his daily wants, and won no longer his impassioned love. In this sad condition did the world abide, for the most part, until recent times. Yet never, in the darkness and silence, has God left himself without a witness. A few there have been in every age on whom the great

Heart has brooded; whose eye saw the web of the stars and whose ear caught the songs of the sedges; in all times Great Pan has cut reeds by the rivers and blown out the wild music of winds and waters. But neither the few poets nor the scanty numbers who responded to their song could be heard above the wrangling of the schoolmen and the clashing of that science and philosophy which had pronounced nature to be naught but a dead mechanism.

Brief and inadequate as must necessarily be any sketch of the poetry of nature, we should seriously err were we to pass unnoticed the fact that man's first step in progress was accomplished through the very spirit of poetry—*imagination*. Language was created by impressing imagination upon nature. Imagination is the power which creates metaphor, and the researches of comparative philology have shown us that metaphor played by far the largest part in the original formation of language. Indeed, "language is fossil poetry." But poetry left still another footprint in primeval nature—that huge and hitherto unintelligible mass of fable called mythology. It is never without a sensible awe that we contemplate these unutterable yearnings of the world's childhood, when man's soul first felt that

"The sunshine is a glorious birth;"

first caught sight

"Of that immortal sea

Which brought us hither,"

and began to crave

"The glories he had known,

And that imperial palace whence he came."

In the Aryan gods, and in those of Olympus ere these fell upon capricious forms, we see "the first feeble efforts of the human mind to name the unnamable, to give local habitation and expression to the incomprehensible Being who haunted men's inmost thoughts, but was above their highest powers of conception." "It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves," was the instinctive cry of the human heart when it began to reflect on the mystery of existence. In seeking to embody this awful thought in language, men turned instinctively to the all-embracing, infinite heavens as the type and

symbol of their new conception. In almost all the Aryan languages the name for the Highest has sprung from one root: the Sanscrit *Dyaus*, the Greek *Zeus*, the Latin (Jupiter) *Jovis*, the Teutonic *Tiu* (whence our Tuesday), all descend from the old Sanscrit word *dyu*, which originally meant sky and day. And the power which wrought out that first name for the Supreme was imagination, working unconsciously; the same power which afterwards, when under control of the poet's will, found vent for itself in poetry. The *Vedas* are full of a vivid feeling for nature, shown in sublime pictures of tropical storms and in most charming descriptions of the "roseate hue of early dawn," and of "the golden-handed sun." In the two great heroic poems of the second epoch of Indian literature—the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*—nature plays but a secondary part, and is already assigned the position of a background; while in the third era we are surprised by frequent foretastes of our modern feeling. Kalidasa powerfully represents, in the *Sakuntala*, the influence which the aspect of nature exercises on the minds and feelings of lovers; and so competent a critic as Goldstücker asserts, in a letter to Humboldt, that the forest scene which is portrayed in the drama of *Vikrama and Urvashi* may rank among the finest poetic creations of any period.

On turning to that far more wonderful body of Eastern literature—Hebrew poetry—we feel ourselves to be in a different atmosphere. The sense of mystery is less overwhelming; vagueness gives place to the assurance of knowledge; the awe is not so much that of wonder as of a clear recognition of the relations between God and nature. Among the chief characteristics of Hebrew poetry are, its reflection of monotheism—leading it to consider the universe as a unit and to contemplate it in masses rather than as individual phenomena; its representation of nature as the direct creation—"one might almost say, the garment"—of the great Jehovah; its accurate description and truthful estimate of all things in the external world; and the absence of all theorizing about nature, proceeding from the habit of referring all effects to the will of God. Nature, indeed, is often

represented as capable of a dramatic action,—“Yea, the fir-trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, ‘Since thou art gone down to the grave, no feller is come up against us;’” “The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the fields shall clap their hands,”—and we are sometimes tempted to discover an approach to Wordsworth’s view; but a closer study shows that this transport has a deeper origin than the mere love of nature, and that nature is regarded as “the outer chamber of an unseen Presence—a garment, a veil, which the Eternal One is ever ready to break through.” We notice, too, the strong local coloring (mark especially the influence of the Sinaitic landscape on all subsequent poetry); and the historical coloring, seen particularly in the retrospective psalms. Both these characteristics are prominent in the Psalms of the Captivity, where they are united with a pathos, a yearning pensiveness, which make these songs capable of the widest application and have endeared them to the homesick and oppressed of every age. The book of Job and the book of Enoch display the most eager curiosity into the secrets of nature, and one local description in the latter sets before us, for the first time, that valley of Gehenna which was afterwards to furnish “the most terrible imagery that the world has ever known.”

Contemporary with the great Psalmist sang Homer.* But while, in his works, the breath of God is forever felt, the finger of God is no longer seen. Mythology, although its creative era was gone, still lingered in the mind; and here and there we detect traces of the old tendency, and “catch the primitive physical meaning of the myth shining through the anthropomorphic covering which it afterward assumed.” We miss the awful reverence and profound pathos of the Hebrew hymns, while we find a higher artistic sense of beauty and more of the self-consciousness of the poet. In studying the characteristics of the Homeric scenery, we are struck with the surprising untruthfulness of much of Mr. Ruskin’s criticism in his *Modern Painters*. It is not true that Homer “shrank

* The charmingly natural description of Winter in the *Works and Days* of Hesiod is doubtless an interpolation, though of great antiquity.

with dread or hatred from all the ruggedness of lower nature—from the wrinkled forest-bark and the jagged hill-crest, and irregular, inorganic storm of sky;” or that “every Homeric landscape, intended to be beautiful, is composed of a fountain, a meadow, and a shady grove.” It is inexplicable that Ruskin should appeal only to the *Odyssey*, when the *Iliad*, also, is filled with similes drawn from every realm and feature of nature. The stern and the terrible are employed with marvellous force and fidelity:

“ On poured the Trojan masses ; in the van
Hector straight forward drove in full career.
As some huge boulder, from its rocky bed
Detached, and by the wintry torrent’s force
Hurled down the steep cliff’s face, when constant rains
The massive rock’s firm hold have undermined ;
With giant bound it flies ; the crashing wood
Resounds beneath it ; still it hurries on,
Until, arriving at the level plain,
Its headlong impulse checked, it rolls no more.”

Again—the Achæan phalanxes advance to battle :

“ And as a goatherd from his watch-tower crag
Beholds a cloud advancing o’er the sea
Beneath the west wind’s breath ; as from afar
He gazes, black as pitch, it sweeps along
O’er the dark face of ocean, bearing on
A hurricane of rain ; he, shuddering, sees
And drives his flock beneath the sheltering cave.
So thick and dark about the Argives stirred,
Impatient for the war, the stalwart youths,
Black masses, bristling close with spear and shield.”

Nothing is more evident, indeed, than Homer’s delight in sea-storms as illustrations of battle. When Agamemnon had been placed *hors de combat*, Hector came forth against the Grecian host, and

“ Fell on their battle, as some roaring storm
Leaps down and heaves the sleeping violet sea.

* * * * *

“ Of the leaders these

He slew, then on the nameless people fell,
As when with hurricane deep the west wind smites
White summer clouds high piled by the clear south,
And volumed wave on wave comes shoreward rolled,
And the white flying foam is scattered high
Before the loud blast of far-wandering wind.”

Throughout the *Iliad*, it is not the loveliness of groves and fountains so much as the might of the sea and the grandeur of the illimitable heavens that awakes the poet's soul.

In the *Odyssey*, however, the scenes most lovingly depicted are certainly home-scenes of order, comfort, and repose; yet this arises, probably, from the character of the poem. Such pictures are in delightful contrast to the enforced wanderings, and in pathetic keeping with the homesickness of the much-enduring man. The Odyssean ideal is most completely attained in the landscape around Calypso's cave (v. 55-73), "which even an immortal might be gladdened to behold;" but one of the most charming of all Homer's pictures is the garden of Alcinous.

"With well-sunned floor for drying, there is seen
The vineyard. Here the grapes they cull, there tread.
Here falls the blossom from the clusters green,
There the first blushings by the suns are shed.
Last, flowers forever fadeless, bed by bed;
Two streams: one waters the whole garden fair;
One through the courtyard, near the house is led,
Whereto with pitcher all the folk repair.
All these the God-sent gifts to King Alcinous were."

Low, rich fields, "soft marshy meadows near the sea," heavy-laden vines, shaded grottos, clear quiet waters, and aspen-poplars,—these are the elements of Odyssean landscapes; but the poet shrinks from mountains, unless, indeed, they are well-wooded. He displays considerable feeling for forests, however, and in the description of them, that unerring accuracy which is characteristic of Homer as of all great artists.

"Up the steepes of that high mount
Parnassus, clothed with woods, they climbed, and soon
Were on its airy heights.

There lay a huge wild boar
Within a thicket, where moist-blowing winds
Came not, nor in his brightness could the sun
Pierce with his beams the covert, nor the rain
Pelt through, so closely grew the shrubs. *The ground
Was heaped with sheddings of the withered leaves.*"

The poets, indeed, were the first observers, and the earliest of them were faithful delineators of nature's forms. It is only

when we come down to the second rank, that we find a false line or a false color here and there. Hesiod notes the minutest feature in the

" Joyous time of harvest,
When worts are yellow, and the grasshopper
Sings his shrill song upon the tree—his wings
Quick-beating—in the toilsome summer-time,
When goats are fullest, and the wine is best,"

and Homer displays the utmost familiarity with the commonest incidents of country life,—as in the assembling of the Greeks :

" Or as when flies in swarming myriads haunt
The herdsman's stalls in spring-time, when new milk
Has filled the pails ; in such vast multitudes
Mustered the long-haired Greeks upon the plain,
Impatient to destroy the Trojan race."

From these quotations we gather one fact, which will be borne out by the closest study of the entire poems, that nature in Homer is subservient to human comfort, is used as a background—a set-off—to human action and character. He never loves nature for its own sake—or if there is any evidence of this feeling, it is surely found in the eleventh book of the *Iliad*, where he marks the moment of final victory by turning from the fierceness of the thick battle to the quiet of the far-off mountain dells, yearning, as it would seem, with a true love for nature :

" All through the dawn, and as the day grew on
From either side the shafts were showered amain,
And fast the people fell. *But at the hour*
When the lone woodman in the mountain glens
Prepares his noonday meal, for that his arms
Are weary with long labor, and his heart
Had had its fill of felling the tall trees,
And craving of sweet food comes over him
Just at that hour the Danaï by sheer might
Broke through their foemen's ranks, each shouting loud
To cheer his comrade on."

It is a wonderful piece of art,—the sweet stillness of the deep woods falling athwart the storm of battle—and startles us, whenever we read it, with a fresh surprise. There is something of the modern feeling here, some touch of

nature's sympathy with man, brought out by the contrast; as also in that deeply pathetic comment of Homer, when Helen, gazing upon the Greek host from the Scæan gate, fears that her own dishonor has kept her brethren aloof from the war:

"So spake she. But them already the life-giving earth covered,
In Lacedæmon there, in the dear fatherland."

In subsequent Greek poetry this feeling is much developed,—especially do the choruses of Sophocles and Euripides express many a modern tone of the sentiment—but we do not yet find in it nature loved and praised for her own sake. It was not until a later and more cultivated time that the mind regarded nature as existing apart from man. Poetry first takes up this note, timidly and somewhat falteringly as yet, in those delicious strains which "were learnt amid the chestnut groves and orchards, the volcanic glens and sunny pastures of Sicily," in the *Idyls* of Theocritus;* and, later, in the *Georgics* of Virgil.

But the earliest pictures of nature that occur in Latin poetry are found not in pastoral or idyl, but in the great philosophic poem of Lucretius. Poetry and philosophy are here interwoven without, as Humboldt remarks, producing that frigidity of style which Menander the rhetorician so severely condemned in the poem *On Nature* of Empedocles. Lucretius was both a scientific and a poetic observer, and the range of his noble powers included all things from the great elemental movements of nature to the silences of the night and the tints of the tiniest shells upon the shore. His soul was alive to every phase of the visible world, and as quickly moved by the soft dripping of water upon moss as by the blast of a tempest. Mr. Palgrave, indeed, asserts that he, "of all poets sympathized most intensely and widely with the soul of nature." We find in him at times startling foregleams of Wordsworth, and the very earliest utterance of the mystical feeling about nature's life. It may be noted, in passing, that Lucretius, Horace, and even Virgil, dread and dislike the sea, while

* For a fascinating, though brief, study of Theocritus, albeit in connection with another poet, the reader should turn to Mr. Stedman's *Victorian Poets*. His translations there given are of rare fidelity and exquisite charm, however "rapidly" they may have been done.

Catullus admires its immensity and laughs with its summer waves along the shore.

We must give only a passing glance at Virgil, for probably no author of classic antiquity is so familiar to English readers. If the *Ecloques* are imitative and conventional, borrowed in substance, sentiment and scenery, from Sicilian Theocritus, the *Georgics* are poetry genuine and original, depicting actual landscapes with a fresh and dewy grace. His pantheistic feeling, which is found recurring so often in modern poetry, Virgil took from his contemporary Lucretius, who often lights up his wearisome expositions of the Atomic philosophy by gleams of nature vividly beautiful, and whose genius, indeed, in moments of inspiration, sometimes shook off the meshes of materialism and stretched its wings into the infinity of a living, sentient Heaven. Both Lucretius and Virgil, in dealing with nature, betray an uneasiness, a dissatisfaction, which often mars the beauty of their noblest verse and sometimes endows it with a power that thrills us to this day; for the philosophic faith about nature which held the mind of Lucretius did not still the yearning of that high spiritual and poetic instinct which demanded a deeper interpretation, and Virgil, on the other hand, felt sore misgivings over the orthodox mythology in which he acquiesced. Lucretius deals with nature in a more sublime, Virgil in a more homely way; the one searches the processes of nature, the other seeks to enter her heart. One of the chief notes of Virgil's genius, indeed, is his sympathy with the external world. In this, as in some other respects,—the contrasting, for instance, of nature's repose and the tumult of the human heart, we find him anticipating the modern idea, with a feeling not unlike that of our own day. Such contrasts in Homer are but hinted at; in Virgil they are emphasized. Dido has been forsaken; lovelorn and wronged, she enters upon the calm and silence of night:

“ Now night it was, and everything on earth had won the grace
Of quiet sleep; the woods had rest, the wildered waters' face:
It was the tide when stars roll on amid their courses due,
And all the tilth is hushed, and beasts, and birds of many a hue,
And all that is in waters wide, and what the waste doth keep
In thicket rough, amid the hush of night tide lay asleep.

And slipping off the load of care forgot their toilsome part.
But ne'er might that Phœnician queen, that most unhappy heart,
Sink into sleep, or take the night into her eyes and breast,
Her sorrows grow, and love again swells up with all unrest."

Between Homer and Virgil there is a wide difference. In the later poet the self-forgetting serenity of the earlier, has vanished; the pathetic fallacy arises; nature becomes partially humanized in the poet's fancy and tinged with the melancholy of his age.

With the growth of Christianity the love of nature increased. The hatred of the world and the taste for solitude led men of highly poetic temperaments to seek the woods and mountains; and while the power of poetic creation had died away, the writings of the early fathers show an intense susceptibility to nature and enjoyment of her communion. Some passages of Basil, for instance, and of Chrysostom, are suggestive of Thoreau. Further on, the German *minnesingers* display that simple delight in nature which is characteristic of Chaucer and the English ballads; while there arose the German *Animal Epos*, which has exerted so marked an influence on all subsequent poetry. The natural poetry of the Middle Ages shows a many-sided change. The favorite elements of scenery are nearly the same as among the Greeks; but the utilitarian feeling of Homer gives place to a delight in nature as it ministers to the senses. The peculiar mediæval feeling is vividly summed up by Mr. Ruskin: Love of the garden instead of love of the farm, leading to a sentimental contemplation of nature, instead of a practical and agricultural one; loss of sense of actual divine presence, leading to fancies of fallacious animation, in herbs, flowers, and clouds; perpetual, and more or less undisturbed, companionship with wild nature; apprehension of demoniacal and angelic presence among mountains, leading to a reverent dread of them; principalness of delight in human beauty, leading to comparative contempt of natural objects; consequent love of order, light, intelligibility and symmetry, leading to dislike of the wildness, darkness and mystery of nature; and inaccuracy of observance of nature, induced by the habitual practice of change on its forms.

The first great name of English song carries us back in feeling beyond Virgil, and Homer, to a remote and primitive antiquity. Chaucer's love of nature was unsurpassed among poets, but it was a simple, childlike, unreflective love. This man of the world, companion of the great, at home in the pomp of courts, took deep delight in hearkening to the bird's song from the thicket, in communing on his knees with the flowers in the grass. He could sometimes, indeed, speak of nature as "the vicare of the Almighty Lord;" but this is unusual with him—he cared little for nature as a "stupendous whole"—and his most constant mood is one of simple, spontaneous pleasure in open-air life, a physical joy, a thing of the nerves and animal spirits, with which also there is joined a something undefinable and ethereal. He describes nature simply as he saw it around him in the homely southern counties, for it was his daily contact with these scenes that aroused his fresh and innocent joy. He has the child's, and the poet's, love of the daisy, anticipating in his song both Burns and Wordsworth. Such is his love, he tells us in the prologue to *The Legende of Good Women*, that—

"When comen is the May,

Then in my bed there daweth me no day
That I n'am up and walking in the mead,
To see this flower against the sunné spread,
When it upriseth early in the morrow;
That blissful sight softeneth all my sorrow;
So glad am I when that I have preséncé
Of it, to doen it all reverence,
As she that is of all flow'rs the flow'r."

With all the eager, loving curiosity of the child, too, he watches for the flower to open to the sun:

"And down on knees anon right I me set,
And as I could this freshe flow'r I grette,
Kneeling always till it unclosed was
Upon the small, and soft, and sweeté grass."

Even the epithets, it will be seen, are just the very words of endearment which a child would use. To the true lover of nature there is no more winsome verse in all literature than much of that which Chaucer has left. His favorite season is

the May-time, of which he never tires singing; and his landscapes he found where, though five hundred years have passed, they may still be seen unchanged, among the copsewoods of Kent and the lanes of Surrey:

“Up I rose three hours after twelfe,
About the springing of the gladsome day,
And on I put my gear and mine array,
And to a pleasant grove I ’gan to pass
Long ere the bright sun uprisen was;

In which were oaks great, straight as a line,
Under the which the grass so fresh of huc
Was newly sprung; and an eight foot or nine
Every tree well from his fellow grew,
With branches broad, laden with leaves new,
That sprung out against the sunne sheen,
Some very red, and some a glad light green,

Which, (as me thought) was a right pleasant sight;
And eke the birds’ songes for to hear
Would have rejoiced any earthly wight;
And I, that could not yet in no mannere
Heare the nightingale of all the year,
Full busily *heark’ned with heart and ear,*
If I her voice perceive could anywhere.”

This is the secret of the Chaucerian charm. His soul is in his ears and eyes, and when it has drank deep of nature’s dew—of fragrance and color—it flies to his lips and sings.

While Chaucer gives only “the direct impression of the eye and ear,” Shakespeare conjures up the moral sense whenever he touches upon nature. They are at the two extremes with regard to the nature-sentiment. Matthew Arnold writes: “The greatest poets unite in themselves the faculty of both kinds of interpretation, the naturalistic and the moral. But it is observable that in the poets who unite both kinds, the latter (the moral) usually ends by making itself the master. In Shakespeare the two kinds seem wonderfully to balance each other; but even in him the balance leans; his expression tends to become too little sensuous and simple, too much intellectualized.” And Lowell tells us that Shakespeare’s epithets imply always an impression on the *moral sense*. The

"sun *flutters* the mountain tops with sovereign eye;" the bending "weeds *lacquey* the dull stream;" the smoke is "*helpless*." His outward sense is merely a window through which the metaphysical eye looks forth, and his mind feels with the object instead of merely feeling it. "He always looked upon nature with the eyes of the mind." Although the nature of the drama precludes elaborate descriptions of scenery, it has been observed how many descriptive touches are found in Shakespeare's plays, how much of out-door life there is, how largely the action is carried on under the open sky. In no poet of any age do we feel so sensibly the mighty whirl and on-rushing of human events, nowhere are we so thrilled with emotions, nowhere do we touch humanity so closely at so many points. Yet, engrossed as he is with the strife and play of human hearts, "it is wonderful how many are the side-glances that he and his characters cast at the nature that surrounds them. And these glances are like everything else in him, rapid, vivid and intense. There is hardly one of his plays in which the season and the scene is not flashed upon the mind by a single stroke more vividly than it could be by the most lengthened description."

"Lady! by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,"*

It is delightful to watch with what marvellous skill he unfolds his scenery from act to act, ever varying it to create a setting to human action, a mirror to human emotion, yet ever maintaining harmony between all its parts. *Macbeth* is an obvious example. It is only, indeed, by the most thoughtful attention to its descriptive passages that we can absorb into our being the terrible and immortal vigor of this tragedy. In

* In connection with *Romeo and Juliet*, we cannot forbear calling attention to one of the curiosities of criticism. "Why," asks Schlegel, "does the *Romeo* of Shakespeare stand so far above all other dramas of that poet, except that in the first delightful gush of youthful passion, he deemed that work a fitting shrine for the outpouring of his emotions, with which the entire poem thus became filled and interpenetrated?" "It may be said," observes Mr. Hallam, "that few, if any of his plays are more open to reasonable censure; and we are almost equally struck by its excellences and its defects. The love of *Romeo* is that of the most bombastic commonplace of gallantry, and the young lady differs only in being one degree more mad."

what perfect accord are the witches, the thunder and lightning, and the blasted heath! The key-note to Lady Macbeth's dire intent is struck by the sable bird:

"The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements."

"Look like the innocent flower," she charges Macbeth, who goes to welcome the king,—*"Look like the innocent flower, but be the serpent under it."* So the gracious, genial disposition of the old king changes the whole aspect of the place. The battlements that seemed so gloomy to the traitoress bent on murder, are bright and joyous to her royal master, coming with kindness in his heart:

"This castle has a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses."

In all this Shakespeare is like a modern poet; but there is ever this difference between them,—that while our modern poets attain this correspondence between nature and the heart of man by study and reflection, with Shakespeare it is a flash of inspiration as the breath of God passes over him, or a spark from the white heat of imagination, thrown off by his Titanie blows as he moulds the destinies of men. His favorite pictures are of the forest and the sea, but all his works contain not one allusion to the effect of mountain scenery. "The mountain rapture had to lie dumb for two more centuries before it found utterance in English song."

If in Chaucer the love of nature is physical, and in Shakespeare moral, in Milton it is the love of an artist. He was an intense lover of artistic beauty,—drawn to nature as she fed this noble emotion. But, above all things, he was a scholar; his rapidly-increasing learning at last overwhelmed and smothered the nature-love of his youth. It is, therefore, to his earlier life—especially those five years passed at his father's home in the country—that we must look for his freshest feeling for nature and his most vivid renderings of scenery. *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Lycidas* and *Comus*, all written before he was thirty, contain his finest and most faithful natural

descriptions. Of the former two—filled with aspects of English scenery which he was the first to note,—Mr. Palgrave asserts that they are the earliest pure descriptive lyrics in our language, still remaining, also, the best, in a style which so many poets have since attempted. The thirty years that elapsed before his great creations—the drama and the two epics—had increased his severity and grandeur; but the breath of England's dewy mornings no more passed through his brain. The descriptive passages in *Paradise Lost* are "magnificent but vague;" they do not touch the heart or call up tender, joyous memories of our youth; they cannot be read in the open fields; they depict scenes that never were on land or sea. With perhaps one exception (*Paradise Lost*, Book ix, 444-457), when Milton took up the lofty harp he sang no more of rural joys and beauties. In place of this he developed what may be called the geographical use of nature, in which he attained unequalled power. There is a wonderful gratification of the ear in these sonorous measures, while the grandeur of the imagery overwhelms us with the majesty of nature :

"As when, far off at sea, a fleet descried,
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the Isles
Of Ternate or Tydore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs : they, on the trading flood
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Ply, stemming nightly toward the Pole : so seemed
Far off the flying fiend."

After Milton died (1674), the divorce between poetry and nature remained complete for more than half a century. With the exception of Lady Winchelsea's *Nocturnal Reverie*, rural life does not appear in song during all that time. Poetry fell into the hands of the critical school, and frequented courts and palaces. Her only intercourse with nature was by gazing from the window, or walking languidly and foppishly around Twickenham Villa or Richmond Hill. Even from this distant greeting she returned shivering and disgusted. Pope consoles with friends who spend an enforced season in the country. He never praises natural scenery which has not been subjected to the training hand of art. In his pastorals,

indeed, he essays some descriptions of pure landscape; but his utter ignorance of nature's spirit, and the actual distress with which he contemplates a life out of town are here amusingly evident,—as witness a passage in *Windsor Forest*:

“There, interspers’d in lawns and op’ning glades
Thin trees arise that shun each other’s shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend;
There wrapt in clouds the bluish hills ascend.
Ev’n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And midst the desert fruitful hills arise,
That, crowned with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.”

Is this the work of mother nature, of the hand that makes the everlasting hills to smoke, and paints the lily and the dew? Or is it the performance of a landscape gardener? It is well observed that nature, with Pope, was a thing of science, a part of the universal system. He approached it with the intellect alone; its beauty was never to him a source of pleasure. Let any sportsman read the following lines:

“With slaughtering guns, t’ unwearied fowler roves
Where frosts have whitened all the naked groves,
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o’ershade
And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade:
He lifts the tube and levels with his eye,
Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky:
Oft as in airy rings they skim the heath
The clamorous lapwings feel the leaden death;
Oft as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall and leave their little lives in air.”

Imagine “Christopher North in his Sporting Jacket” falling afoul of these lines! Yet even he would find two good ones among them.

But the time was approaching when the poet should go to nature as to a homely nurse, a tender mother; should love it with a love deep and passionate, and gather from it “the harvest of a quiet eye.” The change began even during the lifetime of Pope, and was no less than the migration of poetry from the town to the country. The sense of rural beauty first reappeared in the Scottish poet, Allan Ramsay, who at once made the bright and shining feet of nature at

home in the fields of poesy. His *Gentle Shepherd*, published in 1725, is full of nature's loveliness and grace :

"Gae farder up the burn to Habbie's How,
Where a' the sweets o' spring and summer grow :
Between twa birks, out o'er a little linn
The water fa's an' mak's a singin' din ;
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
Kisses, wi' easy whirls, the bordering grass.

* * * * *

"A flowerie howm, between twa verdant braes,
Where lassies use to wash and bleach their claes ;
A trotting burnie, wimpling through the ground,
It's channel pebbles, shining, smooth, and round."

It is a perfect description of scenery among the Pentland Hills. A generation later, Burns, who called Ramsay his master, asserts that he rivals the Greeks in pastoral poetry ; and Wilson, in one of his irresponsible bursts of enthusiasm so peculiar to him, exclaims : "Theocritus was a pleasant Pastoral, and Sicilia sees him among the stars. But all his dear Idyls together are not equal in worth to the single *Gentle Shepherd*."

The return to nature, thus begun, was carried on by another Scotch-born poet, Thomson, though it is hard to decide when doctors disagree as to how far he was strictly a *Scottish* poet ; for Prof. Shairp asserts that neither in the kind of landscape he pictures, in the rural customs he selects, nor in the language or versification of his poem, is there much savor of Scottish habits or scenery ; while Prof. Wilson says that his *Seasons* are a national subject, that his suns rise and set in Scottish heavens, his "deep-fermenting tempests are brewed in grim evening" Scottish skies ; Scottish is his thunder of cloud and cataract ; Scottish are his woods, their sough, and their roar,—and that a dread love of his native land was in his heart when he cried in the solitude—

"Hail, kindred glooms ! congenial horrors hail !"

He was certainly a phenomenon to his contemporaries. The spirit of the *Seasons* (1726-30) must have been incomprehensible to Pope, who, indeed, flings a sneer at it in *Scriblerus* ; and even Gray could speak of the *Castle of Indolence* as containing

"some good stanzas." Despite the heavy, oratorical style, the insipid classicities, and the taint of the artificial spirit, the new poetry opened a new world to the English people. The scenes were often painted from the life; and Thomson has enriched us with many a fact and image never before touched in poetry. His snow-scenes, for instance, are especially vivid and beautiful:

" The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current."
* * * * *

" An icy galé, oft shifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering stream."
* * * * *

" In these fell regions, in Arzina caught,
And to the stony deep his idle ship
Immediate seal'd, he, with his hapless crew,
Each full exerted at his several task,
Froze into statues; to the cordage ghued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm!"

It is hard for us in these days to read the *Seasons*. What Wordsworth rather harshly calls their commonplace sentimentalities and their vicious style so annoy us that we can scarcely hear "the lisp of leaves and the ripple of rain," the droning of the brook and the birds' songs. Yet these are all there, and repay the needed search. With all his shortcomings, Thomson was a genuine lover of nature. He led the revolt in poetry from court dissipation to the pure life of the country.

The love and study of nature now steadily increased. Thomson's contemporary, Dyer, in his *Grongar Hill* and *Evening Walk* (1727),—both modelled on Milton's descriptive lyrics, as the *Seasons* were on *Paradise Lost*—dwells minutely on nature, still with a classical spirit and without pure passion; while Tickell, Parnell, Shenstone, and Hammond all give some charming pictures, or, at least, beautiful lines. Gray helped the new spirit by his efforts to strike the nice balance between nature and art, though he himself attained only partial success. We still feel too much the art,—too little the

emotion. His contemporary, Collins (1721-59), is equally elevated and chaste. The "gray loveliness" of his *Ode to Evening* has lost none of its charm with the lapse of years. It is a great advance on Thomson, with its perfect grace of language, and interpenetration of nature and human sentiment :

"If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs and dying gales,—"

* * * * *

"Or, if chill, blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires ;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil."

It is noticeable, however, that the final note is of "fancy, friendship, science;" man is still the centre; the time is not yet come when he shall be forgotten in the poet's rapturous communion with nature.

The next change is a curious one. Collins and Gray, before nature, speak of man in the abstract; but Logan and the Wartonians saw only their own feelings in the woods and skies, and gave voices to waves and flowers only to chant their own melancholy and morbid moods. The pathetic fallacy is triumphant. A reading of Logan's *Yarrow Stream* will show how vast a change had come over English poetry within the century :

"Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow Stream !
When first on them I met my lover ;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow Stream !
When now thy waves his body cover."

Yet this sickly feeling was an indispensable link in the chain. It led irresistibly to a personal affection for nature, to a closer communion with her visible forms. "For the first time the pleasure of being alone with nature now became a distinct element in modern poetry."

In Goldsmith we are carried to the opposite extreme. In the *Traveller* (1764) he, though surveying many lands, yet paints his landscape coldly, and never dreams that it may have a life of its own, and share in the life of a human spirit. It is wonderful to see him passing under the shadows of the Alps, and responding to their awful presence with only such poor conventional lines as these :

" No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingers in the lap of May ;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest."

This is actually all he has to say of the Alps! Surely, "the mountain glory had not yet burst on the souls of men." In the *Deserted Village* (1770) he displays much grace and truthfulness in depicting the homely scenes of nature ; but, while there is none of Gray's moralizing, there is no reaching after nature's heart. Between him and Wordsworth, so soon to follow, there is the distance between a dead and a living universe.

The next step—an immense one—was made by Crabbe, Cowper and Burns. Now we find, for the first time in the history of poetry, nature studied and loved for her own sake. Crabbe, who was a botanist and mineralogist, introduced into our poetry "that minute observation and delight in minute things in nature, which is so remarkable in the subsequent poets, which led Coleridge to paint in words the dancing of the sand at the bottom of a tiny spring ; and Wordsworth, the daisy's shadow on a naked stone ; and Shelley, the almost invisible globes of vapor which the sun sucks from a forest pool." Crabbe was a stern moralizer, his vision was narrow, and he lacked vivid imagination ; yet his love of nature was intense, and he once rode sixty miles in twenty-four hours to catch one glimpse of the sea. It was left to Cowper, however, to be the true successor of Thomson, and to carry on the work which he began. He differs from Thomson in loving best tranquil images, while Thomson delights in such as are powerful. But the difference between them is far wider and more radical than this. Thomson describes nature as seen apart

from human interest, as divorced from individuality; Cowper constantly introduces the personal element, making himself and us at home in every scene :

" For I have loved the rural walk through lanes
Of grassy swarth, close cropped by nibbling sheep,
And skirted thick with intertexture firm
Of thorny boughs ; have loved the rural walk
O'er hills, through valleys, and by river's brink,
E'er since, a truant boy, I passed my bounds,
To enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames ;
And still remember, nor without regret,
Of hours that sorrow since has much endeared,
How oft my slice of pocket-store consumed,
Still hungering, penniless, and far from home,
I fed on scarlet hips and stony haws,
Or blushing crabs, and berries that emboss
The bramble, black as jet, or sloes austere."

Thomson, too, claims to sing "with many a proof of recollected love;" but he never brings us so close to nature as this. Cowper differs from Crabbe, on the other hand, in giving broad landscapes and extensive scenery. His descriptions are characterized by absolute veracity, and he himself assures us that he took nothing at second hand. Above all, Cowper brings personal religion into his poetry of nature. We have seen into how close and loving a union he brought nature and man. In another passage :

" He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and * * *
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers his to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, ' My Father made them all.' "

But nature is joined with God, also, in an intimate relation :

" There lives and moves
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
* * * * *
" The Lord of all, Himself through all diffused,
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.
Nature is but a name for an effect
Whose cause is God."

And then, in a few most exquisite lines, he adds the crown of this sublime faith:

“ All are under One. One Spirit—His,
Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows—
Rules universal nature. Not a flower,
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak or stain,
Of His unrivaled pencil.”

There is yet, however, one more step to be taken, and this was not permitted to Cowper. Whatever view one may take in the disputed question of his philosophy of nature, it is certain that he has little of the mystical vision, and does not “describe nature as if he habitually saw it as a living being plastic to an overruling and informing spirit.” But we must not forget that it was Cowper’s mission to advance the poetry of man rather than that of nature; and especially should we remember that in him the appalling cloud encompassed both. It is inexpressibly painful to watch the dark shadows of Calvinism grappling the sunny gleams of this sweet spirit, and at length extinguishing them in unutterable despair.

The poetry of Cowper marks the highest limit which the feeling for nature had reached in England at the close of the last century; but in Scotland the wave had rolled on from Allan Ramsay, through Fergusson and the ballads, until now it culminates in Burns. And yet Burns was no merely descriptive poet. Inimitable as are his pictures of nature (he vies with Shakespeare in flashing an entire landscape on the mind’s eye by one line or even a word), there is perhaps no poem in which the description of scenery is the main object, in which man does not appear in the foreground. But his influence on men’s feeling for nature has been wide and deep. He did more than any former poet to bring closely together the outer world and the hearts of men. He gave great impetus to man’s growing love for the brute creation, for the sympathies of his own warm heart embraced the dogs, the kine, and the field-mouse. He was the first to look upon nature with rapture; hitherto the highest emotion had been contemplative pleasure. And he asks nature no hard questions, troubles her with no philosophical searchings; he takes her to his heart as she is,

absorbing her fresh vigor and dewy sweetness into his very life.

The hour had come when men, awaking in the likeness of nature, should see her as she is ; when she should take on a living form and become the life-giving spirit of the world, leading a conscious life of happiness, quietude, and ceaseless intercommunion ; when it should be seen that "the stars have tasks, the silent heavens their goings-on," and that to all her children, from planets to flowers, nature is the great "Over-soul," the impersonation of the living God. For this end came Wordsworth.

ART. IV.—THE PRESENT PHASE OF THE MORMON PROBLEM.

AN eminent publicist once said of Sicily that it was an excellent school in which to learn political economy, since one had but directly to reverse what had really been enacted by its government, to know what was proper. It was "the most felicitously opposite legislation to anything good and wise." In its eager rivalry with its Sicilian exemplars, the American Congress has rarely been more characteristic than in its treatment of the so-called "Mormon problem." An illegal oriental custom has been suffered to take root and develop into astonishing vigor and vitality. A disloyal community is allowed openly to defy the laws of the government as well as of common morality, and legislation of only the weakest and most inefficient character has been directed against it.

The recent decision of the United States Supreme Court in the now well-known Reynolds' case, has awakened in the minds of thoughtful persons a certain interest in Utah and its institutions, which is probably far in advance of the feeling exhibited upon the subject by their representatives at Washington. The peculiar facility with which the government of the United States develops problems, political and others, which it fails to solve, makes it almost a certainty that the Mormon problem will be quietly ignored, until it shall have assumed such proportions as to require only the most consummate statesmanship to cope with it.

There is little romance in Mormonism. Frequent allusions are made to the late prophet and his seraglio; his retinue of servile attendants; his despotic sway of authority, as if to invest with a glamour of orientalism an institution whose chief characteristics, to an impartial observer, seem to be its extreme coarseness and vulgarity. Joseph Smith has, it is true, been

frequently called the "American Mohammed." Strained efforts have been made, in view of the claims and pretensions of each, to draw parallels between the lives of the Arabian and the Nauvoo prophet. However, this resemblance is probably common to all fanatics who attempt to initiate a religion.

In its nomenclature, the religion of the Latter-Day Saints is doubtless not without some attractions to certain observers. A religious organization claiming to hold the latest dispensation in the fulness of time, with its prophets, apostles, priests and high-priests; its seventies, bishops, elders and teachers; with a martyr for its founder, and alleged persecutions for its arguments; with the attributed power in its priesthood, in certain privileged cases, to heal the sick, to cast out devils, to manifest the gift of tongues and to work miracles generally,—offers at first glance an admirable counterfeit of primitive Christianity, mixed with a travesty of original Judaism, the whole forming a combination that barely escapes being interesting. This resemblance is by no means diminished by the aggressive spirit of the Latter-Day Church. With its avowed motto, "conquering and to conquer," its devotees are now to be found in every clime,—in the American States; in Great Britain and on the Continent; in Asia; in Africa and in the islands of the South Sea. Toward Utah as their promised land, the eyes of the Saints throughout the world are turned. Their minds are filled with glowing descriptions of the richness and fertility of the modern "Zion."

It is asserted that, outside of Utah, the Saints number two hundred thousand, twenty thousand of whom are to be found in Europe. These estimates, however, it should be borne in mind, are made in the absence of trustworthy statistics, and must be received with caution. An empire over which these Saints hold undisputed sway has been reclaimed by them, covering an area exceeding the aggregate of all the New England States. By an excellent system of canals and reservoirs, the mountain streams have been made to course through their valleys. A seemingly barren wilderness has become fruitful. By persevering industry and frugality they have, to use an

expression of which the faithful seem never weary, "made the desert blossom as the rose."

With Mormonism simply as a religious system, we have at present no concern. As a political and social institution, its claims, advocated more and more persistently, can no longer be ignored with propriety. While we have little sympathy with that class of extremists who are constantly indulging in wholesale denunciations of the Mormon people, yet, as the result of personal observation, we are convinced that it is due chiefly to their grievous miseducation generally, as well as to their utter ignorance of republican principles, that so many otherwise well-intentioned, simple-minded people are made the tools of shrewd and unprincipled leaders. The orders of a theocracy brook no questioning. As Abraham would sacrifice Isaac at the command from on high, so would the faithful Latter-Day Saint unhesitatingly obey the bloodiest behests of a priesthood claiming direct revelation from the Almighty. For more than a quarter of a century, this theocracy, with its principles of the union of Church and State, and the restoration of a patriarchal order to supplant republicanism, has been developing in the "Great Basin" of the west.

As a political power, the influence of this sect is by no means confined to Utah. Though comparatively numerous in Nevada and Arizona, the Mormons already hold the balance of power in Idaho, and expect soon to acquire a like supremacy in Wyoming. Domestic in their habits and devoted to a pastoral life, when once their home is established, there they abide, satisfied with the meagre living extorted from the soil. Entrenched within their "valleys of the mountains," the affairs of the gentile world are of but little interest, save as relating to the welfare of the modern "kingdom." They have little in common with what is termed "life" in western mining camps and railroad towns. Their homesteads soon assume an air of stability if not of comfort. For this reason the population of Utah has become attached to the soil, in many instances, it must be confessed, without the will or ambition to rise; until now it is alleged that nearly all the productive lands in the territory have been pressed into service.

The surplus population are overflowing into the contiguous States and territories, and already in Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, Wyoming and Idaho, which, together with Utah, embrace one-third of the national domain, are planted the germs of a system utterly foreign, in its doctrines and practices, to republican institutions.

It will be remembered what a wonderful change was expected to result from the construction of the Pacific Railroad. Intercourse with the outside world was to revolutionize the long-exiled inhabitants of Utah, and the exclusive policy of the Church was to be liberalized at once. In spite of these confident predictions, however, the Church has continued to increase in numbers and in influence; the very agency which was to impair its powers being invoked to increase its strength. The Church authorities claim an accession, during the year 1878, of ten thousand immigrants, though a careful investigation would doubtless decrease that number to two thousand five hundred.

With the same complacent trust in the future, the liberal and non-Mormon population of Utah, and in fact the entire gentile world, were assured that upon the death of the late prophet, in whom was centred so much of the wealth and power of the Church, the whole fabric would collapse and polygamy be speedily abolished. The lapse of a year and a half from the death of Brigham Young finds polygamy on the increase and the Mormon Church, to external appearances, as flourishing as ever. The present delegate to Congress from Utah, himself one of the "Twelve Apostles," and as such occupying one of the most prominent positions in the Church, has openly declared that the whole civilized world is beginning to realize the necessity of polygamy. To protest against this growing evil, a number of gentile ladies in Salt Lake City and vicinity in the Autumn of 1878, organized an association called "The Ladies' Anti-polygamy Society." Its object is sufficiently described in its name. The first meeting of the society had hardly dispersed, before a counter-convention was called by women in the interests of polygamy. The first convention was stigmatized by the official Church-newspaper as "a

crusade against God and the Church." The women in polygamy set forth in glowing, yet most realistic terms, the beauties of their peculiar institution. Several thousand women thus openly championing immorality, and petitioning Congress for a Sixteenth Constitutional Amendment sanctioning its practice, may not, to a healthy mind, seem a most edifying spectacle, yet it is significant as showing how far a supposed slowly-dying cause has been progressing. Within less than three months after the announcement of the decision of the United States Supreme Court upholding the constitutionality of the anti-polygamy act, it is estimated that there were two hundred plural marriages in Salt Lake City and St. George alone.

Newspapers correspondents and tourists, after spending a day in Salt Lake City, imagining that they have exhaustively studied the Mormon problem, almost invariably leave with the impression that the Latter-Day Saints have been more sinned against than sinning; an opinion in great measure confirmed by the testimony of many of our public men, such as members of Congress and prominent journalists, who, after being feted and honored by the dignitaries of the city, find it impossible to see the necessity of congressional interference with a people so hospitable and entertaining. The leading merchants are gentiles; the non-Mormon population appear prosperous and satisfied; polygamy, that is, what little has been seen of it, seems a huge joke, and is the unfailing source of merriment and oft-repeated jests. It seems impossible to believe the tales of intolerance, of cruelty, of murder, which have been attributed to this God-fearing people. Hence it is hastily concluded that these reports are doubtless the result of spleen on the part of malicious apostates and gentiles, or at most, grossly exaggerated accounts of transactions by individuals, for which it would be manifestly unjust to hold the Church responsible.

It is true that the doctrine of blood-atonement is practically as much a thing of the past as the inquisition. It is true that the life of a gentile, generally speaking, is now as secure in Salt Lake City as in any other town on the Pacific slope. It is true that the Salt Lake *Tribune* daily publishes such

stinging diatribes against the dominant priesthood, as a few years ago would have brought upon the offenders a speedy retribution, which now finds its vent in empty threats or occasional assaults upon the attachés of that journal. Yet it is none the less true that the same proscriptive spirit is preached from the Tabernacle; the same distrust of the gentiles prevails, and the dark blot of polygamy spreads wider and deeper every year.

The population of Utah probably does not exceed one hundred and thirty thousand. We are aware that a much larger number is claimed, yet, if an accurate census were taken, it would perhaps even fall short of that number. In the census of 1870, it fell below ninety thousand, notwithstanding the claims that had been so confidently advanced that it then exceeded one hundred thousand. There are possibly ten thousand outside the pale of the church. Many of these non-Mormons are transient inhabitants, not attached to the soil save for mining purposes; and the majority of these, outside of the mining camps, are to be found in Salt Lake City, Ogden, and in Box Elder county along the line of the Central Pacific Railroad. Properly to appreciate the true condition of affairs, therefore, one should visit the fertile and populous Cache Valley, the garden spot of the territory, where an unquestioning simplicity characterizes the masses, as yet little contaminated by contact with the "wicked gentile world." Or one should take a tour through the remote towns of southern Utah, where gentilism is an inappreciable quantity; where ignorance and superstition have full play, and the tenets of the church are most rigorously adhered to. As a rule, extreme poverty prevails. Yet this deplorable condition is not the result of any natural disadvantages of the surrounding country. There are, for instance, in the neighborhood of Wales, in San Pete county, extensive coal fields, the development of which would bring a vast amount of wealth into the district. Yet it has been found impossible to construct a road from thence to Nephi, a distance of but twenty-five miles, though the sum of \$143,000 has been already expended at Manti, in the same county, in terracing the hill on which the

temple is to stand, and the foundations are not yet begun. The structure and grading are estimated to cost a million dollars. It never seems to occur to these devotees that the same amount expended in materially developing the country and making it easy of access would so increase their wealth that the requisite amounts for their temples and other buildings for religious purposes could be raised much more speedily and effectually. The same benighted policy may be said to guide them in the construction of all their costly, semi-barbarous temples throughout the territory. The long-continued but futile opposition of Brigham Young to the development of the mineral resources of Utah is doubtless familiar to the reader. But to this day the mining interests of the territory are almost exclusively under the control of the gentiles.

It is, as we have said, in towns off the main lines of travel that we may still find Mormonism in all its pristine vigor. A single instance, by no means an exceptional one, will suffice. A few miles east of the Central Pacific Railway, in Box Elder county, is a town whose present name of Brigham City was substituted for its former one of Box Elder, as a reward for its blind obedience to the dictates of church officials. It is the home of one of the "Twelve Apostles." Outsiders find little to attract them thither. Gentiles and apostates are subjected to petty annoyances worthy the days of the Danites. A gentile clergyman has recently opened a missionary church and school there. At the meeting of the Saints, maledictions without number were heaped upon the head of the audacious intruder. Attendance at his services became a heinous offence. This stage thunder, while insufficient to deter the spirited missionary from what he believed to be his duty, aroused the church people to express their resentment at the innovator in no equivocal terms. The Christian services were interrupted, the windows of the house demolished, buildings thrown down, and insults heaped upon the few worshippers. Tradesmen refused to deal with the missionary, and he was forced to travel to a gentile town seven miles distant, to procure the necessities of life for himself

and his family. Of two Saints who innocently transacted some business for him, one was cut off from the church, and the other on bended knees obliged to sue forgiveness of the council for his alleged crime. Violence against the offending pastor was openly threatened. Reports of the outrages having come to the Governor's knowledge, that official communicated with the resident apostle above referred to, and at a word from the latter the petty persecutions ceased, and for an interval nothing could exceed the courtesy of the inhabitants toward the new minister. This little incident is interesting as showing, even though the cessation of hostilities was but temporary, not only the absolute control of the priesthood over the masses, but also the wholesome effect of a little governmental interference. All this has been happening in the Summer and Autumn of 1878, and gentile residents all over the territory, but notably in Cache and San Pete counties, can readily testify that transactions of such a nature are by no means confined to Brigham City.

We are frequently informed by writers for the eastern press, that as Mormonism is dying a natural death, congressional interference is useless. However greatly the power of an illiterate priesthood may have weakened during the last decade, the one great project of the Church of the Latter-Day Saints has never for the last quarter of a century been allowed to slumber. In the realization of this hope, all the measures of reform achieved during past years will be worse than wasted. The most complete obstacle to the spread of liberalism may yet be in reserve. It is needless to remind the intelligent reader that this scheme has reference to the admission of Utah as a State. Utah is one of the oldest as well as the most populous of our existing territories. The specious cry of "home rule" is used to induce the ill-informed to advocate a measure fraught with most serious consequences. While Utah remains a territory under the national supervision, with its laws subject to the approval of Congress; and while the Supreme Court Judges and the Governor, with his wholesome veto power against the aggressions of an ecclesiastical legislature, are appointed by the President, there is an opportunity for

impartial justice. When once these barriers are removed, however, by the formation of a state government, with polygamists in practice or principle upon the Supreme Court Bench and in the Governor's chair, with an unfettered control over the legislature, it needs no prophetic eye to foresee that there will be no room for gentiles in Utah. That no secret is made of this, is evidenced by the open declarations of Mormon orators at the semi-annual conferences in Salt Lake City. The defiance of national authority which has so frequently broken forth in the past will be more than repeated. The territorial legislature has not hesitated to pass laws in flagrant opposition to acts of Congress. Legislative authority has been cantoned out to municipal corporations, which by their charters have been endowed with most absolute and despotic powers. A glance at the territorial statutes of former years will show the most unprecedented means that have been employed to further the welfare of the dominant sect, to increase its treasury and to assist in bringing its proselytes together from all over the world. But the revival of ecclesiasticism alone was not sufficient. The celebrated statute of 1854, which remained in force nearly twenty years, enacted that "no report, decision or doing of any court shall be read, argued, cited or adopted as precedent in any other trial." On all questions of law, the construction of written instruments, the principles of evidence, each petty court, with or without a Mormon jury, was to be an absolute authority, a law to itself. All legal precedents were summarily overthrown. The wisdom and experience of ages were contemptuously ignored. All the lessons of the past were to be discarded. A new order of things was to be established in conformity with "inspired" revelations in this latest dispensation of the fulness of time.

Such are some of the legislative idiosyncrasies of which the inhabitants of Utah have already had a foretaste. To what extent an untrammelled legislature of a sovereign state church would go, imagination alone can suggest.

The impossibility of enforcing the laws against the servants of the Church was, for so long a time, such a discouraging obstacle that few judges would serve out their quadrennial

term of office. The great majority left voluntarily or perforce before the expiration of its term. With the laws in a state of utter chaos; with few, if any, precedents to control; with a hostile populace ready to break forth at any moment, the late Hon. James B. McKean took his seat as Chief Justice of the territory, September, 1870. Under the administration of this fearless and pure-minded jurist, the jurisprudence of the territory was reduced to something like a system. It soon became manifest that justice was to be administered without regard to caste or privileged classes. Even the prophet, Brigham, soon found that all his self-assumed authority could not exempt him from the operation of the law. The dignity of the court was established; the laws were enforced. McKean's reappointment gave general satisfaction. Criminals were no longer secure by reason of belonging to a particular sect. Mormons and gentiles alike were made to feel the effects of impartial justice. Suddenly, the news of his removal by President Grant was flashed across the continent, and every patriotic citizen of Utah felt that he had been subjected to a personal loss. One more check was thus given to the halting course of civilization in this strangely-governed territory.

Theories without number, formed apparently during periods of greater or less mental excitement, have been advanced respecting the best specifics to cure the ills of this priest-ridden province. Fanaticism has been opposed by fanaticism. The cause of true reform has been too frequently thwarted by theorists, allowing their zeal to outstrip their discretion. These theories, as a general rule, need but to be stated to show their value. Banishment and extermination have been seriously preached. "Restrain immigration, and the institution must certainly die when it no longer receives accessions from without," is a maxim which has been preached *ad nauseam*. Another project which has come into favor recently is to split up the territory and apportion it among the surrounding States and territories, on the principle that a political disunion must work a moral separation. As the Mormons already hold the balance of power in one

neighboring territory, and hope, before long, to possess it in others, such a course in disseminating their principles and increasing their numbers, relatively and absolutely, in the adjoining States and territories, would, in all likelihood, result only in increasing their power in the nation.

The most potent influence thus far in arresting the spread of barbarism in the territory has been the immigration of gentiles. Yet, at best, this is a slow remedy and not likely to be of lasting material benefit. Experiments have been made in organizing purely gentile settlements, hitherto without gratifying success. The most conspicuous of these experiments was the town of Corinne, founded by the more enterprising gentiles of the territory. Despite the curse of the prophet Brigham, who called down Heaven's wrath upon the infant settlement, and forbade the Saints to hold intercourse with the inhabitants of Babylon, the "city" continued to flourish, and, for a period, seemed destined to become one of the commercial centres of the west. By its position it was enabled to command the traffic of the lake. Here was the junction of two railroads; the starting point of the Montana stages, and the terminus of the lake steamboat line. Its brief career of ten years is almost unique in American history, presenting the anomaly of a town, with avowed national principles, surrounded by enemies from religious convictions. Corinne was to have been the radiating point of civilization in an almost alien province. Fates and the Mormons, however, have been against it. The steamboat now lies idle at Lake Point. The track of the Utah Northern Railroad was torn up by the Saints without previous notice. The Montana travel has found a more convenient route, and the town is now on a decline. The dreams of the magnificent future of the metropolis of Northern Utah, the "Chicago of the mountains," have passed away, as in the case of so many other "commercial centres" of the West. Yet it cannot be denied that, in its day, this enterprising settlement, boasting at one time of two gentile daily newspapers, with its busy rushing life, stirring up the dull stagnation so characteristic of Mormondom, exerted a wholesome influence over the surrounding country. With

the history of Corinne as an example, it is not likely that another exclusively gentile settlement will be established in the territory for many years to come. In its downfall is scored one more defeat in the cause of reform,—one more triumph in the long list of victories for Mormonism.

The fact is, that though the condition of Utah is in many respects anomalous, and should, for peculiar reasons, be under national control, the Mormon problem is simply a question of general rather than special legislation. Remove the inoperative laws which apply peculiarly to this territory, remodel the jury law, restore the right of dower, abolish female suffrage, and make polygamous cohabitation, rather than the mere ceremony of plural marriage, which from its very nature can be rarely proved, a criminal offence,—in other words let the same class of laws prevail in Utah as elsewhere throughout the Republic,—and this great problem, about which so much has been said and so little accomplished, must in time cease to perplex the statesmanship of the nation.

This plan is not new. It has been advocated frequently by the more intelligent gentiles of the territory, and has been urgently and prominently recommended by the present Governor. The abolition of female suffrage would doubtless arouse opposition among certain well-meaning, if not well-informed reformers of the East. Yet in a territory where polygamy is openly practised, where the vast majority of women are uneducated, superstitious aliens, with no will of their own, utterly ignorant of political principles, blindly obedient to the orders of the priesthood, it is useless to deny that as an element to purify the ballot, female suffrage in Utah is not a success. The opportunity which it was supposed would be offered to the women of Utah, to express their abhorrence of polygamy at the ballot, has not been embraced. On the contrary, it has been used only to rivet their bonds still tighter.

The highest judicial tribunal in the land has upheld the validity of a law intended to deal a death-blow to polygamy in the territories. Yet the law itself is almost inoperative. Plural marriages are conducted in endowment houses, and witnesses are sworn not to disclose the proceedings, so that a

conviction is next to impossible. Yet sentimentalists East and West have been piteously petitioning for an entire repeal of the law, as well as amnesty for offenders, as a protection to the deluded women who have been entrapped into polygamy, and their unfortunate offspring. Congress doubtless has the power to make such disposition of such cases as may be equitable; but it should be borne in mind that, while these pathetic appeals in the name of religion and humanity are being scattered broadcast over the land, polygamous marriages are still being rushed through the endowment houses at as great a rate as ever, in defiance of Congress and the Supreme Court. The leaders frankly admit that the contest is now on the part of Congress, aided by the Supreme Court, against the Almighty; and, with a degree of faith that appears truly wonderful, announce themselves as content to leave the issue with the latter.

Much has been written concerning the baleful effects of Mormonism upon the women of Utah. Yet surely not enough has been said of its effects upon the character of the men. Subjected to a system of ecclesiastical espionage, with all individuality crushed out, ambition condemned and intellectual progress discouraged, freedom of action is almost impossible. The attempts to restrain free thought, to confine the lives and opinions of thousands in one groove, have produced the customary results. Under the superficial unanimity that prevails, extends a wide-spread feeling of restlessness and discontent, which, under ordinary circumstances, would long ago have broken forth with overwhelming effect. But the material interests of many are involved in the Church. Apostacy means social ostracism, and frequently much severer penalties. It requires more than ordinary independence of character to risk property, lands and the welfare of a family for principle. Yet elsewhere in the West the same class of immigrants as constitute a large portion of the Mormon sect have within the same period, and with no more labor or capital, acquired a competence, while their fellow-countrymen in Utah have been grovelling in the depths of poverty, drained of their scanty earnings for the support of an illiterate and corrupt clique. A

conspicuous element in the composition of the Church is made up of Scandinavians, every instinct of whose Norse nature secretly revolts against the system of moral, political and social tyranny to which they have been subjected. Apart from this suppressed feeling of discontent, as many of the older leaders are passing away, death-bed confessions, and disclosures on the trials of prominent Mormon criminals have not been without effect in shocking the faith of many. One of the sources of the strength of Mormonism may yet prove its weakness.

With Utah once placed on a level with its sister territories, the germs of reform already planted cannot fail to produce substantial results. In spite of priestly anathema and malediction, gentile schools are being established throughout the territory. The Roman Catholics have schools and churches at Salt Lake City and Ogden. The Episcopalians at the same places and also at Corinne. The Presbyterians have a dozen schools and churches, with an attendance varying from twenty-five to a hundred and fifty. Other Protestant denominations have schools at Salt Lake City, Ogden, Provo and Nephi. Hitherto, conversions from Mormonism to Christianity have been comparatively rare. Having been once so thoroughly deceived, the reaction in cases of apostacy has been too frequently in the direction of a sullen infidelity, and this fact has proved a strong weapon in the hands of priests to warn all whose faith shows any signs of languishing. With the general dissemination of moral principles among the rising generation, this charge must gradually lose its force.

Utah was intended by nature for a leading State. With an unsurpassed climate and rare agricultural advantages, its mountains stored with precious metals, its inland sea offering every inducement to commerce, it seems destined for a rich and prosperous empire, only awaiting the arrival of a properly enterprising people to develop its vast resources. It has been the policy of the dominant party to discourage immigration, unless to increase the power of the church. Yet by far the greatest part of the material wealth of the territory has been developed by gentiles. The heaviest tax-payers are non-Mormons.

The liberals of Utah have been long-suffering. They have been obliged to stand aside and see the national laws defied, treason encouraged, their claims disregarded by the legislature, and to submit their rights to Mormon juries instructed to believe that perjury against a gentile is no crime. In vain have they appealed to Congress. Year after year have they sought equitable legislation, resulting generally in flat failure or the passage of ineffectual laws. The institution of polygamy has been allowed to increase, gathering its proselytes in the neighboring States and territories, until what was once denied, then apologized for, is now gloried in as an institution which will yet prevail over the country. The cause of religion is burlesqued by being made to serve the cloak of a custom as little worthy of defence as the cannibalism of the South Sea islander.

The laws of God and man, however, cannot be persistently disregarded with impunity. There are already dawning brighter signs in the East. The nation at last seems slowly awakening to the danger that has so long threatened it. "For every false word and unrighteous deed, for insult and oppression, for lust and vanity, the price has to be paid at last. Truth and justice alone endure and live. Falsehood and injustice may be long-lived, but doomsday comes to them in the end."

ART. V.—THE RATIO OF CAPITAL TO CONSUMPTION.

For the purpose of our discussion, capital can be conveniently divided into three kinds, viz.:

First.—Real property, or property not created to be consumed but to be permanently enjoyed, like a dwelling; or to afford additional facilities for production without being itself consumed, except of course by wear and tear, such as a factory, railroad, or farm.

Second.—Perishable property, or property created to be consumed either in immediate enjoyment, such as food and clothing, or eventually to become such property, as cotton and other raw material.

Third.—Loans.

As individual liabilities disappear from the problem, when considered from the national point of view, so the third species of wealth entirely disappears in the last analysis of capital. The world is neither richer nor poorer for loans; but the effect upon national prosperity of owing or owning deserves careful study.

The analogy between individual and national wealth, so widely misunderstood, renders it imperative that the distinctions in the manner of acquiring and holding these three species of property by individuals and by nations should be carefully noted.

The acquisition of real property by the individual is practically unlimited—the only limit perhaps being the one, sometimes reached, when a small privileged class have so monopolized such property as to cause their destitute fellow subjects, driven by famine, to take it away from them. The astute or fortunate individual can go on accumulating houses, lands, factories and means of transportation to an unlimited

extent, as he is able to obtain a rental for what he cannot or does not use himself. But a nation cannot rent or lend its real estate or permanent improvements. What it cannot use itself is absolutely useless, and, as will be shown hereafter, worse than useless, as affecting its prosperity.

The individual is more limited in the acquisition of property of the second class. Wholly unproductive while retained, often perishable and always subject to deterioration, the mere fact that large accumulations are held lessens their value. As their sole use is in immediate consumption, the limit of their accumulation is convenience. The merchant can make them the basis of temporary, but never of permanent, loans, and always eventually puts any surplus of such property into the first or third class of investments. But, while limited in the retention and accumulation of perishable property, the individual is practically unrestricted in its production while profitable, as he has the market of the world in which to dispose of such of it as he cannot use himself.

The nation is again more strictly limited than the individual in accumulating and disposing of this species of property. What of its yearly product it cannot itself consume, it cannot lay by without a disastrous effect upon prices and profits, but must, at the risk of panic and depression, exchange such surplus for foreign products which it can use, or send it to foreign lands and take in exchange their evidences of indebtedness—their stocks, bonds and consols.

There is also the radical difference that the individual consumes but little of his own production, while the nation must consume all its own products, except the comparatively small portion exported. The wealthy individual, aided by his capital, produces many times what he consumes before the restrictive laws of supply and demand begin to operate with any force; while the nation is immediately depressed by plethora whenever its production is in excess.

In the acquisition of the third species of property,—Evidences of Indebtedness—the nation is also confined within very narrow limits, as it can only loan the very small excess of its exports over its imports; while the ability of the individual

to loan is only expressed by the extent of his fortune. Foreign stocks, bonds and plant can only be bought with exports of goods or gold until, as in the case of England, the interest upon such investments is so large as to leave a surplus to meet the increase of such indebtedness, despite an excess of imports over exports. No nation without great commercial facilities ever did, or ever can, accumulate any considerable amount of property of this class. On the contrary, there is a marked tendency for it to borrow of the carrying nations, with which it trades, to the manifest injury of its home capital and power of consumption and accumulation. Agricultural communities are invariably less wealthy than manufacturing ones, and the latter again, less so than trading peoples. The reason is evident: the agricultural community brings foreign capital into competition with its own; the trading community continues its accumulations because its less enterprising neighbors are kind enough to yield to it the channels which their own capital should have filled.

Not only is the nation more rigidly limited in its acquisition of the three species of wealth it may possess, but it is also inferior to the individual in its power of converting one species into the other. The individual can choose which form his property shall take, and may confine his possessions almost exclusively to either one of the three kinds. But the only species of property a nation can hold which possesses a very variable ratio to the others is the third, and we have already ascertained that any increase of it is limited by the comparatively small excess of exports over imports.

But perhaps even a more radical difference than any of these lies in the manner of acquisition. National wealth can only grow by the creation and capitalization of real values; while the accumulation of individual capital may be, and always is in some degree, when large, the result of the appropriation of preexisting values, or the substitution of a new value for an old one destroyed. That is to say, the individual, by shrewd exchanges or gambling speculations, may manage to appropriate to himself the real values created by others, while himself contributing little or nothing to the general stock. Even when

legally conducted, such transactions are usually with loaded dice. Men already possessed of large fortunes, or who can obtain the control of large corporations, are sure in the end to eat up the smaller firms and to absorb all of the sums risked in speculation, as their money and their secret knowledge give them undue advantages over their more reckless rivals.

But even when a manufacturer or other great producer creates a really new value, it is not always an addition to the capital of the community, as it often destroys a preëxistent value nearly, or fully, as great as its own. For instance, when old machinery, useless for any but its original purpose, is supplanted by new of the same cost, able to turn out double the work, there is a destruction as well as creation of value and no addition to the total capital; nor will it lead to any augmentation unless it increases the consumption of its own or other products in a greater ratio than it has increased their production. Anything that increases consumption is a gain, and the only possible gain, to the community; but savings, taking such shapes as we have indicated, are no addition to capital, but merely a transfer from one capitalist to another.

It follows from these considerations that the common analogy between individual and national wealth is very misleading. While the one is the sum total of all the others—the whole composed of the others as parts—it does not at all follow that the increase of some of the lesser implies the increase of the totality; because such increase is always more or less at the expense of its fellow-constituents. The two differ in their laws, their limits and their manner. The wealth of a nation depends mainly on its own consuming power; that of the individual on the consuming power of others. The one depends for its growth upon its ability to spend; the other upon its ability to hoard. One is rigidly limited; the expanse of the other is practically limitless. The accretions of the first can only be of real values created by itself; those of the other are largely mere appropriations of preëxistent values, or accompanied by their destruction. May we not surmise that any analogy between such dissimilar processes is almost certain to be false?

It also follows that extravagance, which is the sure precursor

of individual ruin, is only possible to nations to a limited extent and under peculiar circumstances, and, when it does occur, heralds and hastens the dawn of individual prosperity. It is physically impossible for an isolated community to be extravagant at all; and we have seen that, with every facility of intercourse, the percentage of what a nation can borrow or lend is insignificant as compared with the amount of individual property. As we shall see later on, acquisition of the third class of property, although relatively small, extensively modifies the action, but does not vitiate the principle, of the law herein-after laid down. The sum of any individual's wealth is accurately ascertained by subtracting his spendings from his net profits. It is exactly what he has saved and inherited. The totality of a nation's wealth cannot be arrived at by any such process. Composed, though it is, of savings, the amount depends upon its consuming power, and upon that alone. Any savings it may invest in facilities for the production of commodities already sufficiently supplied to it, is self-destructive or destructive to preexistent values. The wealth of individuals grows in inverse ratio to their spendings; that of the nation in strict proportion to its consumption. A difference so radical as this should lead us to expect a difference as radical in the laws governing accumulation. This difference results, of course, from the inequality between them in their facilities for lending. The one is able to obtain rent or interest for any possible amount of surplus savings; the other can thus utilize only the very small amount it can induce other nations to borrow.

It is, indeed, impossible for a civilized nation to be extravagant except under abnormal conditions, such as war or severe pestilence, or when an irresponsible despotism, as in Turkey, is enabled from political or other reasons to borrow funds which it invests unproductively, adding nothing to either its productive or consuming power, and really lessening the latter by the additional taxation eventually entailed. It is certain that a nation cannot squander its real estate, and that any over-consumption of perishable commodities is immediately checked by the rise in their prices. Its extravagance must be wholly confined to the amount of foreign loans it is able to obtain,

which, again, cannot exceed the excess of its imports over exports.

Bearing these facts in mind, let us now consider national wealth *per se*, and simplify the problem by first considering the acquisition of the first two, and only real, species of property, and then notice the modifications caused by the third, more fictitious and more complicated, form.

Supposing, then, an isolated community,—what are the limits to production beyond the natural limitations of soil and labor? Why cannot such a community go on producing to the utmost extent of its natural power? The answer, of course, is that consumption in such communities is limited. Whenever any circumstances limit the consuming power of a people, its power of production is eventually curtailed. Whether such circumstances be sumptuary laws, onerous taxation, or excessive savings, the result is the same. This holds true whenever the first step in civilization, division of labor, has been taken. Idleness and waste follow intense activity and rapid accumulation as surely as night follows day.

When savage men first commence the acquisition of wealth, each works for himself alone. What really is appropriated and improved, what stores are laid up against the Winter, are acquired in moments that can be spared from supplying immediate wants. The acquisition of capital is only limited by the desires and capabilities of the toilers. The amount of labor that each man performs is determined by himself, and any excess of production over consumption does not affect its commercial value, for it has none to be affected. But, as civilization advances, division of labor and the employment of capital, with their accompanying wages and credit systems, dissociate production and consumption. Very little of each man's labor is enjoyed or intended to be enjoyed by himself, the greater part being exchanged for things actually desired.

The enormous multiplication of production that this eventually leads to is not, however, an unmixed blessing, unless consumption can be multiplied in equal ratio. The sole legitimate object of the production of values is their consumption, and the only justification for withholding them from

their immediate purpose is that thereby consumption is eventually increased. The only moral or physical reason for the accumulation and capitalization of productions is not the facility for increasing production thereby gained, but the increased consumption, which is the secondary result. And we shall find that when accumulation goes on in violation of this law, it is checked by the consequent destruction of its own value; the undue accretion not only becoming itself valueless, but also greatly depreciating the value of preëxisting property. In short, spending, not saving, is the proper aim of human effort. Saving is justified only as it increases, not as it diminishes, the power of spending. The fullest indulgence of every legitimate desire and the freest activity of every faculty are the proper aims of life. Self-denial—present abnegation—is imperative, only because it leads to future realization, because it is the exchange of the worse for the better—the less for the greater.

The necessity of frugality is so sternly taught us by our individual experience, that we can hardly recognize the fact that it is not the best road to national wealth. Looking upon expenditure as a necessary evil which constantly delays the attainment of competence, the great aim of individual exertion, we forget that there is a natural limit to accumulation which we cannot exceed without gross injustice to our fellows. Practically unhampered by present social regulations, there are few who cease from the daily struggle until health fails or life ends. But as accumulation is not an end in itself, the object of life should not be to produce much in order to save much, but that much may be enjoyed, and that we may give to every faculty mental and physical its fullest employment and development.

While we may violate this law with comparative impunity as individuals, the limitations upon the acquisition of collective wealth are so much more rigid that it enforces itself in its national relations. Whenever the equilibrium between capital and consumption is disturbed by undue accumulation, it is ruthlessly restored by stagnation or panic.

The ideal of a perfect society would, of course, be one in

which the capital already obtained supplied, and no more than supplied, every needed facility for the greatest possible production which could be fully consumed, or one in which production and consumption should be exactly equal. This condition, however, can never be reached during a state of progress, as any increase of consumption necessitated by new wants can only be rendered possible by a present decrease of consumption that will give the savings necessary as capital to yield the equivalent production. The ideal relation of consumption and production is, therefore, that in which the former is as exactly as much less than the latter as will yield the additional capital needed to meet the growing wants of increasing culture. The aim of economists and statesmen should be to attain, as nearly as possible, to this state; instead of which, their main effort in the past has been to stimulate production with little or no thought as to how the production was to be finally utilized.

It is evident that an isolated nation, such as we have instanced, could only invest its savings in the first and second classes of property. Now, let us suppose that such nation is stationary in population and expenditure for five years, during which an annual saving of two per cent. is added to its accumulated wealth,—and what follows? Simply that we have one hundred and ten per cent. of capital doing the work that one hundred per cent. was ample for. From which it follows that, either this extra ten per cent. must lie idle, or the one hundred and ten per cent. must accept a gross profit considerably less in amount than the one hundred per cent. was receiving. The greater part of the excess will not lie idle, but will go on magnifying the evil by building and improving useless houses, farms, factories and railroads, and piling up goods of all kinds for which there is neither buyer nor consumer; until, finally, the crash comes, and capital receives the merited reward of being forced to receive for its one hundred and ten per cent. about half the return its one hundred per cent. yielded. Then comes the terrible time of panic and failure, of idleness and starvation, in which the guilty and the guiltless, the miser and the prodigal are alike punished; but for

which the prodigal has hitherto borne the blame in spite of the fact that, however ruinous his extravagance has been to himself, it has really tended to avert and not to hasten the "hard times" from which society is suffering; and these hard times must continue until beggary and robbery consume the useless surplus; when capital again yields a profit that sets the wheels of industry in motion.

It is no answer to this to say that such a stationary society as we have supposed is impossible, and that consumption always increases and decreases with production. The latter is, indeed, true; but nevertheless, the result is the same, although somewhat delayed so long as the increase and the decrease are not in the same ratio. That the ratio is not preserved is evidenced by the rapid enhancement in value of permanent, and rapid increase of perishable, property in times of prosperity, and the total cessation of such growth in times of stagnation.

There is, of course, a certain amount of saving necessary to progress. Every advance in civilization, the creation of every new want, the invention of every new article, demands new capital for its realization; besides which, capital diverted to forms in which it can be permanently and immediately enjoyed, although producing nothing essential to material subsistence, does not, therefore, tend to depress profits, as it ceases almost entirely to compete with other capital. It is very probable that, if such amount were never exceeded, we should be spared financial crises, either entirely or at least to an extent that would cause little actual suffering. If the evil tendency yet remained, it would be the tribute exacted in behalf of greater civilization. But, as at present constituted, society consumes too little in proportion to its accumulation during its prosperous periods. Nothing is more certain than that the preservation of the proper ratio between them would conduce to a more permanent prosperity.

Not only is the accumulation of wealth and the growth of consumptive power too spasmodic in the present state of society, but progress is less rapid than it would be if accumulation were restricted within the limits indicated. There is a positive loss of almost incalculable amount that

results from the present situation. This loss occurs both when the proper ratio is exceeded and when it is readjusted in the necessary reaction. During prosperous times, much of the result of human labor, diverted from its proper use—immediate enjoyment—and which, if consumed, would have kept capital in profitable employment, is thrown away in useless plant, where it is forever lost to the nation and the race. Nay, worse than lost: it inflicts a positive injury by increasing production at the same moment that it decreases consumption, which is its only justification. Capital, the tool of the nation,—for what is it but that?—becomes less effective when in excess, and surely entails a diminution both of consumption and production by any excess of the latter: for cessation of profit is followed by cessation of employment, and that by a lessened consumption, which tends, in its turn, further to diminish profits. The process could only terminate in barbarism if it were not that consumption, under such circumstances, is lessened in a smaller ratio than production. But what a fearful loss of productive power is incurred by the enforced idleness during periods of stagnation! It is a loss never recovered, and for which the losers need never hope for repayment. If accumulation never exceeded its proper bounds, society would crystallize into such an organization that hardly any one would be idle, except the incorrigible vagabond and criminal; and perhaps it would enable it to cease creating those classes. The nation needs the labor of every son and daughter, not that it may possess more useless railroads, idle factories and vacant houses, but that all may have plenty and better food for body and mind. The greatest hardship, and we must also say, injustice, which the laborer suffers is uncertainty of employment, and enforced idleness. It is not too much to say that capital not only inflicts this hardship, but suffers itself from it—its average return being decreased by spasmodic periods of over-accumulation.

There is no more common or more obvious fallacy than that we owe our periods of depression to the general extravagance engendered by prosperity. We, indeed, spend more during such periods, but it is because we produce more and have more to spend. Incomes, profits and wages are large. Instead of

hastening the evil day, improvidence puts it off, and if it were great enough to prevent all over-accumulation the period of stagnation need never follow. It is during "prosperous" times that new houses are built, new farms reclaimed, new railroads projected, new factories set in motion and their productions accumulated. These are the real savings of a nation. They come almost entirely from profits, and not from wages, and can come therefore only when profits are large. Every new venture of this kind in excess of the actual needs of consumers lowers the rate of profit, until finally the time comes when such property as can only be operated at a positive loss lies idle; and consumers, forced at last by lessened means to be prodigal, that is, to spend more than their income, eat up and wear out, burn down or rust away the surplus. Men must live, and, fortunately for society, they find it impossible to live within their incomes when they have none. The capitalist makes an inroad upon his capital, or, if that is gone, upon the capital of others, and the laborer out of work begs or steals. If it were not so, the desperate attempts to reduce expenditure would prolong the process of recuperation indefinitely. In such times expenditure must exceed income until the equilibrium between capital and consumption is restored.

The influence of an over-extended credit system is undoubtedly largely responsible for the severity of the crises from which nations periodically suffer, by fictitiously enhancing and decreasing profits. The constant decrease in the purchasing power of standards of value, gold and silver, has, on the other hand, tended to mitigate the evil here noticed by sustaining and enhancing prices and profits; but as both these matters, worthy as they are of diligent study, do not affect the main principles here adverted to, we may be excused from the lengthy discussion their consideration would involve.

Turning now to the consideration of the third species of national wealth, we readily see that an excess of imports over exports, always attracted by excessive profits, is practically a loan of foreign capital, which, by entering into competition with home capital, hastens the time when it shall become unprofitable; unless, indeed, the borrowing nation is so backward in

civilization, or possesses so great natural resources, that the ratio of profit is increased by the wise investment of such borrowed capital, which investment is outside the habits, or beyond the resources of the natives. For the ratio of capital to the power of consumption may from moral or political causes be too small, and always is so, in new or uncivilized communities. But in this country, and still more in the countries of Europe, that point has been safely passed, and home capital is not only sufficient for all contingencies, except, perhaps, those of a great war, but constantly tends toward the opposite evil of over-accumulation which we are considering.

On the other hand, an excess of exports over imports is a loan to foreign nations, and affords an outlet to superabundant savings, which enables a high rate of profits to be maintained, and materially delays the time when home capital becomes unproductive; or, if it occurs during times of depression, at once relieves the home market and hastens the advent of the prosperous period.

The old theories of political economy on the subject of exchange are based upon the supposition that any excess, one way or the other, must shortly be paid for in gold, and that the consequent influx of specie, from the importing to the exporting nation, will so raise prices in the one and depress them in the other as to restore the equilibrium. This would be true if evidences of indebtedness and foreign investments did not largely take the place of gold in the performance of this office; but, as they do, and the process may continue for centuries, as in the case of England, it is practically false.

The true secret of England's wealth, as it has been of the wealth of all commercial nations, lies in the fact of her availing herself of this outlet, and that of the carrying trade—of which it is an invariable accompaniment—for her surplus savings. And it is precisely because these outlets are being closed that she so exceptionally suffers from the stagnation which now afflicts the whole civilized world. How evident is the folly of retaining our obsolete navigation laws, which prevent us from acquiring that carrying trade which can alone relieve

our over-filled granaries and storehouses and give employment to our redundant capital !

The consideration of the third species of national property, therefore, shows that, while it modifies the action, it does not at all affect the principle of the law here set forth, and which can be briefly stated as follows :

Capital, or accumulated savings, must bear a definite ratio to consumption ; and the law which governs this ratio is that capital, being in reality a commodity, is subject to the law of supply and demand.

Having, we think, ascertained that there is such a ratio, and that society has hitherto acted, and is still acting, in defiance of its limitations, we pass to the consideration of how this ratio can be permanently changed, as it is evident that future material benefits can come alone through the increase of such ratio.

The causes which can so affect it may be grouped under three heads, as follows :

First.—The creation of new wants.

Second.—The opening up of new outlets for capital.

Third.—The readjustment of social relations in such manner that the inequality of individual fortunes is diminished.

The creation of new wants, the growth of æsthetic tastes, with the consequent expenditure on architecture and other works of art, and the growing demand for increased comforts and luxuries which accompany civilization, render, in their turn, growth in civilization possible by sustaining the rate of profit in spite of accumulation and increased production. Profits can be maintained in such exigencies just so long as, and no longer than, such accumulations can be profitably invested in facilities for the production of commodities that the community can and will use ; or, when they are withdrawn from active competition by being expended in costly buildings and adornments which the public taste demands and enjoys, but which are unproductive. Any drain of capital in this direction costs the community nothing of its wealth, as any depletion is immediately made up by the savings naturally arising from the rate of profit being longer sustained, unless, indeed, such

expenditure affects the power of consumption, as it does when met by taxation. That is to say, capital so expended, when supplied from savings that would otherwise compete with pre-existent capital, is virtually supplied by labor that would have been unemployed but for such expenditure; but, when such capital is supplied from funds that would, but for such expenditure, have been consumed, as funds derived from taxation would mostly have been, such expenditure, by lessening the total amount consumed, also lessens the possible accumulations that supply such consumption. When private munificence lays out parks, gathers books into libraries, works of art into galleries, and scientific collections into museums, with its idle accumulations—it not only realizes for mankind the highest and best wealth, but does it without diminishing the remaining wealth of the community. So, also, that discoverer or inventor who introduces a new product, or creates a new want—other things being equal—merits our thanks far more than he who merely cheapens an already known product. Such a discovery increases the possible accumulation of capital, while the other often lessens it. Both tend to increase consumption, and therefore are benefits; but the latter, especially when in the shape of improved machinery, often causes much immediate suffering, by enabling a smaller capital to do the work that previously employed a larger.

The instinct which leads workingmen to destroy the machinery intended to supplant hand-labor is, like every such instinct, founded on a dim perception of truth. Such aids to production are valuable in the exact ratio in which they stimulate consumption. While their final resultant is beneficial, they often work a cruel injustice to the laborer by rendering worthless his only capital, consisting of his manual skill and inferior tools; virtually destroying many small capitals for the benefit of a greater and overgrown one, solely obtained or to be obtained from savings, and from which the further over-accumulation that is sure to follow, again works an injustice by the enforced idleness it eventually entails.

" Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

The benefactor of his race, who causes two blades of grass to grow in place of one, is less deserving than he who enables us to consume the two blades. Want must precede fruition; and demand, supply, if we would escape the evils of public satiety.

How this ratio is affected by the second group of causes has already been noticed, and attention has been called to the example of England and the contrast between commercial and manufacturing, and merely agricultural, communities, in the matter of wealth. The latter, having little outlet for savings are kept by the operation of this law in a constant state of stagnation. The rate of profit being thus kept down, no opportunity for large savings is afforded, despite the severe frugality of such peoples. In these states any decrease in consumption, or any over-production, more immediately makes itself felt as a check upon production, and it is only when occupying the newest and most fertile lands that such communities compete with their more cosmopolitan neighbors. Exactly as they allow others to carry their freight, to transform their raw material into manufactured goods, to build their railroads and to work their mines, do they bring foreign capital into competition with their own. This capital, no matter what its form, is really borrowed, and constitutes a national mortgage.

Commercial and manufacturing nations, driven to be such by the smallness of their territory, the sterility of their soil, or by their proximity to the sea, find themselves supplied with advantageous opportunities for the investment of surplus capital, and are thus enabled to sustain a high rate of profit for longer intervals. The amount of capital they can profitably employ being vastly greater, they are not so soon checked in their industry by its redundancy, and eventually find not only that their sterile soil possesses ten-fold per acre the commercial value of the fertile plains of their neighbors, but also that they hold a mortgage on those very plains that enables them to appropriate for their own consumption a considerable percentage of their production. The time indeed comes to such nations when, all extraneous outlets being filled, the deferred pressure of excessive

savings is felt with its original force; but it finds them not only with a larger capital *per capita*, but with its consequent,—a larger consuming power *per capita*. The power of large consumption carries them again more rapidly over the inevitable period of depression and stagnation, and they more quickly recuperate because their period of inactivity is so quickly checked. But, on the contrary, the chronic state of an agricultural community is that of stagnation, because the simple habits of such a people enable them to counteract the readjustment of the ratio of capital to consumption by the exercise of personal frugality. They are able to confine their expenditures within their incomes, however they may be reduced; to cling with penurious desperation to their redundant capital. On the other hand, when some exceptional demand, or exuberant crops, yield unusual profits, such excess is rarely devoted to the purposes of a fuller life, but is hoarded, rapidly to cause a redundancy of capital. In other words, the consideration of our law shows us that the rate of profit with its consequent industrial activity, and also the power of both consumption and accumulation, are lowest in an agricultural, and highest in a commercial nation.

Without entering more fully into the subject, the writer would call the attention of free-traders to these facts. Do they not hint, admitting, as every keen and logical mind must do, the legitimacy of free-trade deductions, that the premises from which they are drawn are subject to very considerable limitations? Although every violation of the principle of freedom is attended with a present cost—is not such cost often more than repaid, not only by the fuller national life which follows from diversity of pursuits, but by the greater wealth-consuming power that results from the longer-sustained profits and industrial activity that the new avenues for investment may afford? Is not such cost, though real, in the end paid by labor that would otherwise have laid idle? and is there not a resultant of augmented capital which does not decrease the current rate of profit, and with which foreign indebtedness is paid, and from which, eventually, loans to other communities may be made? Does not such capital, as long as it can be profitably employed, add to the consuming power of the nation?

And is not consuming power the only real measure of national wealth? It is true such gain is national, and wholly or largely made at the expense of alien races. But the hypothesis of the survival of the fittest applies to nations as well as individuals; and it is to be feared that civilization is not so far advanced that disinterested benevolence will concern itself with the survival of nations any more than it now does to prolong the life of a savage.

We also see that an agricultural nation, in endeavoring to regain, through protection, the natural outlets for its capital, is not subject to the reprisals which free-traders are so fond of threatening, as its commercial and manufacturing neighbors must have its productions, being without the physical advantages necessary to raise them; while it is only a question with them whether the facilities for the production of their commodities are worth the price that must be paid for them.

The third cause which can affect the ratio we are considering demands careful attention, as it contains the great social problem of the future. The first two already considered, although progressive, are temporary and intermittent in their action; but this is radical and permanent in its effect. Any relief obtained from them only lasts until the capital they demanded is accumulated, and then the difficulty returns in nearly its original force; but whatever increase or mitigation of the evil results from the last is permanent.

However impracticable and undesirable the equalization of individual fortunes may be, permanent relief from industrial depression can alone come from its being adjusted to such degree that the only accumulations of capital shall be those demanded to supply new wants and to fill new channels of trade and manufacture. Until the establishment of coöperation, savings of any considerable amount must be exclusively made by the rich, and we may confidently expect that great diversity of fortune will always entail over-accumulation.

Individual property is essential to civilization, and that connotes an unequal distribution. But it is to be apprehended that the present tendencies of society are towards an excessive inequality. The inequalities between man and man have

certainly increased unduly as affecting both moral and economical progress; and especially so in the United States, where it was hoped that republican institutions would prevent any great excess of this evil.

But since it appears that too rapid accumulation by the few is a positive infringement of the rights of the many, and is an injury even to the former class, the duty certainly devolves upon our statesmen of discouraging it, as far as it may be done without injury to individual freedom or acquired rights—principles yet more necessary to progress, and therefore more sacred.

The facilities given to speculation, and the opportunities for inordinate gains, demand careful attention and radical treatment. The lenity of our laws towards trustees who manipulate the funds of others at others' risk for their own profits, and the ineffectiveness of the safeguards with which savings-banks and insurance companies, the depositories of small savings, are surrounded, have lately wrought incalculable mischief. All laws which tend to make the rich richer, have a tendency to make the poor poorer, and should, therefore, be stamped with reprobation.

As this paper is not written in advocacy of any special legislation, but rather to call attention to the national limits to accumulation, too much neglected by economists, it is enough to hint, as above, at some of the particular laws that need revision in the light of the ratio of capital to consumption. We wish, however, to call attention to the fact that the existence of such ratio affords a moral basis to much legislation otherwise indefensible. There is a limit to accumulation, we repeat, prescribed by the laws of ethics. All accumulation not needed for future consumption and not invested in unproductive works of art, or in facilities for needed production, is an unmitigated injury to society, for which not the slightest compensation is rendered. A more perfect social organization will certainly abrogate any legal right to inflict so gross an injury upon the community.

But radical reform in this matter cannot come from legislation alone. It must be aided by an enlightened public

sentiment which shall visit with the sternest displeasure the man who continues to accumulate when he already possesses sufficient for the supply of his legitimate wants—a sentiment, moreover, which shall recognize that such conduct is prompted solely by personal vanity or lust of power, and is in utter disregard of the rights and well-being of his fellows. The duty of the affluent to invest largely of their wealth in artistic, educational and charitable enterprises will be recognized, not alone by the public sense, but by the conscience of the individual also.

That excessive inequality of fortune has the effect here attributed to it, is self-evident; but the strength of such a tendency will probably be underrated in the absence of individual illustration. We have already seen that savings come mainly from profits, and very little, when at all, from wages. We have also seen that in a stationary community an increase of two per cent. per annum of the capital of a country would be disastrous in less than five years. Let us, then, in the light of these facts, consider the effect of the accumulations of a Vanderbilt. His annual income in prosperous times probably amounts to ten millions of dollars, of which he expends two hundred thousand, or two per cent. One hundred men whose wealth and income would aggregate the same amount, would probably spend forty thousand to fifty thousand dollars apiece, or forty to fifty per cent. of their income. And if this wealth were further distributed among men of average fortune, the annual additions to the capital of the country would not be over one to two per cent. The enormous accumulations of Mr. Vanderbilt must be paid for partly by himself, perhaps through future bad debts and depreciation, but mainly by merchants who will fail, and laborers who will starve in times of stagnation. We are not censuring Mr. Vanderbilt for an anomaly which is only incidental to social evolution. But we do blame the social principles which render possible the concentration of such a vast fortune in the hands of an individual. They have a partial justification, by rendering possible enterprises that could not be undertaken with smaller means; yet even this justification belongs more to the past than to the present or

the future, since such unwieldy enterprises are now conducted by corporate, rather than by individual action.

It is worthy of note that France, so lately depleted of her capital, is today the only prosperous country in Europe; while Germany, who was supposed to reap the benefit of her spoliation, after a short and feverish activity, is now suffering a stagnation the more lasting and hopeless on account of this very increase of her accumulation. Our own periods of activity and lassitude, although modified by the war and our exceptional resources, will be found to support the principle laid down. The history of California, particularly, affords a striking verification of it. The wonderful fertility of her soil and the richness of her mines were sources of enormous profits, which were sustained as long as the drain of capital was kept up by the return to their homes of her successful men. When they commenced to settle within her borders, her prosperity began to decline.

In the old feudal times there were no panics because there were no excessive savings. The rich spent their incomes on gorgeous churches or fortified castles;—they kept open board and had hosts of retainers. Profits were rarely invested in facilities for production. Capital therefore never pressed upon its limits. On the contrary, it very inadequately supplied the wants of the community.

The advance of civilization demands considerable accretions of capital, and it is better they should be obtained as they are than not at all. It is also possible, nay, it is frequently the case, that a community suffers from under-accumulation; that is—it may be for a long time in a state in which large additions could be made to its capital without diminishing the rate of profit, but sometimes even enhancing and sustaining it. But the nations foremost in civilization must be the ones to suffer from the opposite evil of over-accumulation, so useless and disastrous. Capital, let us repeat, is a means, not an end—a tool merely—a commodity useless except within definite limit. It is but the totality of products, and as strictly subject to the laws of supply and demand as any single product. It is, perhaps, more sensitive to their action than any single product,

and reacts on a smaller percentage of variation than any of them. The effect of their excess or deficiency is partly transferred to rival or competing products; but capital in the gross has of course no competition to cushion the blow.

The old question of the possibility of a "general glut" has been answered in the affirmative by the logic of events, and yet the logic of those who maintained the negative cannot be gainsaid if we admit their assumption of a free exchange of commodities. What they failed to see, is that such exchange can only take place in a community in which there is no inequality of fortune, and consequently no accumulating class. It is scarcely probable that the sum of human labor can ever satisfy the sum of human desires; but it does happen that the sum of human products is in excess of the wants that society, in its present organization, is able to gratify.

It seems to the writer that the relations of capital and labor, the gradual substitution of the coöperative for the wage system; the limits to the full application of free-trade principles; the best methods of taxation; the security of small investments; the evils of speculation; the proper restrictions upon corporate bodies and upon monopolies,—can all be studied profitably from this point of view. It is hardly too much to say that there are no social problems unaffected by it in some degree.

But more important and more interesting still than all we have mentioned, it will enable us to go far towards determining how much of right underlies the communistic ideas, fast becoming the pressing question of the day. It disabuses us of the idea that the interests of capital and labor are identical. It shows, on the contrary, that they can only be fully reconciled when united, through coöperation, in the same individual. It insists that over-accumulation by the rich inflicts a grievous injury upon the poor, not only in lessening their chances for employment, but also in the competition it enters into with small savings; for the tendency of large to absorb small capital is very strong, and nothing can sooner limit consumptive power than that. It teaches, indeed, that this wrong is inherent to civilization under its past and present

social institutions, and inculcates a merciful view of the culpability of the capitalist, as his error is the result of the same elements of human nature which cause the laborer to demand its rectification. It also makes it evident that any remedy which greatly disturbs vested interests or individual freedom, attacks principles more fundamental to progress than the elimination of the evil of excess of capital. Civilization can advance, and has advanced, in spite of it; but history shows conclusively that its progress must be fitful and attended with lapses more or less disastrous, so long as the adjustment of the relation of individuals and communities is left to chance.

The voice of communism will never be quieted by denial. There is wrong in the relation of capital to labor, a wrong even the partial removal of which will subserve the interests of both. It is a wrong that opposition and revolution on one side, and wilful blindness and denial on the other, can only intensify, but which can be greatly mitigated and finally removed by the recognition, by both capitalist and laborer, of their respective duties and limitations.

There is, consequently, no more imperative duty, not only for scientific thinkers, but for all who influence public thought, whether through the press, pulpit or platform, than the calm, earnest discussion of these questions with the settled determination that society shall be purged cautiously, yet surely, of its retrogressive elements. Sympathy with our fellow as our fellow—enthusiasm for humanity—is fast becoming the centre and the all of religious feeling. Is it too much to hope that, when dominant, it will not only readjust individual relations into kindlier form, but that all social antagonisms, national and race antipathies, shall fade before it?

ART. VI.—THE DEVELOPMENT OF ART.

1. *Lübke's History of Art. Translated from the Seventh German Edition.* Edited, with Notes, by CLARENCE COOK. 2 vols. New York : 1878.
2. *The History of Ancient Art. Translated from the German of JOHN WINCKELMANN.* By G. HENRY LODGE. 4 vols. Boston : 1856-73.
3. *Ancient Art and its Remains.* By C. O. MÜLLER.
4. *Discourses on Architecture.* By EUGÈNE EMMANUEL VIOLETT-LE-DUC. Boston : 1875.
5. *Kügler's Handbook of Painting. The Italian Schools.* Ed. by SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE. 2 vols. London : 1874.
6. *Kügler's Handbook of the German, Flemish and Dutch Schools.* By J. A. CROWE. 2 vols. London : 1874.
7. *A History of Painting in North Italy.* By CROWE AND CAVALCASELLE. 5 vols. London : 1871-74.

III.

THE yearning for freedom, the stirring of mental life, the interest in nature, which characterized the closing period of the Middle Ages were intensely deepened and strengthened by the great events of the fifteenth century. The invention of printing opened immortality to the thoughts of man ; the fall of Constantinople turned a flood of Greek culture over Europe, and roused to a passion the vividly-awakened taste for the antique ; while the discovery of a new hemisphere indefinitely expanded man's horizon, and gave new life to the spirit of inquiry, new fields to the imagination. Men could now no longer be held

by the old bonds. Time-honored theories, scientific and religious, had been overturned at one blow; the fame of great deeds, both past and present, filled every heart with ambition; the grandeur of personal genius, the independent self-consciousness of the individual, arose clear and bright from all this mighty fermentation. The Church, for ages the undisputed mistress of all, could not keep out the powerful spirit that thundered at her gates. She adopted the giant of Paganism and made him a Christopher. Thus, in the South, the new spirit turned into channels of art and was easily controlled by the Vatican; but in Germany its movement was irresistible,—impelled by the fierce energy of moral conviction. It culminated in that Reformation which gave a new impulse to civilization and made a complete breach between itself and the Middle Ages.

Art henceforth is free. It still serves religion, but not as a slave. Into his own language the artist translates the sacred legends and doctrines; from his own consciousness, rather than from tradition, he derives his forms and the expression of his figures. Nature too, no longer forbidden, woos him with her loveliness and majesty; in the light of her manifold beauty idealism fades away, symbolry dies. From this union spring the new study of anatomy and perspective, delicate observation of the effects of light and atmosphere, and consequently, perfection of coloring. Every new step deepened the artist's wonder and delight. He now ceased to handle religious subjects for their own sakes, but created his works to satisfy the aspirations of his soul, his personal love for the beautiful and the sublime. Not the command of the Church, but the inner voice of the spirit became the *fiat* of creation. Yet, for the most part, art still held fast to the traditional subject-matter, and thereby gained the advantage of being understood by the people, and not limited, as in later times, to a small circle of culture.

A far different result of this individualism was the breaking of the world-old union between the sister arts. For a time, indeed, until the death of Raphael, the three still abide in unison, pursuing the same course with the same noble

spirit. This is the golden age of Italy, when everything is held in perfect harmony, and the beholder is awed by the vision of unearthly loveliness: it was art's highest epoch in all times,—the age of Pericles alone excepted. But henceforth we must not only separate architecture from sculpture and painting, but also Italian art from art outside of Italy; for the diverging efforts of the North and the South become more and more apparent, and lead to an ever-widening difference of results.

We have already seen how, throughout the Middle Ages, Italian architecture was ever influenced by the antique. Despite the ravages of war and the spoliation of new structures, the ancient monuments, grand even in ruins, still appealed to that spirit of antique art which had never entirely forsaken the nation. At length came Petrarch and his associates to open the eyes of artists; and the Renaissance began, about 1420, at first timid, mediæval in form and construction, but soon grasping the antique with boldness and ardor, and producing an entirely new architectural school. The period of transition extended over the fifteenth century. The new style displayed its chief charm in secular architecture, and palaces were developed from the mediæval castle, copied largely from ancient monuments, though manifesting an uncertain, and even fickle, feeling after the antique forms. Florence was the birthplace both of the Renaissance and of its father, Brunellesco. This great master spent years in Rome, studying and measuring the Roman monuments. His grandest work, the Duomo of Florence, attests the marvellous genius of the man and the great progress which the return to the antique had thus early made. But, about 1500, the destiny of the Renaissance changed. The art-loving Pope, Julius II, gathered the great masters at his Court. Florence lost her supremacy, and Rome became the centre of art. Then began a deeper, more faithful study of the antique. Grandeur of design, a beautiful distribution of spaces, a dignified moderation in place of the childish love of rich decoration, all characterize the next twenty years, and form the period of High Renaissance, a second Periclean age. Secular architecture still held the highest place. The façades

became thoroughly antique; columns imitated those of the Colosseum, passing from the ponderous Roman forms into the lighter and richer Doric, Ionic and Corinthian styles. In church architecture, something of a retrogression occurred, in the return to the massive system of piers and tunnel-vaulted domes; while the desire to employ but a few large forms produced colossal pieces of decoration, clumsy copies of antique temple-façades, with protruding columns and broad antique pediments, contrasting painfully with the insignificant doors and windows. The reign of this Roman school, whose founder was Bramante, ends about 1540, when a more sober character began to prevail in architectural designs, and that period ensued which was the transition to the closing or baroque style. A turning-point in the history of architecture begins with Michel Angelo, in his work on the great St. Peter's. Bramante began the rebuilding of the church in 1506. Michel Angelo carried it on forty years later, when seventy-two years old, and besides other additions, planned the gigantic and unequalled dome. St. Peter's then became the standard for church architecture in the following period. Michel Angelo, the Titan of art, thus exerted a fatal influence over the development of architecture, and gave the first precedent of that arbitrary caprice which produced the baroque style, which violently burst the bonds of strict rule. This style marks the third period of Renaissance architecture in Italy. It began, with the seventeenth century, by giving way to caprice and to a violent exaggeration of forms,—a result of the wanton and perverse spirit of the times. Larger masses, richer details, bolder outlines, and more picturesque effects were now demanded. Astonishing perspective devices, multiplication of decorative pillars and pilasters, immense vestibules and staircases were the result. When, in the eighteenth century, men turned again with longing to the noble simplicity and moderation of the antique, creative power had waned, and there was an utter lack of fresh, vital principles.

In Germany, the Renaissance architecture never reached a full development. Gothic forms and motives disputed with it for every inch, until it was dying at its root, when the

baroque style entered the north and rapidly gained favor. Whether, as stated by Lübke and generally held, Renaissance architecture was introduced into France by Italian artists, or, as is somewhat scornfully asserted by Viollet-le-Duc, there was an independent and early French Renaissance, it is certain that it here took on a distinctive national type. And here, too, it degenerated into caprice of the extremest kind. The Rococo style of the time of Louis XV is the capricious negation of all the sterner canons of architecture. Everything was sacrificed to gaudy display. All the skill of the artists, and it was indeed wonderful, was bestowed on decoration, especially of the interior, while the comfort and domestic happiness of even the greatest lords were sacrificed to the obtaining of grand interior effects, and majestic, but useless, ranges of apartments. To the preceding reign belong the castle of Versailles, the magnificent Invalides at Paris, and the mighty vault of the Panthéon.

Returning to Italian art of the fifteenth century, we find that sculpture is making full use of the freer footing which it gained during the Gothic period. It is chiefly devoted to the adorning of tombs, monuments and altars; pulpits, fonts, singing-galleries and choir-screens. Strong efforts are made to create correct likenesses in portrait statues of the dead, while the reviving study of nature also bears rich fruit in the tendency, in the numerous reliefs, to portray the scenes of actual life. This intense realism and freedom of handling is due, not only to the study of the antique, but even more to the innate tendency of Italian art toward all that is essential and important. Tuscany still leads in the progress of art, and the great Florentine master, Ghiberti, displays the new tendencies most strongly. But while in his famous master-piece, the eastern doors of the Florentine Baptistery, he reveals unsurpassed power in the noble but overcrowded composition, the lofty and classic grace of his figures, and the picturesqueness of his method,—Luca della Robbia, though adopting the master's style, prefers a simpler and less bewildering treatment. He, too, worked in bronze and marble, but his chief fame rests on his innumerable terra-cottas. These works are far removed,

in the purity and moderation of the relief style, from the too picturesque treatment customary at the time; while their subjects are simple and their feeling full of delicacy. But the tendency of the time was too strong to be restrained. In Donatello it ran to a violent extreme, rejecting alike the early traditions and the nobility of form of the antique for an intense naturalism and the most unbridled effort after sharp individualization. To these two masters must be added a third, even the architect Brunellesco, who counterbalances Donatello's violent naturalism, and joins with his powerful imitation of the actual body an appreciation of ideal and perfect form, effecting, indeed, a revival of pure Greek beauty. A mere glance at these masters shows how fully, as once before under Nicola Pisano, sculpture had anticipated painting. Their works are really pictures in bronze.

Indeed, the early painters of this period were trained in the same school with the sculptors,—in the goldsmith's workshop. Thence issued Brunellesco, Donatello, Ghiberti, Lucca della Robbia; while Paolo Uccello, who begins the new era of painting, worked there under Ghiberti; under Brunellesco was Masaccio, the brilliant genius who died too young; and Da Vinci himself, in the studio of Verocchio, modelled clay statuettes and then draped them with wet linen in order to draw them afterwards, and imitate their relief.*

The influence of this training was profound. "Henceforth the painter feels that a flat image is not a body." The sentiment of solid substance enters into his work. He must hereafter express the movement of joints, the play of muscles beneath the skin. He plunges passionately into the study of nature, its minutest details, and its laws of composition. The third period of reviving art ensues, adding the one element still wanting to its perfection—the correct delineation of form, based on a true knowledge of nature.

The first fruits of the new passion appear in Paolo Uccello, a master of the Tuscan school, which still maintains the front rank in art. He promulgated, if he did not found, the laws of linear perspective, and zealously devoted his whole life to

* Taine's *Italy*.

the practice of foreshortening. In his paintings men saw, for the first time, the vanishing of a ditch or road, and the wonderful changes of form and dimensions as a figure is moved toward the background. Then came Masaccio, but five years younger, to take up the new principles and carry them to surprising results. His short life of twenty-six years exercised a decisive influence on Italian art down to the time of Raphael. Masaccio seized, as by instinct, upon all those maxims which his contemporaries were seeking. His treatment of the nude is wonderfully faithful and vivid. At first, indeed, he copied the living man as he saw him in Florence; and, as M. Taine remarks, his admirable young man whom Peter is baptizing, is a contemporary bather who has taken a dip in the Arno on too cold a day. His figures are always natural and true, though as yet far removed from the perfection of the antique. But his powers make rapid progress. His zealous study of anatomy soon taught him what the human form should be, to what grandeur and grace it could attain. He gradually eliminates less important details, and supplements one body with another. As in ancient Greece, the accidental, the individual characteristics are now ignored, while from his inspired brush come the ideal man and woman. In his latest work—the frescos in the church of the Carmine at Florence—is seen not only, for the first time, a true and graceful delineation of the nude, and a successful modelling of the forms, but the loving attempt to study form for its own sake,—the creation, in short, of the ideal form.

Masaccio, with all his influence, founded no school. His life was too retired and concentrated. He worshipped art alone,—paying no court to princes. Thus the height he reached was not maintained. Artists still remain entranced with the minute study of the real; they copy everything as it is: a noble remove, certainly, from the mediæval spirit, but almost equally as wide a separation from the antique.

The leading master of the next epoch, Fra Filippo Lippi, is an exact imitator of real life. His impassioned nature, his jovial sensuous manners, find rich expression in his work. His figures are plump and lusty, often rather gross; his virgins,

fresh, good-natured girls, and his angels overgrown boys. He is far off, indeed, from the sublime and the divine; but he penetrates to the depths of the purely human emotions, and adds touches of tenderest fervor to a charmingly fresh and boldly *naïve* realism. His drapery is often delicately and fascinatingly treated, and in his broad and golden color he almost betokens the approach of Titian. But the intellectual heir of Masaccio is Domenico Ghirlandajo. He, too, catches forms as they move about him, and fixes them upon the ceilings. His frescos are full of speaking portraits. More than any other, he gave a real historic dignity, an impressive air of force and vigor, not only to the ideal figures of the saints, but to the forms of the Florentines which mingle with them in his noble compositions. The loveliness and dignified sweetness of his women reflect the manners of the highest Florentine life of his time. Portraiture is the predominant characteristic. He depicts the beauty and joyousness of his age; he everywhere extols his noble city. The dignity of her men, the tender grace of her women, the elegance of her social life, the beauty of her architecture, all woo his pencil to create some of the most exquisite works of Italian art.

The last great master of this school, and one of the mightiest spirits of the century, is Luca Signorelli, who develops a new and bold phase in the science of Paolo Uccello, and leads the way directly to Michel Angelo. The man who could strip the dead body of his son that he might draw every muscle would surely make this boldness and passion manifest in his works. The vigor of his style, as displayed in his noblest efforts, in the cathedral of Orvieto, is greatly enhanced by comparison with that of Fra Angelico, whose fresco of the *Last Judgment* he completed. Never have two such extremes met in the execution of the same work. Beneath the tender and saintly figures of Fiesole, Signorelli's gigantic forms battle, like Titans, for the possession of heaven. It is, indeed, the glow of hell against the light of paradise. Signorelli is pre-eminently a painter of the nude. Foreshortening here holds its revel, and figures are drawn in positions never attempted before in art. His slightest touches are intensely powerful;

despair, horror, and bitter wrath find a fearful expression, while his angels, who sweep down with gestures of consolation for the terrified suppliants, are incomparably grand and beautiful.

The age is thoroughly awake. The same studies are pursued, the same tendencies rife throughout all Italy, though Florence is the most affected, and the isolated valley of Umbria, the least. But, while the Florentines pursued the study of form with direct reference to nature and the imitation of real life, at Padua the new tendency found a very different development. The realistic imitation of nature is here joined with the passionate study of antique sculpture and the striving for ideal beauty. Thus arose a school of remarkable power which, while failing to grasp the idealizing principle of classic art, yet brought its grand results to the aid of modern practice. The Florentines imitated nature rather than the antique; the Paduans imitated the antique rather than comprehended it. But transitions are necessary, and this was one step forward; the last, indeed, before painting reached its meridian. The real founder of this school was Andrea Mantegna, as remarkable a painter as ever lived. He combines "an intensely realistic tendency with an ardent love of the antique, adding to these, great powers of invention, a solemn poetry of feeling, the grandest expression of passion, and a mastery of hand that is almost unique." His drawing of the human form is almost unrivalled in power, but his figures have a plastic, rather than a picturesque, character. His drapery, too, is exceedingly sculptural; his treatment of the human features is most masterly, while his foreshortenings are of the boldest, and his sense of the dramatic so lively that he has scarcely a rival in the delineation of events. Art owes a heavy debt to Mantegna. Many a difficult problem in perspective was worked out by him, and his loving treatment of antique subjects did much to open this domain to modern painting.

The influence of Padua is very marked on the early painters of Venice. In approaching the school of art that arose here in the fifteenth century, we never cease to feel the glamour that always covers the queenly city. Floating in golden and amethystine light; filled with wealth, joyousness and

voluptuousness, as with the waters of the Adriatic, the inevitable tendencies of her art are clearly established. They cannot be the same as on the Arno. Compared with Florence, Venice is as a glorious vision beside the hard reality. As in Holland and Flanders—as in all wet countries—there are no clear, sharp contours to develop in the artist the sense of form. The soul is seduced, bewildered, overwhelmed with the marvellous play of light, with the gorgeousness of color, with lustrous, liquid, melting tones. Here the artist inevitably becomes a colorist. The early architecture of Venice is brilliant with porphyry, serpentine, and precious marbles; her ancient mosaics are lustrous and luminous, and her early paintings are the glowing and liquescent dawn before the sunburst of the coming masters. Then the superbly sensuous Venetian life of the fifteenth century! She dwells in revelry, in the absolute *abandon* of tender passions, in supreme earth-born delight and joyousness. She is the modern Corinth. Her men and women are splendid animals,—of wondrous beauty and grace, but animals nevertheless. Their life is the passionate blood pulsing through their veins, fed by incomparable luxury, the sea-green and porphyry of waters and palaces, luminous skies and soft moist airs. Their mind is a kaleidoscope of dazzling tints; their soul is color. The grand heroism of the republic is vanishing; the city of patriots becomes the palace of courtesans; from the spoils of the heroic age painting arises to minister to an epicurean luxuriousness.

Such a people might be influenced, but could not be controlled, by the antique severity of Paduan art. Their first great master, Bartolommeo Vivarini, follows strictly the example of Padua in his sharp, distinct treatment of forms; but he also exhibits the dawn of that sense of color which so speedily worked a revolution in Venetian art. Just as this was arising in freshness and vigor, Antonella da Messina appears in Venice, bringing with him the secret of oil painting which he had acquired in Flanders, under Hans Memling. This was the one gift of the gods yet wanting; with this the Venetians achieved immortality. Nevertheless, through Crivelli and Jacopo and Gentile Bellini, the latter of whom took Titian

at the age of nine as a pupil, we still feel the influence of Mantegna, but gradually vanishing before the rising power of Giovanni Bellini, the true founder of the Venetian school. With him color attains that splendor and lustrous purity which are henceforth the inalienable possession of Venetian art. His style, like his long life of ninety years, is remarkably well balanced. There is little of inspiration, or high poetic imagination. He has not the ideality of Signorelli, nor the sublimity of Mantegna; but his feeling is profound. He appreciates moral beauty and bestows it upon his art. His figures are natural; real Venetian men and women, and consequently beautiful. But the tender and lofty grace of his Madonnas becomes, in his representations of Christ, a moral power and grandeur well-nigh incomparable. He delights, also, to introduce bits of Italian nature; and it is in him, indeed, that a true sense of atmosphere and knowledge of landscape first become clearly manifest. He is the father of the Venetian school, yet he lives to see it attain its apogee under his own pupil, Titian. Giorgione, too, studies with him. These, however, are names of the sixteenth century. We are on the threshold of high art; but ere we enter we must retrace our steps. We have already learned that art will no longer serve religion pure and simple; —the gods of the old world return, and though they be baptized with Christian names, they yet breathe the antique spirit of sensuous beauty and grandeur.

Very different is contemporary art in the schools of Umbria. Here, in the quiet wooded valleys and along the mountain slopes, God still occupies the thoughts of men. The works of the saintly Fra Angelico, too, move the hearts of all with holy influences; his spirit yet lingers in the sacred walls. The religion that inspired a St. Francis can never adopt a Pagan art. This is the birthplace and home of religious ecstasy. Its art must remain spiritual and devotional, and when there is no longer the spirit of devotion among men, it clings fanatically to its old ideal, and sinks at last into pitiable feebleness and mannerism, rather than return to the antique gods. But it must not be forgotten that it first gives Raphael to the world.

Still, the spirit now rising in the outer world is felt even here; and while, in some ways, it creates a reaction, in others it leaves an impress. The new school blends both elements, and adds a charming tenderness of feeling and fervor of expression to the rich products of Italian art. It is Perugino, whose name and works now give glory to the valley of Umbria. In Florence he caught the spirit of realism; but, once settled in Perugia, he returned to his native manners, and created those works which are so full of a soft grace and purity. There is too little force and variety of character in his figures. They have, however, a charming earnestness, a lofty seriousness, and an expression of unquestioning adoration. His angels have an humble and virginal modesty. One does not know of what sex they are; but their supernatural purity and beauty are manifest. He loves best youthful and female forms. "His figures are mystic children, or adult souls kept infantile by the schooling of the cloister." Resignation, supplication, devotion, rapture,—all these are expressed with wondrous skill. He cannot paint manliness, energy, heroism; nor does he essay the intensely dramatic. He has the defects, as well as merits, of his school; but he is the master of Raphael. Here fading Christianity and reviving Paganism work with the same brush.

Side by side with the progress of painting, sculpture also has been making great advances throughout the century. Under the influence of a profound study of the antique, it has outgrown the picturesque realism of Ghiberti and Donatello; it aspires toward the ideal, the beautiful, and the sublime, thus attaining a freer and nobler style. But the master-pieces of ancient art at that time were such works as the Apollo Belvedere, the Torso, and the Laocoon. It was antiquity as it was understood in the best days of the Roman Empire that was now studied. These, as we have seen, are far removed from the greatest works of Greece by their tendency to exaggeration in form and to the theatrical in expression. With the noble inspiration, therefore, Italian sculpture took in the germ of decay. After a rapid attainment to vigor, beauty and grandeur, it became as quickly tainted with affectation,

and soon lapsed into a mannerism which destroyed the truth and simplicity of nature.

Two other causes contributed to this decline. The antique style is ill-adapted to the Christian religion. Religious topics were therefore treated in an ideal style modelled on the antique, a method which failed to develop any real life. In adopting, on the other hand, the stories and figures of antique mythology, sculpture followed the conceptions of the schools rather than the popular ideas, and thus it soon degenerated into mere cold allegory. But a greater cause was the complete loosing of the ancient ties which connected architecture with the plastic arts. Hitherto sculpture had held a prescribed position and certain limitations; and its noblest works were created with reference to an architectural basis. But now sculpture was so emancipated as to utterly disregard all architectural requirements. Architecture, indeed, became its slave; and in this unnatural relation both together went down to ruin. Still, there was a period, although brief, of great brilliancy, producing works strong in creative power and rich in forms of beauty. Leonardo da Vinci, whose greatest work was destroyed by French arrows while in the clay; Sansovino, "the Raphael of sculpture," and even Raphael himself, as is believed, all glorify the age with marble or bronze. But the name of Michel Angelo dominates the sculpture, not only of this epoch, but of all modern times. Great as he was in architecture, still greater in painting, he regarded himself as properly a sculptor. And, indeed, with him sculpture entered upon a new life. His grand soul, ever tossed with gigantic emotions, spurned both the contemplative realism of the fifteenth century, and the quiet beauty of Sansovino and his followers. In his works we find modern art approaching closest to the Greek, but we also see most plainly the wide difference between the two. Both are thoroughly Pagan, based upon the physical life. But the calmness of Greek art is wanting here, the grand repose of its figures, and the perfect balance between the intellectual and physical. We have seen that the master-works of Greece gave to the head only its due place in the body. In the sculptures

of Michel Angelo, however, not only does the head express the intensest emotions, but these emotions rule the whole body, controlling its attitude and expression. The Athenian statue merely lives,—expressing a beautiful, harmonious life. The Renaissance statue acts, is intent upon something, is thoughtful and emotional. All this results from the conditions of modern life. Even could the ideal beauty of the Greek be ever again attained, the actual Greek life is forever gone. Man is now too complex; his life is a constant struggle with forces without, and with forces still more Titanic within. Should we ever again reach up to the antique, it must be that of the Moses rather than of the Olympian Jupiter; of the Night, not of the Venus de Milo.

Michel Angelo was destined to exert the same fatal influence upon sculpture as on architecture. He gave to both a sudden and wonderful growth: to both he bequeathed a school of feeble imitators and mannerists. His gigantic powers he could not bequeath,—the stormy inward struggles of a man ever aiming at the highest ideal, the resistless flow of thought, the mighty stress of ideas. So strong were these elements that he often tramples on the laws of natural proportions, violates truth and beauty in the search for forced and even impossible situations, and exaggerates the proportions until they become colossal. These defects his followers could copy, but the bold grandeur and loftiness of his characters are wanting in their works. They adopted his unbridled subjectiveness; but that which in him was always the expression of inner convictions, and the fruit of a mighty creative process, became in them mere phrase and an empty fashion. When the decadence of sculpture was succeeded, in the seventeenth century, by a new style, art had undergone a complete change. Solemnity and grandeur had fled; even plastic work must be spirited, passionate. The representation of form was most realistic; the expression most theatrical; and, with all, there was an exaggerated elegance and smoothness in the execution.

It is due as much to outward circumstances as to the inner spirit, that sculpture, in the sixteenth century, was outstripped by its sister art; that Da Vinci, Michel Angelo and Raphael

are greater with the brush than with the chisel. These are men who would have been great in any sphere of intellectual liberty. But painting had long proved itself to be preëminently the Christian art; it now appeared that it must also be the art of modern times. Sculpture, at its highest development, deals with the species, with general conceptions; but the whole tendency of the times was toward picturesqueness and the individual. Above all, it was intensely subjective. To these considerations must be added the wonderful development both of the passion for color and of the mechanical appliances for its use.

The study of antique art had, at length, resulted in a deep affinity; and so profound was the thought of this epoch, so filled with the spirit of immortal truth and beauty, that even ordinary talents were upborne to a lofty height and created works which approach perfection; while narrowness and exclusiveness were banished, and the bounds between the separate schools almost obliterated. It was thus, by the symmetrical development of their artistic nature, that the masters effected the complete liberation of art. This—the golden age of painting—is more widely and deeply known than any of the preceding epochs; we must, therefore, dismiss it, fascinating as it is, with a few brief words.

It begins with Leonardo da Vinci, the father of "the modern manner," and the founder of the Italian process of oil-painting. In the variety and power of his gifts he is unique; never again were so many arts and sciences united in one person, and with such a degree of excellence. Moreover, while painting actually took but a small part of his time and strength, it owes to him, more than to any other man, its perfection and disenthralment. Nothing could show more forcibly the marvellous power of his genius than the fact that he holds his lofty position by reason of a very few works. He was peculiarly unfortunate in the destruction of his creations. We have seen how his great work of sculpture was destroyed before it could be cast; so his paintings, owing to his ever employing new technical expedients which he himself invented, faded, for the most part, quickly from view, and are known

to us only through copies or his own designs. Indeed, his reputation rests, as K  gler says, "on one single work, long reduced to a shadow; on, at the most, half a dozen pictures, for which, or for parts of which, his hand is alternately claimed and denied; and on unfinished fragments which he himself condemned." His great master-piece is the *Last Supper*, familiar, through innumerable prints, to nearly every Christian household. It amply displays the characteristics of his art. Here are found a complete mastery of form, combined with the highest expression of beauty, the utmost vigor of thought, and the manifestation of the eternal and the divine. "His ideal of our Lord's head is the loftiest that art has realized. His Apostles' heads are among the truest and noblest transcripts of nature." Here, too, are shown his dreaminess, impulsiveness, and fastidiousness; while his sturdy independence and complete break with all tradition appear in his not representing the holy company as reclining upon cushions, in his use of the table-cloth with its fresh folds, and, above all, in his choosing for his time the moment when Christ utters the pathetic words, "one of you will betray me," thus converting into a profoundly dramatic scene the still and mournful solemnity of that august hour. Leonardo's nature was full of contradictions. He delighted to analyze and depict all that is monstrous and misshaped in the human face. "He seems to have gloated over forms of wanton hideousness, half human, half brute; yet he lingers most lovingly over his ideal women and children, who combine dignity and majesty with the most attractive loveliness." He attained in the countenances of his Madonnas and children an ineffable sweetness and pathos which breathe the very spirit of heaven.

These characteristics—so mighty was the influence of the master's mind on his disciples—belong in a high degree to the most gifted of his innumerable followers, among whom the foremost, Bernardino Luini, ranks with the greatest masters for purity, grace and spiritual expression; while Soddoma unites in himself every quality of contemporary art, excelling especially in the softest and airiest blending of colors, and in the consummate beauty of his female figures, whose heads

“unite grace, tenderness and sweetness, with an earnestness of fervor not to be found perhaps in any other master.”

But painting now finds a far different development through Michel Angelo, younger than Da Vinci, but co-author with him of the new epoch. Between these wonderful men no comparison can be made, save in the variety of their powers. Michel Angelo is equally great in architecture, sculpture and painting; in mastery of anatomy he surpasses all artists, while as a poet he takes high rank, even in the land of Dante. Both in his life and in his art he is the very opposite of the elder master. The pleasure-seeking, vacillating, dilatory Leonardo had nothing in common with the earnestness, grandeur and independence of character of Michel Angelo. Even in his earliest paintings, the latter so sternly eschewed all external, sensuous grace, as to execute his work in a subdued tone and in distemper, while displaying, at the same time, both his passion for the antique and his rugged independence by introducing groups of nude figures without any motive, and contrary to all tradition. Unlike Leonardo, he devoted himself with the utmost energy to all that he undertook. He wasted no time in frivolity; and history does not record a life devoted more unremittingly and conscientiously to one sole aim.

We owe to the superstition of Julius II—through the delay in executing the monument of that Pope—the most complete of Michel Angelo's works and the grandest monument of painting in any age, the fresco of the Sistine Chapel. Appointed to this task through the short-sighted envy of his rivals—who expected to see him fail in fresco, to which he was unaccustomed,—the master here displays all his characteristics and the full vigor of his Titanic powers.

Yet, with all their originality, he appears, in this series of nine pictures, “as a link in the great chain of Italian art.” The influence of preceding masters is as evident as is the immense distance by which he outstrips them. In the figures of the Sybils, however, the master conceives a distinct type of beings, unconcerned with human matters, “alike devoid of the expression of feminine sweetness, human sympathy, or

sacramental beauty; neither Christian nor Jew, witches or graces, yet living creatures, grand, beautiful and true, according to laws revealed to the great Florentine genius alone." But sweetness and loveliness were not beyond the reach of this man, for the form of Eve, who comes forth at God's command with the timid manner of a child, is full of a winsome beauty and charm. After thirty years—a period which forms a tragedy of struggle and sorrow—he returns again to the same chapel, and paints his *Last Judgment* on the altar-wall. Nearly threescore years and ten—yet his vigor and gigantic powers are on the increase. He here breaks boldly with all the traditions of human art, placing it forever as a power above the Church. "Depart from me, ye accursed!" This is the key-note to the whole work. Terror, despair, impotent rage, conflict between fear and hope—the fierce storm of these passions is portrayed in the most violent movements of the human body. Never was there such a display of anatomical knowledge; never such revelry of a tumultuous mind. The figures, for the most part, are entirely nude; or were, until the prudishness of modern times impiously added a few garments. But the work has not a breath of Christian inspiration; it is rather a battle between Jupiter and the Titans; its fearful force is not divine, it is demoniac. What a contrast to the *Last Judgment* of Angelico, who filled the greater part of his picture with the celestial joys of the redeemed, and gave over to a pupil, it is thought, to paint the tortures of the damned, since he could not bear to work upon the theme! Yet it is from Angelico that Michel Angelo adopts the position of his Christ. Sublime as is this last great work of the master, it contains those elements which were destined soon to hasten the downfall of art. The work is filled with exaggeration of bodies, violence of posture and prodigality of foreshortenings. It is a fight between athletes and wrestlers. The master seems to have become mad; to have lashed himself into a frenzy. His singleness of aim is gone; he has created difficulties for the purpose of overcoming them. He makes tremendous efforts for effect. He imitates Signorelli, and, worst of all, he imitates himself. There is evidence, too, that he did not

constantly recur to the living model to correct his forms, but trusted too often to his memory, which was beginning to fail him. "In the next decade he trusted to it still more absolutely, and, in the frescos of the Pauline Chapel, became the mannered shadow of his former self. As a painter, his work has but a retrospective interest after the *Last Judgment*." In this very work, indeed, mannerism already appears—that fatal disease which will now spread through all Italy. As in architecture and sculpture, so in painting; this gigantic genius—the greatest in the history of art—gathers the elements into himself, brings them to the highest perfection, and bequeathes them to the world impregnated with the spirit of decay.

ART. VII.—PERNICIOUS JUVENILE LITERATURE.

THE statement is made on good authority that there are published every week in New York City alone twenty-five papers which may broadly be classed as sensational or flashy. Nothing good can be said of them. They must be characterized as bad, worse, worst. We have carefully examined a large proportion of them. Some of them are intended for "family" papers! But their main audience is a sadly great company of boys and young men.

The magnitude of the evil must not be under-estimated. It is impossible to obtain the exact circulation of all these papers; their names are not to be found in the advertisers' directories. Eight of the papers that we examined have an aggregate weekly circulation amounting to 336,000 copies. We believe that five readers per copy is a fair average of the number of readers of any periodical. It would be within bounds, then, to say that these eight papers are read each week by a million and a half of persons, mostly young men and boys. Of the whole twenty-five let us say that there are three million readers every week, the great proportion of them being the class mentioned—young men and boys. This audience is, of course, not found in the city alone. The news-companies distribute these sheets far and wide. They are to be found all over the country, doing their evil work, not only in the cities, but in the rural districts, and carrying a knowledge of the vice that festers in all our great cities into regions where comparative innocence might otherwise prevail.

Let us face here the magnitude of this evil. If we reduce the figures to the minimum, we have even then a million of youthful readers of this debasing and demoralizing literature every week. A million of young minds devouring

that which, at the best, is widely sensational! A million of young minds gloating over that which borders as nearly as it dares on the obscene in its description, and which is directly provocative of the sensual! This means that a large proportion of the youth of our land are readers of this sort of stuff. It means also that no household is safe, except at the price of untiring vigilance, from the advances of this foe to good morals. It means, too, that this sort of literature is largely leaving the growing generation.

In point of magnitude then, the evil is a great one. The coarsely illustrated story-papers lying on every news-stand at the street corners, in the railroad stations, in the small shops in remote villages, are but indications of the fact that all over the country the poison they contain is being imbibed by the very class on whom depends the hope of the nation for the coming years. How the land would mourn, did the tidings come from some awful battle-field of a million of men, the flower of our youth, "killed, wounded, or missing!" But through this evil literature, considered simply as to one phase of it, a million of them are every week imbibing a fatal poison!

What is the character of these periodicals? They are not all equally vicious, but the best of them are bad, and they descend through worse to worst.

The first division mentioned we characterize as bad, because, while they do not contain that which is obscene, nor profane to any marked extent, they are full of highly sensational stories. We give a few of the titles as indicative of the character of these tales: "Dashing Dolores, or Chincapin Dick on the Border;" "Spider and Stump, the Plagues of the Village;" "Number 6, or The Young Fireman of Carbondale;" "Gasper, the Gaucho, or lost on the Pampas;" "The Boy Pedestrian, or Walking for a Life," etc., etc.

As may be judged from such titles, these stories are most highly flavored. They are full of impossible adventures and hair-breadth escapes. Let us give a single illustration:

In a story in a paper designed especially for boys, a scene is presented, which we condense as follows: A small steamer, lying amid other vessels in a harbor on the Pacific coast, blows

up and sinks. A canoe, with a young girl in it, was approaching the steamer just before the fatal moment. An elderly man who was on the steamer utters a cry as he sinks, which is responded to by the occupant of the canoe. When she reaches the place, she at once dives where the man had disappeared. The hero of the story had, in the meanwhile, started in a boat from another vessel, and in a minute or two comes to the spot. He dives, of course, to rescue the girl, and finds, when he reaches the bottom, that the man has caught her about the neck, and so they both are likely to perish. He wrenches the man's grasp from the girl, catches at a "long rope" which the unfortunate had "dangling from his waist" (when you are blown up on a steamer, always attach a long rope to your waist; it may be your salvation!) and fastens it to his arm. Then he turns his attention to the girl, catches her by her "long, black hair," and makes "all haste to regain the surface." Then the man, who proves to be the girl's father, is pulled up; a physician from a sloop-of-war (everything is convenient in these stories!) is at once at hand, and the half-drowned persons (from the time they had been under water their salvation was little short of a miracle) are speedily resuscitated. The hero who performs this remarkable exploit is about seventeen years of age. We are not able to follow him further, for this was but the opening scene in a story "to be continued." But this is only a fair sample of the marvelous or utterly impossible feats which all the heroes in these stories are pictured as performing. Probabilities are scouted, possibilities are recklessly lost sight of, the laws of nature are set aside with the utmost *abandon*. The adventure must be thrilling at any cost; the young adventurer must be a hero.

Some of these papers will thus be filled with story after story of this kind, nearly all of them serials, and carefully arranged, a new one beginning before an old one ends, so as to carry the young reader's curiosity and attention along from number to number. Any interest that attaches to them, however, comes solely from their staple characteristic—their narrative of adventures. It would be an abuse of language to speak of their literary style. The dialogue is of the baldest

sort. There is no picturesque description to elevate the literary taste of the reader. There is no real portrayal of character. There is no sweet, pure sentiment. There is nothing but the recital of thrilling, exciting, blood-curdling adventure after adventure. But of that there is abundance. Most of these papers are of eight pages, some of them of sixteen pages. The type is small, and consequently a large amount of matter is crowded into each weekly issue. The boys are not asked simply to taste: they have full opportunity to gorge themselves.

Another class of stories appearing in these papers we have ranked as "bad," are those that recite in appropriate slang the various tricks and practical jokes that wild youngsters, who thus demonstrate their "spirit," play upon unoffending parties, and particularly those that they play in righteous retribution (?) upon too strict parents or teachers. It is here that slang comes out in its wildest forms—a nauseating draught, it would seem to be. But the youth drinks it up as water, and soon is found embellishing his own conversation with these utterly meaningless or repulsive phrases, the least evil of which will be that, even should he see his folly afterward, and attempt to reform his speech, they will stick like burrs, and come unconsciously to his lips.

In several of these papers some space is given to extended accounts of cricket-matches, base-ball games, rowing contests, and the like, together with sketches of ball-players, oarsmen, and other sporting young men. We are told how a young man, for example, became a member of a professional "nine," the amount of salary he receives, and various other pleasant particulars. The effect of such reading as this is to put before a boy's mind pastimes, innocent enough in themselves, in the light of a business for life, and a business too, possessing all the attractions of sport. If this is business, however, the ordinary occupations of sober and laborious men soon come to be regarded as distasteful in the extreme.

We will not attempt any sharp discrimination between those papers we have classed as "worse" and "worst." It is only a question of more or less. They have sensational stories,

of a somewhat different character from those of which we have just spoken; stories that have more to do with the relations of the sexes, with love so-called, with marriage and divorce. They add to these, illustrations of current events of a sensational character, portraits of burglars, murderers and other criminals, and pictures of crime. They give details of crimes, especially of those against purity, gloating over them with prurient minuteness. They also give sketches of the careers of actresses and ballet-girls, with their portraits in costume—or the lack of it. One or two of them give details of some of the doings in low saloons and “dives,” of which the city has so many. The revelation of some of these impurities is put into the shape of stories, the better to entrap the unwary.

Of course they familiarize their readers with crime: they even tend to glorify it. They are of necessity, then, bad reading for the young. No intelligent boy is ignorant that crimes are committed. The daily press makes him sufficiently acquainted with that fact. But it is not desirable that he should become familiar with details. The youth who should habitually read the papers to which we now refer, might nearly as well pass his time in the society of criminals. He would scarcely learn more of crime if he associated with harlots, thieves and murderers. Yet these papers put him in precisely this companionship.

Here, then, we have a mass of periodical literature, eagerly devoured by at least a million young readers every week—a mass of literature composed of wildly sensational stories, details of sports, and of crimes, with now and then a fact of natural science or an incident in history, to give a sort of dignity to the production; with low, doggerel verses, coarse jests, abundance of slang and poor rough illustrations.

Let us trace now some of the evil results that must come from an acquaintance with this literature.

Suppose that a generation is nourished on this sort of mental food. It is at once evident that it would be a generation with no taste for that which is pure and noble in literature. High, coarse seasoning destroys, of necessity, the ability to appreciate

delicate flavor. The pure and the true have no charms for him who has supped on horrors. Familiarity with vulgarity of thought and speech blunts the perception for that which is truly refined. The reader of the sensational story-paper would vote the most interesting history a bore, many of the best novels dull, the finest poetry rubbish; and as for essays, you could not get him to look at one.

We see at once that this would be misfortune enough to stamp all these periodicals with reprobation. It would be an immense evil to have a pure literary taste obliterated in a large part of any generation; yet this will surely be the result, unless something interferes to lessen the currency which these unworthy periodicals have obtained.

But there are other other evils more fundamental than this. These sensational stories, the staple of these productions, give utterly false and unworthy views of life. Life in them is—what? Adventures of the wildest kind, thrilling exploits, chasing and punishing bandits, fighting Indians, scouring over plains on a splendid horse in pursuit of wild cattle, overcoming with the aid of one or two youthful companions the whole of a mutinous crew, rescuing hapless, but beautiful—always beautiful—maidens. The heroes in these stories are thoroughly armed, and are always dead shots. Their physical strength is proportioned to their courage. They smoke and chew and drink, but that must be expected in heroes! They always have all the money that they need, even for their lavish expenditures. If the father in the story is of the right sort, he will think nothing of giving his son a thousand dollars or so at a time, for spending-money. If he is not of the right sort, it is no sin for the boy to possess himself by force or cunning, of what he wants.

The young man who nurtures himself on this kind of reading, who lives in this world of morbid imagination, would naturally imbibe unworthy views of life. He would look at it, not as a place for honest industry, but as a place for adventure. To be a bold, dashing sort of fellow, living a wild and reckless life, would seem infinitely preferable to any merely useful career that could be set before him. Of high moral purpose he

would have none. Life is the time—so these stories teach—for self-gratification.

In real life, the moral rule is that we must work doggedly and persistently for our living, to say nothing of a competency or a fortune. The apprentice or young clerk who is late in coming to his work in the morning, merits his employer's rebuke. Real life, although we do find pleasant spots in it, and can learn so to live as to get enjoyment in our work, is largely monotonous and humdrum. He who, nurtured on these stories, expects the good things of life to fall into his lap, is sadly disappointed when his hard experience shows him that he must work for what he would have. In real life the rascals we meet are generally sharper than we, and easily get the better of us. We cannot remedy our wrongs with pistol or knife. In real life experience is usually considered necessary to qualify one for a position of trust. Begin low down and work up, is the rule. But in these stories the hero, in spite of youth and inexperience, can take any position, no matter how responsible—can be a pilot, can command a vessel, can quell a mutiny, can explore a wilderness—anything, and never fail. Real life, therefore, to one who has imbibed his ideas from these sensational sheets, seems wretchedly dull, insipidly dry and monotonous.

But there are worse results than these. The great safeguard of human society is reverence for law, which has its beginning in obedience to parental authority. The obedient youth will naturally grow up to be the law-abiding citizen. But in not a few of these stories the staple subject is the tyranny of parents or teachers; and even their wise control is pictured as tyranny. The hero, therefore, is the youth who resists the authority of his natural guardians. If a boy makes this stuff the material of his mental diet, he will very naturally chafe under, and then despise, and then resist, parental authority, and cheat himself all the time by imagining he is doing a manly thing. Growing up with this idea dominant, he will naturally come to chafe under, and then to resist, civil authority. He will become a law-breaker, a dangerous and hurtful

member of society. He will be a hindrance instead of a help to the State.

Evils still more dire grow from familiarity with the worst class of these papers. It is bad enough that the youth should be brought by this mental diet into vulgarity; bad enough that he should imbibe such unworthy and false views of life; worse, that he should come to despise parental authority, and eventually, perhaps, set the law at defiance. There are lower deeps yet. Some of these sheets, as we have said, necessarily familiarize their readers with crime, particularly with offences against purity. They pander directly to lust, and the youthful reader—youthful passion stimulated instead of controlled—becomes a ready learner. He may thus become a rake before he has attained his majority. He will, at the very least, be unclean in imagination, debased himself, a debaser of others. How much this means, of domestic peace destroyed, of homes desolated, of parents sorrowing over ruined hopes, the concealed records of many saddened hearts could alone tell.

The completed product, then, brought forth as the result of these publications is a foul-mouthed bully, a cheat, a thief, a desperado, a libertine. Instead of a clean-minded, high-toned, honorable young man, not afraid of work, and knowing that whatever is of value in this world is gained by work,—a young man of courage in which the moral element is greater than the physical, a young man respecting the law and other men's rights, a young man worthy of the love of a good woman; we should have one who, when the fictitious gloss, the stage-tinsel, the mock-heroic glamour had been rubbed off, would be found preferring to live by his wits rather than his labor; rotten at heart, and hence foul in speech; as likely as not, a betrayer of innocence; a pest and a plague in society.

That all these evil results will follow in every case, we would, of course, be far from asserting. Many boys probably read more or less of this stuff, and grow up to see their folly, and to become useful citizens. There are happily in many instances counteracting agencies at work. It may even be true now and then that a youth, through this medium, forms a

taste for reading, and in no long time outgrows the medium, and transfers his taste to that which is healthful and morally stimulating. But the general tendency must of necessity be otherwise. Nor would any one dare to say that any particular youth would not be the very one in whom all these evil results, even to the very worst, would manifest themselves.

That this vile literature does produce the effects we should naturally expect from it, is abundantly proved. Every now and then a newspaper item gives an account of some boy or boys who had started out to put their evil knowledge into practice. Here is an account of one who ran away from his home in New York City, "to hunt Indians and buffaloes on the plains." He got as far as St. Paul, Minn., and then was sent back home. Here are two precious youths arrested in Jersey City while trying to break open a hardware store. The leading spirit of the two, who seemed to take pride in his exploits, had learned the "duties" of a burglar from the boys' papers which he regularly read. Here are three lads gathering an outfit of fire-arms, bowie-knives, cartridges and provisions, one of them stealing two watches and thirty-five dollars from his grandmother, and starting from a Long Island village for Dakota and the wild life of the plains. They were missed and overtaken before they reached Brooklyn. Here is a young desperado, with two others who called him leader, making their home in a cave near Macomb's Dam, in the upper part of New York. From thence, armed like highwaymen, they took to the road and actually shot and wounded a passing traveller. They were arrested, and their leader sent to the State Prison.

In every one of these cases, and they are only specimens, the result is directly traceable to the reading in which these boys had indulged. The superintendent of the New York House of Refuge says that these cheap weekly story-papers and police gazettes are among the most powerful agencies in producing juvenile crime. The great majority of the boys in this institution had been in the habit of reading these publications, and had formed a strong desire for them to the exclusion of more wholesome instructive matter. His further

testimony is that this class of reading has greatly increased the number of vagrants. Twenty years ago, when this literature was not as abundant as now, most of the boys sent to the institution had been arrested for pilfering. Now the boy defies his parents, runs away from school and becomes a vagrant. The number of very young tramps is astonishing, and these youngsters generally have some of these abominable papers in their pocket.

These are cases in which the direct result of evil literature is manifest, and which stare the community in the face from the public prints. There are others, however, within the observation of many, of most of us perhaps, where evil results, but no publicity follows. There is many a youth who does not run away from home, nor commit crimes that get into the papers, who yet makes shipwreck of life, and blasts the fond hopes that had been centred in him.

It should be remembered—and the thought is an appalling one—that we are only just now beginning to reap the harvest from sowing these dragon teeth. The natural progenitor of this evil literature, the dime novel, has had currency, indeed, for many years. And the dime novel has unquestionably done much harm. But where the dime novel of twenty or thirty years ago had one reader, the flashy paper which is the dime novel and worse of today, has ten, perhaps a hundred readers. This comes in part from the fact that the taste for this sort of reading has grown by being fed, and in part from the extreme facility for the diffusion of literature afforded by the news-companies, which penetrate almost every section of the land. These papers are not only accessible, but they are temptingly displayed. They excite curiosity, interest; and the curiosity can be allayed and the interest satisfied only by perusal. The matter has not simply grown to enormous proportions,—it is still growing. The thoughtful citizen may well ask in much alarm, to what proportion will the evil, if left unchecked, grow in another generation? For this is by no means one of those things that will right itself in the course of time. On the contrary, it will only increase in magnitude, in farther and deeper-reaching evil, the longer it is tolerated.

But it must not be suffered to grow with no attempt at hindering it. There are remedies that can be applied which will materially check the evil. If we cannot hope that it will be entirely abolished, it still may, by wise management and unwearying patience (this last quality being especially emphasized) be held under control, and shorn of much of its baneful power. What are these remedies?

First, we name parental vigilance. It is the parent's duty to know not simply that his boy "is a great reader." He should know *what* the boy is reading. If the youth is a great reader of sensational literature, he is rapidly absorbing poison. The parent should know minutely the character of the mental pabulum upon which his child feeds. No small part of the evil grows from carelessness of parents in this respect. Perhaps there has been a failure to cultivate the boy's confidence, and so he enjoys this evil reading in secret. Had he been on more confidential relations with his parents, he would first have sought their approval, and that being denied, he would possibly have turned his attention to better things. But whether in the way of this pleasant confidence, or in some other way not so pleasant, the parent must make it a duty to know what his boy reads. And he will often need to be very alert if he would succeed in this. Should any parent neglect this proper vigilance, he need not be surprised if, in the near future, he find his boy's character destroyed, and the hopes that centred in him blasted.

This vigilance should not be applied, however, merely in the way of repression. It is far better here, as in so many other things, to overcome evil with good. The taste that urges the boy to read these sensational stories is certainly not, at first, morbid. The appetite for the marvellous, the thirst for adventure, within due bounds are legitimate. The wise parent or teacher will take advantage of them. It is better to control than to repress. There is abundance of healthful intellectual food for children and youth in these days. Instead of waiting for his boy to choose reading-matter for himself, questionable probably in its character, the wise parent will furnish him reading of a proper kind and in proper abundance,

the matter of quantity being of importance as well as quality. There are periodicals which are full of good things. There are books of history, of travel, of biography, of real adventure, which any one will be the better for reading. When means are wanting to furnish these at home, they can generally be obtained at small cost from a circulating library. In regions where no library exists, neighbors can easily form clubs for taking periodicals and buying books, to be exchanged among themselves. The great point is to provide such a supply of wholesome reading that there will be no craving left for that which is hurtful. Such a course cannot fail of good results. The superintendent of the House of Refuge, before quoted, says that, while they stop all the sensational papers which the injudicious liberality of friends furnishes the boys, they give the boys access to a continually growing library of wholesome literature. Not being able to get anything else, the boys read these books, and finally grow fond of them. If this is true among a class whose taste, in almost every instance, has been perverted, is it not much more likely to be the result in homes where parental watchfulness has anticipated and prevented a perversion of the intellectual appetite?

One antidote to the growth of this evil in any community will be found in a well-ordered library and reading-room. That such institutions are of much value, many towns and villages will testify. That they may, however, counteract, rather than increase the evil, the books and periodicals in them must be wisely selected. We by no means advocate the exclusion of all works of fiction from their shelves, though such a course is practised, as we are informed, with excellent results in interesting even youth in more substantial literature, by the free library of Germantown (Penn.) But we do deem it important that the librarian should be able wisely to influence the young reader in the choice of books, and when necessary, even exert a repressive power. Some youth read altogether too much, even of literature that is not evil. The superintendent of the Hartford (Conn.) Library Association recently reported that the accounts of that institution show that one boy had taken out 102 story-books in six months, and one girl 112 novels in

the same time! Wisely stocked, however, and judiciously managed, a library and a cheerful, bright reading-room, will be a barrier, checking the flood of trashy, sensational literature in any community. While it will not of itself alone entirely abate so pervasive an evil, it will serve to diminish it.

It should be observed that in some of the States there is a library law, through the operation of which any town desiring it can secure a good library. It is only necessary that a few public-spirited citizens interest themselves in the matter. The measure is practicable and efficient. Why should not a town tax itself to furnish that which will prove an education to old and young alike? Properly managed, the town-library will be found to be an excellent promoter of morality.

In this connection, we note a practical remedy that lies ready to the hands of those who would extinguish the evil in any community. It is this: watch the news-dealers. Refuse them your patronage if you find them selling to the youth that which is objectionable. It may not be possible entirely to prevent all surreptitious sale. But it is entirely possible to prevent news-dealers from tempting the young with a display of pernicious literature. The evil can thus be materially lessened. We have personal knowledge of one locality where it has been done. The news-dealers are watched, sometimes when they do not suspect it. Many of the best citizens have constituted themselves a standing committee on the subject, and the result is that the youth of that vicinity are, at least, not wantonly tempted.

Moreover, something can be done, if not in the cities, at least in the towns and villages, in educating the conscience of the news-dealer. In the smaller places there are commonly not more than one or two in the business. Even in the cities, the conscience of individual dealers can be touched, and the evil very much restricted. The news-companies have a responsibility in this connection which ought to weigh heavily upon those who manage them. In at least one instance we are assured that they do feel the responsibility, and exercise a discriminative power over the matter sent out.

The teachers in our schools, both public and private, can

do a great deal toward suppressing the evil among their pupils. They can do more, probably, to direct the taste toward that which is good, by creating a love for the best there is in literature. This is as important a function as a teacher can discharge. If he can lead a pupil to a course of proper reading, he is doing more for his pupil's real education than by conducting his recitations. And the Christian pastor can aid the good work both from the pulpit and in the homes of his charge.

The remedy for this evil lies partly with publishers. Every good periodical or book is an antidote to that which is bad. It is the bright side of this subject, that so much is done by religious publishing societies, as well as by private houses, in sending out healthful reading. Much of this goes through the Sabbath schools, and so is widely diffused. To be sure, a great deal of such literature is "goodish," but better be "goodish" than dirty. If we are capable of judging, moreover, there is of late a decided improvement in these publications. The periodicals and the books of our Sabbath-school libraries, in point of literary style, of common-sense views of life, of manliness in piety, are better than they used to be. We are glad to feel assured that in the religious juvenile literature that circulates so widely through our Sabbath schools, there is much that antidotes pernicious publications.

As regards a literature not distinctively religious, publishers can accomplish far more, even, than they have already done. They can furnish a literature for the young, instructive without being tedious, stirring without being unwarrantably exciting, stimulating without being untrue to nature. We do not expect them to do this in charity, but to do it in such wise that it shall repay them, while at the same time it will be a benefit to the young.

Finally, let it be said that whatever will prevent or curtail the profits of the makers and venders of this pernicious trash, will be the most potent remedy that can be applied. This literature is printed and sold because it is remunerative. The makers and venders do not desire, in most of the cases

certainly, to corrupt the young. But they know that their wares appeal to the youthful appetite, and so long as they make money by the sale they will be careless as to the effects. Of course, this is where the root of the whole evil is to be found. The amount involved in these publications is so great as to interpose a serious obstacle to their suppression. But now, if in any of the ways we have suggested, or in any others that may be presented to the community, the sale of these publications may be seriously diminished, that will be most effective progress toward the extinction of the evil.

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ARTICLE VIII.—THE DOCTRINE OF PERCEPTION.

1. *Lectures on Metaphysics.* By SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.
Edited by H. L. Mansel and J. Veitch. Boston: 1860.
2. *Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy.*
By J. STUART MILL. Boston: 1865.
3. *Constitution de la Matière.* Par M. PAPILLON. Paris:
1875.

THE origin of our sense perceptions—the respective parts assumed by object and subject in our conceptions of the non-ego—is the first question which meets the philosophical inquirer; and the answer necessarily determines, to a great extent, the character of his subsequent speculations. It is the foundation on which his entire philosophical system must rest. In the prosecution of this inquiry Sir William Hamilton enumerates and names not less than seven distinct hypotheses which may be, and indeed have been, suggested by different philosophers in explanation of the phenomena. Beginning with his own system of Natural Realism, or Natural Dualism, we pass by almost insensible gradations through all the shades of scepticism till we arrive at absolute Nihilism, or a denial of the existence, as such, of both mind and matter. Several of these hypotheses, however, are distinguished from each other by such slight differences that it will be unnecessary to notice them in detail. For all practical purposes every opinion on the subject entertained at this day may be classed under one of three general heads, viz.: Natural Dualism; Materialism, or Absolute Identity; and Idealism. The first, as already stated, is the doctrine held by Sir Wm. Hamilton; the second is that most popular with German metaphysicians and many physiologists; the third, under one of its two forms, is the theory advocated

by John Stuart Mill and the modern school of English philosophers.

But before discussing the relative merits of these several hypotheses, it is important to gain a clear conception of the matter in dispute. In investigations of this sort, the chief part of the task is to determine precisely what it is we wish to know, and the sources whence the knowledge is derived.

In the present case, it is obvious that all our knowledge is gained through the media of the five senses. These are our only connections with objective existence. What these do not give we cannot know. Whatever may be the actual condition of things—whatever may exist in the universe—we know only what comes within the range of our senses, and we know it only *as presented by* our senses. Whatever passes these is beyond the bounds of knowledge. Whatever is not adapted to excite some one of the senses is, to us, as though it did not exist. To the person born blind there is no conception of color; to the deaf there is no sound; to one deprived of smell or taste there are wanting the corresponding sensations; and, though there is no recorded instance of the entire absence of feeling, it is evident that, like the others, the knowledge derived from it could be obtained in no other way; so that, were a person born without any of the senses, he never could attain to the knowledge of an external world.

The first question, therefore, in any discussion of this sort, should be, of what are we conscious? This is the foundation of all our reasonings, and from it must be evolved all our rational belief. One cannot go behind consciousness. It is the ultimate principle of our nature. We *know* that we think, feel, will; and we know *what* we think, *how* we feel, *what* we will. This is all we can say of it. If any one is not satisfied with this he must be content to remain in doubt. Reasoning will not render it clearer, for reasoning presupposes a knowledge of our mental operations. Experience, though it may enable us to distinguish its different elements and trace them to their sources, will neither extend its influence nor increase its power; for consciousness is itself the condition of all knowledge. It is simple, uniform, and universal. Itself

inexplicable, consciousness is the standard of credibility. One may question the inferences of reason, doubt the validity of memory, and deny the obligations of conscience; but one cannot question the *fact* of reasoning, doubt the *consciousness* of memory, nor escape the *feeling* of obligation. These are facts of consciousness; those are inferences from its teaching. "Absolute scepticism," as Mill well says (*Exam. of Hamilton's Phil.*, Vol. I, pp. 160-161), "if there be such a thing, may be dismissed from discussion as raising an irrelevant issue, for in denying all knowledge it denies none. The dogmatist may be quite satisfied if the doctrine he maintains can be attacked by no arguments but those which apply to the evidence of the senses. If his evidence is equal to that, he needs no more; nay, it is philosophically maintainable, that by the laws of psychology we can conceive no more, and that this is the certainty which we call perfect."

But, though we cannot doubt the facts of consciousness, philosophers greatly differ in their inferences from its teaching. Though we cannot doubt, for instance, in perception, that we have certain conceptions which we call men and trees and houses, we may, without self-contradiction, deny that these conceptions are types or pictures of anything outside the mind. When we take into our hands an apple or an orange, no one can deny that we have a conception of a round, smooth body possessing a certain smell, taste, and color. No one can deny, in other words, that, when we conform to the proper conditions, we experience the sensations which together form our conceptions of these objects. The only question is, does the object, as we conceive it, actually exist, or is the mind determined, either by its own laws or some external excitant, to represent it to itself as existing? The fact of the conception and of the uncontrollable tendency to regard it as objective is unquestioned; the difference is that, with one party, the belief is held to prove itself, with the other, it is not. One party, in other words, holds our conceptions to be types or pictures of external bodies as they really exist; the other considers them creations of the mind itself, it being led thereto either through its own laws or some external stimulus, the nature of which

is a matter of inference. Sir Wm. Hamilton adopts the former opinion. Mr. Mill and the modern English philosophers generally incline to the latter.

"We are immediately conscious in perception," says Hamilton (*Lectures*, Vol. I, p. 288), "of an ego and a non-ego, known together, and known in contrast to each other. * * * In this act I am conscious of myself as the perceiving subject, and of an external reality as the object perceived; and I am conscious of both existences in the same indivisible moment of intuition. The knowledge of the subject does not precede, nor follow, the knowledge of the object; neither determines, neither is determined by, the other. Such is the fact of perception revealed in consciousness, and as it determines mankind in general in their almost equal assurance of the reality of an external world, as of the existence of our own minds." He admits, however, what cannot well be denied, that our intuitive knowledge is confined to objects in immediate contact with the sense. "It is not by perception," he says (*Lectures*, Vol. II, pp. 153-154), "but a process of reasoning, that we connect the objects of sense with existences beyond the sphere of immediate knowledge. It is enough that perception affords us the knowledge of the non-ego at the point of sense. To arrogate to it the power of immediately informing us of external things, *which are only the causes of the object we immediately perceive*, is either positively erroneous, or a confusion of language arising from an inadequate discrimination of the phenomenon."

It is, of course, absurd to talk of our being *conscious* of objects a million miles away. The mind can only know intuitively its own operations. But, admitting the possibility of intuitive knowledge as applied to objects at the point of sense we are as far as ever from the end proposed—"that the external reality itself is the object of which I am conscious in perception." If by "external reality" he meant the objects we represent to ourselves as composing the material universe—men, trees, houses, etc.—it is expressly admitted that they are a mere inference from the things we perceive; they are known to us only as the cause of our sensations. If, on the other

hand, "external reality" means the object in contact with the sense, it is easy to show that it is the very thing we do *not* perceive. This will appear from an analysis of our conceptions.

As regards the perceptions founded on taste, smell and hearing, there is no dispute. It is admitted that our notion of sweet and sour, an odor or a sound, is in no sense a type or picture of an objective reality. The mind is determined in its production of these conceptions by an external excitant; and the same excitant produces, doubtless, in all healthy minds substantially the same conception. What the nature of the excitant may be, however, is a matter of inference. The perception of sound, we are told, is caused by vibrations in the atmosphere; taste and smell are plausibly referred to the shape of the ultimate particles of bodies. However this may be, certain it is that there is no such thing as *noise* outside our own sensations; and it is equally certain that sweet and sour, together with the various odors, have no existence *as such* in the material world. Matter, in other words, so far as taste, smell, and hearing are concerned, is known to us only as the cause of certain sensations. Whatever character or attribute is consistent with the production of these sensations is consistent with all the knowledge we have concerning it derived from these senses.

It is on sight and touch, however, that philosophers chiefly rely to establish the existence of a material world. The secondary qualities of matter—those dependent on taste, smell, and hearing for their perception—Sir Wm. Hamilton admits are mere inferences of reason, hypotheses to account for the phenomena we experience, and consequently unknown to us except as the cause of those phenomena. But the primary qualities—those revealed by sight and touch, and without which matter is inconceivable—these are thought to stand upon a different basis. When we taste an apple or an orange, or inhale the perfume of a rose, we *infer* the existence of some quality in the fruit or flower which causes these sensations. But when we take into our hands a billiard ball, and experience the sensations of a round, smooth, hard, heavy body, possessing a

certain definite color, we are *conscious*, according to Sir Wm. Hamilton and the school of philosophers he represents, of the very qualities as they exist in the object. This is certainly drawing a nice distinction, and one for which we can see no good reason. If it is allowable in the case of hearing, smell, and taste, to consider our sensations as the products of the mind itself, excited to action by some external stimulant, why is it not equally permissible in the case of sight and touch? What greater evidence have we for the objective existence of forms and colors, than for sounds, smells and tastes? It is no answer to say that such is the natural teaching of the senses. If we ask a child or a savage he would unhesitatingly answer that all are objective—that sounds themselves as certainly proceed from the objects to which we attribute them, and tastes and odors as surely exist in external bodies, as forms and colors.

But it is unnecessary to rely on analogical arguments. An analysis of the conceptions themselves will show that, like those we have examined, sight and touch are mere connecting links between cause and effect, and in no sense afford a *representation* of objects. As the simpler of the two we will begin with sight

By sight, it is now universally admitted, we perceive only *color*. True, from the color of objects we are enabled by practice to infer some of their other qualities, as their shape, smoothness, or roughness, &c. That is—(as sight and touch work in conjunction), from the color of an object we are enabled to infer the impression it makes on touch. But it is a well established conclusion of science that the eye takes cognizance only of light, or color, and that whatever else we perceive by it is a mere inference from this. It follows that, if color is a creation of thought, if it has no existence outside the mind,—sight, like hearing, smell, and taste, must yield its claim to a direct presentation of objects; for, as we see only light, or color, if you take away the color, you destroy, so far as vision is concerned, the object itself. If color has no objective existence—if it is a quality with which the mind clothes the objects of sense—these objects, as they appear in our conceptions, are ideal.

Now this is precisely the case. Light, according to the universally received hypothesis of the present day, consists, or rather is caused by, the undulations of an ether, the different prismatic colors being merely waves of different lengths. Light, in other words, is precisely analogous, in this respect, to sound; and every conclusion we have found respecting the latter will hold good concerning the former. If sounds have no objective existence, colors have none. Whatever will account for the vibrations in the ether will account for our sensation of color, and of course will account for our sensation of colored objects. Matter, therefore, so far as sight is concerned, may or may not resemble our conceptions; it may, or may not, be a distinct essence; it may, or may not, be a substance at all as distinguished from our own thoughts. Whatever theory we may adopt to account for the phenomena must rest on probabilities. It will occupy the same position, and appeal to evidence of the same sort, as the theory of gravitation, or evolution, or any other physical hypothesis.

We come now to the last and most obscure of all the senses—touch. Obscure, because it is impossible for any one, endowed with sight, to determine precisely what notion he would form of things from touch alone. When we place our hands on a smooth surface, the idea we form of it is necessarily modified by our visual perception. Unquestionably, persons born blind are able to distinguish objects by touch alone; but experiments made upon such show that the notion they form of them is very different from that of persons endowed with sight. There is an instance in point related by Upham. In this case, by the operation of couching, sight was conferred on a person born blind. His first impressions from the new sense were carefully noted, and it was found that, in the absence of experience, he was unable to distinguish, by sight, objects which were perfectly familiar through touch. Where a globe and a cube were alternately presented he could tell they were different, but he was unable to say which was round and which was square.

Now, if the conceptions we form of objects were the same from the two senses, one in the condition of the man just

cited ought to find no difficulty in identifying them. If we have already formed the notion of a globe from touch, we ought to find no difficulty in recognizing it when presented by sight. That we do find such difficulty, or rather, that, in the absence of experience, it is impossible to identify the two notions, shows conclusively that they are not alike. But if they are different, which is true? If the conception we form of a surface from touch is different from that obtained through sight, what right have we to prefer one to the other? Do they not, in fact, overturn each other? As both cannot be objectively true, does not their discordance prove, or at least render it highly probable, that neither is so? An analysis of the sensations themselves will confirm the latter opinion.

All the notions derived from touch may be reduced to those of *extension*, *form*, and *resistance*. Let us see if either contains the notion of matter as a distinct essence.

As regards extension, if it is anything more than the idea of space combined with that of resistance—resisting space—it is, as we have already noted, inconceivable except as a phenomenon of sight. We can form no conception of extension—we cannot represent it in thought—except either as a *colored* surface, i. e. as *seen*, or simply as resistance spread out, so to speak. Extension, therefore, may be dismissed as either a form of *resistance* or as a phenomenon of sight.

The second notion (form), it is evident, must follow in the wake of the first. It is simply extension in two directions. If *extension* has no objective existence, *form* can have none. You cannot have a cube if you have no planes; you cannot have a solid if you have no surfaces.

The only notion, therefore, primarily derived from touch, on which we may found a belief in matter as a distinct essence, is *resistance*. If this does not require it, there is no foundation for the belief at all. If the idea of resistance may be explained as a phenomenon of *mind*, matter itself must follow the same course. But the idea of resistance is simply the consciousness of muscular effort. What we seek, therefore, is an explanation of this notion of effort—the origin of the conception we call *force*. Whatever is competent to explain that, is

competent to explain the notion of resistance. The two conceptions are substantially the same.

What, then, is force? Is it a quality of matter as distinguished from mind? Do bodies of themselves move? Does matter of itself attract and repel? When a billiard ball in motion strikes another at rest, the first loses, the second acquires, force. Has any matter been transferred?

These questions suggest, what is undoubtedly the truth, that our idea of force is derived from the operations of will. Whenever we produce any change in the conditions surrounding us—whenever we move our own bodies, or produce any physical effect—we encounter resistance, we are conscious of effort. The two notions are inseparable. Whether from habit, or the natural constitution of the mind, we cannot conceive any physical change without connecting with it the notion of power, force. All the phenomena of the physical universe resolve themselves into the various manifestations of energy. Take away this notion and you destroy at once every vestige of matter. But, as we have seen, force is primarily an attribute of mind. The only notion we can form of it is derived from consciousness. The only conception we have of physical energy, and consequently of a material universe, is a projection, so to say, of our own thoughts; it is a realization in objective resistance of our own consciousness in the exercise of will. In other words it is purely ideal.

Matter, then, so far as the senses reveal it, and so far as we can possibly know it, is simply an objective cause of our sensations. That the mind is determined in its perceptive activities by some external excitant seems, as stated by Sir Wm. Hamilton, a clear datum of consciousness. While there is no reason to believe, there is every reason to doubt, that the stimulant bears any resemblance whatever to our conception. It is, as Stuart Mill defines it, merely a permanent possibility of sensation. This is all we know of it. Its nature is altogether a matter of inference. We occupy precisely the same position with reference to the physical world in general that the physicist occupies with reference to the nature of light, or sound, or electricity, or any other force with which he deals. We know that

when we receive upon the optic nerve the direct rays of the sun, it causes an impression we call white light. We know that this white light, when passed through a glass prism, is spread out into a colored band. We know that this same light, when passed through a prism of Iceland spar, and in various other ways, is polarized; and we know that a beam of polarized light is reflected in some directions and not reflected in others. We know that two beams of monochromatic light, when combined under certain circumstances, are quenched; and that two beams of white light, under the same circumstances, produce the various prismatic colors. We know a hundred other facts of similar character, showing the action of light under various circumstances. The problem presented to the physicist is to explain these facts. It is his province and his duty to invent some theory of light, which will enable the imagination to represent how the various phenomena it presents occur, and to anticipate others. Subject only to the conditions that his hypothesis shall be consistent with itself and with other established principles, and shall not assume more than is necessary, he has a right to attribute to objective existences whatever character may be required by the facts—whatever character, that is, which may be necessary in order to represent in imagination the actual phenomena. His hypothesis may be false in fact; but, if it fulfils these conditions, it is true in the only sense in which any physical theory is true—it enables the imagination to represent truly what occurs.

Now this, we assume, applies throughout the entire physical universe. Objective existence, in all the various forms presented by the senses, is an effort of the imagination to picture what occurs in the non-ego. It differs from the theory of light, or sound, or other scientific hypotheses, only in this, that the *form* of the representation is imperiously enforced by the nature of our faculties. Leaving out of view the phenomena of polarization and some other facts connected with the subject, we may assume light to result either from solid particles shot out by luminous bodies, or from vibrations in a very attenuated and perfectly elastic medium; and either hypothesis will answer the requirements—it will enable us to represent in

thought what actually occurs. But no one endowed with sight can conceive a surface except as *colored* space. The *form* of the representation is absolutely determined by the nature of the faculty. Tickle the optic nerve and you "see stars"; tickle the auditory nerve and you hear sounds. The same excitant produces *light* or *noise* according to circumstances. What the excitant is, embodied in objective existence, is a matter of inference. You may call it material, you may call it spiritual; but, as we have no right to assume more causes than are necessary to explain the facts, we are bound to believe that it is the same in substance with the mind itself. Our conceptions, it is certain, afford no evidence of its nature. They are doubtless true in the sense in which a scientific hypothesis is true—they enable us to conceive activities which, without their material dress, our faculties could not grasp. But the material dress itself, there is every reason to believe, is in every case altogether a product of thought—it has no objective reality.

ART. IX.—THE SUTRO TUNNEL.

[THE Sutro Tunnel, which was commenced in 1869, and, after these many years of struggle with the elements, and with that still greater foe of human endeavor—the opposing interests of envious and antagonistic parties—has at last reached a position which assures its complete and well-merited success. It is no exaggeration to say that in point of magnitude, the outlay of money and degree of engineering skill displayed, the Sutro Tunnel stands unrivalled in the annals of individual enterprise.

The author of the following brief and authoritative paper—Mr. Theodore Sutro, for a number of years Attorney for the Company, and brother of the gentleman who conceived, carried forward, and gave his name to the great work—has taken this occasion to correct some very natural misapprehensions on the part of the public, in respect of the aims and objects of the enterprise, which we doubt not will be read with interest and profit; promising, meanwhile, to return to the subject and give, in a future number of the REVIEW, a fuller and more detailed account of the work itself.—EDITORS.]

Let it be understood *ab initio* that the Sutro Tunnel does not pierce a mountain—running through it from one side to the other—but, like all great mining tunnels, is in the nature of a *cul de sac*, with its mouth at the base of the mountain and its termination, or in mining parlance “header,” in the Comstock Lode; also that its principal object is not to convey railroad or horse-car passengers or run canal-boats, nor, on the other hand, to find “big bonanzas,” all of which amusing inquiries, among many others of like nature, have been made of the writer. The original purpose of the work is twofold, namely: to drain one of the greatest precious-metal deposits ever discovered, of their never failing flood of water, and incidentally

also, to explore that great deposit. So it was expressed in the title of the Act of Congress of July 25th, 1866, which granted the right of way, and other privileges, to aid in the construction of a "Draining and Exploring Tunnel" to the Comstock Lode in the State of Nevada. The enterprise should never have been looked upon as an experiment or mining venture at all, as it simply applied to a new locality a system of mining for centuries in vogue in Europe, and proved to be the most rational in a mineral region of the Comstock topography; prominent examples being the Ernst August tunnel in the Harz Mountains, the Rothereschœneberger tunnel at Freiberg (Saxony), the Kaiser Joseph tunnel at Schemnitz (Hungary), the great drain tunnel of the United Mines near Redruth in Cornwall, and the many drain tunnels (*contraminas*) of Spain and other countries.

But, owing to the impatient greed of man for sudden riches, and to the misrepresentations of the Comstock mine owners who desired to obtain control of the tunnel by discouraging its prosecution, the main objects of the work were gradually lost sight of and the general expectation warped in the direction of hoping for "big bonanzas" in the course of piercing the mountain horizontally,—the same as if it were an ordinary perpendicular mining shaft. And when the tunnel, therefore, in its progress merely passed several very powerful ordinary veins (such for example, as in a very diminutive form, wholly compose mines like the Homestake, Hukill, Moose and others), some of the principal stockholders felt a keen pang of disappointment and the jealous "outsiders" a comfortable sense of relief, as if the tunnel were already a failure. But the mine owners themselves knew better; proof being that, when they had to give up in despair trying to confiscate the tunnel *dolo malo*, they attacked it *vi et armis* with injunctions, protests, notices and threats for not being allowed to use it in an unfinished state for the very purpose which they had, during ten long years, published to the world as something which the tunnel never could accomplish, viz.: to drain the water from their flooded mines. But the culminating proof of the necessity of the tunnel is that all the mining companies have now, as a

dernier ressort for securing its use, entered into proper agreements to permit its completion,—thus enabling the tunnel to receive their water without injury,—and, furthermore, agreeing to make some just return for the immense benefits accruing to them.

The completion of the tunnel here alluded to, consists in an air-tight covered sub-drain now being excavated under the car-tracks to carry off the steaming hot water (temperature about 150°); and when, in a few days, said water shall have begun to flow off, and the various mines, after being connected with the tunnel by drifts and shafts, shall, in the course of time, have been effectually drained, then the great dream of the indefatigable originator of the enterprise will have been substantially realized, and all the other uses, benefits and advantages of the tunnel, over and above that, will be *post praelia provenia*.

The chief among these additional advantages is the facility which the tunnel will afford for extracting and smelting the millions of tons of low-grade ore which lie partly exposed to view in the two hundred miles of shafts and galleries, and partly still concealed in the depths of the Comstock mines, having heretofore been passed by as not likely to pay for the expense of hoisting it to the surface and of transportation to the mills and reduction works. The tunnel will afford the cheapest possible way of utilizing these immense ore-bodies through the instrumentality of *chutes* by which the ore can be lowered into cars and conveyed through the mouth of the tunnel to mills, which will be erected near the Carson river and driven by the water-power of that stream. The correctness of this view is demonstrable, if we consider that this ore assays from ten to twenty dollars per ton, and that the expense per ton, from the time of extracting it till it is in the shape of bullion, under the old system, is at least twenty dollars, whilst through the tunnel and mills at Carson river it is estimated that it will not exceed eight dollars.

The tunnel will also serve as a great air-flue for ventilating and cooling the whole net-work of the Comstock mines; its utility in that respect having been effectually demonstrated,

when connection was made with the shaft of the Savage mine in the Summer of 1878, in the almost overpowering blast of air which roared through the twenty thousand horizontal feet of tunnel, and upward through the two thousand perpendicular feet of the Savage shaft to Virginia City, clearing and purifying heated depths which never had received a breath of air from the outside world. *

It would be beyond the scope of this brief and hurried sketch to do more than merely mention the advantages the tunnel will afford as a new basis of operations for working the mines thousands of feet below its own level; for conveying larger numbers of miners to their work by means of long trains of cars, which may be run by steam at short intervals on the double-tracked road-bed, instead of lowering and hoisting a dozen men at a time in small cages through perpendicular shafts; for carrying ice cut from the Carson river or from the artificial lakes formed by the waters flowing from the tunnel, at about one-twentieth of the present cost, to the hot galleries below the tunnel level (no small item if it is considered that many thousand tons are consumed annually by the miners in the various mines); for transporting to Virginia City the six hundred cords of firewood there consumed daily, direct from Carson river (on which it is floated down from the Sierras) through the tunnel, instead of through the circuitous route of the Virginia and Truckee Railroad, thus saving an expense of fully four dollars per cord; for exploring and utilizing the several veins already cut by the four miles of tunnel, and those that, from the surface indications ("croppings") on the slope of Mount Davidson, will probably be met with in that unexplored syenite country beyond the Comstock, which the Act of Congress permits the Tunnel Company to penetrate for the linear distance of an additional full three miles; and for irrigating from the waters of the tunnel that beautiful strip of country sloping down for one and one-half miles to the Carson river, and embracing about five thousand acres owned by the Tunnel Company, partly by grant of Congress, partly by purchase, thereby creating a true garden spot in that otherwise arid region of rock and sage brush. Suffice

it to say that when not only the main tunnel shall be in full working order, by being connected by means of drifts with all the mines, and which, at the present rate of progress, may reasonably be expected before the expiration of the year,—but when, in the course of time, also the three miles beyond the Comstock lode shall be completed, and innumerable branches, galleries, drifts and shafts shall have been constructed across, above and below the main tunnel, so as to honey-comb that whole immense silver mountain like a great coral reef, as it were; and when the modest little town of Sutro, at the mouth of the tunnel, shall, in consequence, have grown to the proportion of a worthy rival of its older sister, Virginia City,—then it will not only require no further argument to show that the successful completion of such a work, in the face of almost insuperable difficulties—interposed by man rather than by nature—was something extraordinary; but the work itself also will show its grandest success in being the means of maintaining an immense mining population in prosperous activity for centuries; thus corroborating the prediction made fifteen years ago by one of the greatest living geologists, Baron Von Richthofen, that “the amount of nearly fifty millions which have been extracted from the Comstock Lode” (now nearly four hundred millions) “is but a small proportion of the amount of silver awaiting future extraction in the virgin portions of the vein, from the lowest levels explored down to *indefinite* depth; * * *

” and, again, that in case no tunnel should be constructed, “the treasures buried in the unexplored depths of the vein will be valueless, in the other they will be a *lasting* source of wealth for the owners of the mines, for the population of Washoe, and that portion of the community at large which depends more or less on the products of the Comstock Lode.”

X.—REVIEWS AND CRITICISMS.

PHILOSOPHY.

Problems of Life and Mind. By GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

FIRST SERIES: *The Foundation of a Creed.* 2 vols. 12°
pp. 434-487.

SECOND SERIES: *The Physical Basis of Mind.* 1 vol. 12°
pp. 556.

THIRD SERIES: *The Study of Psychology.* 1 vol. 12° pp.
189. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co: 1874-1879.

"PHILOSOPHY," says the author of these volumes, "aims at an explanation of the world in which we have our being." But to enable one to explain the world and rightly to interpret the phenomena of life and mind—to be a philosopher, in brief—it is necessary that one's mind be free from the bias of barbaric traditions and the *pseudo* philosophies which have sprung prematurely from the vanity and conceits of magisterial men. Unless we are mistaken, the late Mr. Lewes was one who fulfilled these desiderata, being qualified by nature and circumstance to study philosophy, or, in other words, rightly to interpret the phenomena of the world. Possessing a mind of singular independence; being a disciple of no master, and an adherent of no exclusive school, system of philosophy, or sect in religion; untrammelled, therefore, by the positive influence of other minds; a doubter of the utility of dogmas or scholastic doctrines; a critic of methods of thought and forms of belief; a metaphysician, disputing the methods of metaphysicians; a devotee of science and art; a hater of bigotry and superstition; and, while a sceptic, yet a believer in the essential verities of religion; an indefatigable student and *littérateur*; and, to crown all, a man of marked ability and ripe scholarship—these were advantages and qualities which peculiarly fitted him for the task which he imposed upon himself, but did not live long enough to finish, and which is disclosed in the series of volumes before us. That task was to reconcile the truths of antagonistic systems of

philosophy and lay the foundation of a consistent, rational creed. Nor was this all. He endeavored to reduce the well-grounded principles of the old metaphysical school of thought to a system consistent with the demonstrations of science—particularly with those relating to physiology. How far he has succeeded in doing this the critical reader must decide. Certain it is that no man since Bacon has done as much as he to point out the fallacies of past systems of philosophy, and to harmonize the conflicting methods of metaphysics and science—to draw the line between what is verifiable and what lies beyond the recognition of the senses—between what is empirical, or experimental, and what is metempirical, or speculative;—in brief, between faith and reason, intuitive knowledge and inductive analysis. Rational religion, indeed, owes Mr. Lewes an acknowledgment which it is slow to make. Religion, in his view, must conform to the law of evolution. It must keep pace with the progress of ideas, and in the future as in the past, express and embody “the highest thought of the time, as that thought widens with the ever-growing experience.” This is its true province and destiny. “It must not attempt to imprison the mind in formulas which no longer contain the whole of positive knowledge. It must not attempt to force on our acceptance, as explanations of the universe, dogmas which were originally the childish guesses of truth made by barbarian tribes. It must no longer present a conception of the world and physical laws, or of man and moral laws, which has any other basis than that of scientific induction. It must no longer put forward principles which are unintelligible and incredible, nor make their unintelligibility a source of glory, and a belief in them a higher virtue than belief in demonstration. In a word, this transformed religion must cease to accept for its tests and sanctions such tests as would be foolishness in science, and such sanctions as would be selfishness in life.”—(Vol. I, p. 3.) Such a view of the offices of religion is very agreeable reading to the rationalist, or to one who has confidence in the divine order and apportionment of things, and who therefore must believe that the present antagonism between science and religion will ultimately merge into an energetic coöperation. Mr. Lewes confidently expected that “the internecine warfare which has so long disturbed religion and obstructed science will give place to a doctrine which will respect the claims of both, and satisfy the needs of both.” So may it be.

The learned author of these volumes differs from the pure scientist in believing that there is a vast realm of the knowable outside and beyond the present limit of our faculties. While admitting the importance of ascertaining the limits of research, the author insists that they must not be arbitrarily assigned. “Before declaring any subject inaccessible, to others no less than ourselves,” he says, “we must clearly see the grounds why it is so; and before attempting to reach one that is accessible, we must have some vision of the path by which it may be reached.”—(*Id.* p. 21.)

Then he argues that accessibility is relative; that a feat of reason or experiment, which is easily effected by a mental athlete, trained in his specialty, would be impossible to a novice in science, or to a man deficient in mental training. "What, for example," he writes, "could be more absurd than for one of the laity to attempt to measure and weigh stars many millions of millions of miles removed from his grasp; or to ascertain the velocity of light, or of the translation of our solar system towards the constellation of Hercules? Yet geometry, trigonometry, and dynamics render these things possible." The author uses with great skill and effectiveness the facts and achievements of modern science, to illustrate and give force to his arguments. Science has conducted us into heights and depths, into mysteries and out of mysteries, that were once regarded as unfathomable and insoluble, and performed feats in mathematics and electro-dynamics which far exceed the ordinary conceptions of the miraculous. This is certainly justifiable grounds of speaking with confidence of its powers and possibilities.

He does not therefore, like many of his scientific *confrères*, deny the existence of the undemonstrable, nor confine himself to new generalizations from recognized data; but he rather seeks new data and larger means of exploring new domains of thought, and bringing within the mental vision the infinity of causes which are, as yet, matters of speculation. He does not deal therefore with the known, with positive knowledge, *per se*, but makes use of positive knowledge as a means of reaching truths more abstruse, such as relate more particularly to final causes.

"It is towards the transformation of metaphysics by reduction to the method of exact science that these pages tend," he writes. "Their object is," he continues, "to show that the method which has hitherto achieved such splendid success in science needs only to be properly interpreted and applied, and by it the inductions and deductions from experience will furnish solutions to every metaphysical problem that can be rationally stated."—(*Id.* p. 4.) Such a statement, made with such positive assurance, cannot but shock the sensibilities of a scientist, who happens at the same time to be familiar with the metaphysical vagaries of Kant, Locke, or Descartes. But the author fortifies himself against assault, like the rhetorical fencing-master that he is, by asserting, what is sufficiently obvious, that "no problem, metaphysical, or scientific, which is irrationally stated, can receive a rational solution."—(*Id.*) And what is true of metaphysics in this respect, is likewise true of every department of philosophy, not excepting theosophy and psychology. Indeed, he distinctly affirms his conviction of the possibility of applying the Differential Calculus to the investigation and interpretation of psychology. "I have no distinct vision of how to make the beginning," he admits, because he "cannot yet determine the coördinates,"—that is to say, he cannot as yet put the questions in calculable shape.—(*Id.* p. 14.) But he promises to show "in these pages," unless he is mistaken, "how the

problems may be presented in soluble shape ; how they may be affiliated to all other soluble problems."—(*Ib.*) Since truth is a unit, and no demonstration in one department of philosophy or science can be at variance with that in any other, we are prepared to accept the author's conclusion and promise. If he has not succeeded in his task he ought to have done so, for surely, the data is ample—the harvest is ripe, and laborers are not wanting.

It is impossible to follow the author, in brief space, through the complexities of his subject. In general, he is lucid and incontrovertible, sometimes a little tedious in details, never desultory, frequently prolix, now and then indulges in repetition, always methodical, seldom inexact. The first volume is devoted to an exhaustive discussion of *The Limitation of Knowledge*, which constitutes Problem I. The following Problems are comprised in volume second : *The Principles of Certitude* (Problem II); *From the Known to the Unknown* (Problem III); *Matter and Force* (Problem IV); *Force and Cause* (Problem V); *The Absolute in the Correlations of Feeling and Motion* (Problem, VI). These problems receive elaborate treatment, in which the author corrects some of the fallacies and misconceptions of the leaders of the modern school of metaphysics, and pays his respects to a few of the adherents of the inductive school, notably Comte, Farraday and Herbert Spencer. As an illustration of his analytical method in dealing with abstract subjects, we cite the following observation on "a law of nature," a subject which has been the chief hope and dependence of the sceptic and negationist from time immemorial :

"A law of nature is not an agent nor an agency by which substances are coerced, but an abstract expression of the series of positions which substances [and things both animate and inanimate, he could properly say] assume under given conditions. It is not a creator of the phenomena, it is their *formula*. It does not precede and coerce them, it is evolved by them. No positive biologist imagines that the laws of life determine animal and vegetable forms ; the metempirical imagines this and believes in the objective existence of types. What types are in biology, laws are in philosophy : ideal constructions expressing the observed uniformities among phenomena ; but these uniformities," he repeats, "do not depend on some agency apart from the constituent integers of the phenomena ; they are simply the expression of the coexistent values."—(Vol. II, p. 336.)

From this point of view—and it would be difficult to controvert it—law and cause are identical, and those who fly to either as a justification of doubt in the existence of an overruling and ever-living Presence in matter and material phenomena, have really no logical advantage over the benighted, orthodox Gnostic and theologian of either the past or present.

It may not be uninteresting to cite the author's definition of another subject which has also puzzled the minds of thinkers in every age, viz. : Matter "In its widest senses, matter is the symbol

of all the known properties, statical and dynamical, passive and active—*i. e.* subjectively as feeling and change of feeling, or objectively as agent and action.”—(*Id.* p. 233.) The inquiry as to the nature of matter he relegates to the domain of the irrational, and therefore, is not susceptible of a rational solution (*Id.* p. 275); claiming, and justly so, that all we know, or can know, of matter is its properties, that is to say, the manner in which it affects us, and other matter to which it is related, or with which it is in contact (observation and feeling). “To know the properties of matter is to know what matter is;” and this knowledge consists wholly of the cognitions of our sense-perceptions. Destroy these and matter, as such, would have no existence, for the same reason that to one who is color-blind, color has no existence.

However interesting the study of these problems of the physical world may be, they pale in significance as compared with the significance of the study of their relations to the higher problems in physics, *viz.*: Life and Mind. To this latter study Mr. Lewes devotes the third and most interesting volume of the series.

In *The Physical Basis of Mind*, the author's method and powers of expression do him good service. It is superfluous to detail, to readers of the REVIEW, the struggle which has been going on during the past century, and which is not yet ended, between physiologists themselves, and between physiologists and theologians, as to the question whether mind be an instrument or an agent of organization; in other words, whether life and mind precede, or follow organization. It is proper to observe that on this question physiologists have been, and are still, divided; the old school, having a theological bias, taking the position that mind precedes organization; the new school, among whom Mr. Lewes must be classed, as persistently claiming that mind is a sequence of the latter. To the uninitiated in biological subjects and problems the controversy doubtless seems idle and profitless. And so it would be in fact, were not problems involved in the decision of it of great magnitude and importance. If mind be dependent upon organization, says one, then it ceases to exist when the organization is destroyed. But if mind, on the other hand, be the power behind the organization, the latter dependent on the former, as a mere agent of it, then one may conclude, with no offence to logic, that mind exists after the decadence of the organism. If mind existed before the organism, surely it could exist after its dissolution. It is not altogether creditable to one's disinterestedness, in the pursuit of truth, to be influenced in one's judgment more by that which is pleasant to believe, than that which is strictly deducible from accepted data. Be that as it may, it is quite evident to the attentive observer of human nature, that it has not yet so far overcome the love of self as to permit itself to lapse into abnegation, even though the evidence tend in that direction. And yet, though it is difficult to lay aside

one's predilections, and to triumph over the influence of selfish considerations in matters of philosophy affecting the probabilities of a future life for one's self, it seems more befitting the dignity of human nature to accept the logic of the facts and to follow the evidence of the truth whithersoever it may lead, regardless of conclusions. To do otherwise evinces a want of courage in one's conviction, and a proper faith in divine wisdom in the ordering and consummation of things.

Mr. Lewes seems to have exhausted the knowable in his argument for a physical basis of life. Nor does he write like an advocate. We do not remember to have seen, in the annals of medical literature or elsewhere, the subject of *animal automatism*, treated with such breadth and impartiality as it is here treated in the third essay.—(Vol. III, p. 345.) The author attempts, in this essay, "a psychological solution of that much debated question"—to which we have adverted—the relation of body and mind. "This solution," he observes, "explains why physical and mental phenomena must necessarily present to our apprehension such profoundly diverse characters; and shows that materialism, in attempting to deduce the mental from the physical, puts into the conclusion what the very terms have excluded from the premises; whereas, on the hypothesis of a physical process being only the objective aspect of a mental process, the attempt to interpret the one by the other is as legitimate as the solution of a geometrical problem by algebra."—(*Preface*, p. viii.)

And so it seems to us. Substance and property, subjective and objective, like concave and convex surfaces, are ever found in conjunction in the evolution of matter and mind. Mr. Lewes has treated this subject in this, the third volume of the series, in a very luminous manner. We extract a few passages from the essay on *The Nature of Life* which will give a good insight into the author's method of discussing the subject:

"The evolution of life is the evolution of special properties and functions from general properties and functions. The organism rises in power as it ramifies into variety. Out of a seemingly structureless germinal membrane, by successive differentiations certain portions are set apart for the dominant, or exclusive, performance of certain processes; just as in the social organism there is a setting apart of certain classes of men for the dominant, or exclusive performance of offices, which by their coöperation constitutes society. * * * An amoeba manifests the general properties of nutrition, reproduction, sensibility and movement. But it has no special organs, consequently no special functions." * * *

"Differences of structure and connection necessarily bring about corresponding differences in function, since function is the *direct energy* of the properties of tissues. One organ will differ from another in structure, as the liver from the pancreas, or the kidney from the spleen; or one organ may closely resemble

another, but differ from it only in *connections*, as a sensory and a motor nerve, or an extensor and a flexor muscle. We must therefore bear both points in mind. Every modification, structural or connectional, is translated by a corresponding modification in the office. The hand and the foot show this well. The tissues are the same in both, the properties are the same, and both have the same general function of prehension; but their morphological differences carry corresponding differences in their uses."—(*Id.* pp. 72-73.)

Again, he observes :

"The substance of a rhizopod is indeed simple as compared with that of higher organisms, but is complex as compared with anorganisms; and corresponding with this simplicity of structure there is simplicity of vital function." Moreover, he continues, "the properties of steam are exhibited by the kettle on the fire, no less than by the gigantic engine which animates a manufactory; but the *uses* of steam (the functions of the engine) vary with the varying structure, and the applications of that structure to other structures. Precisely analogous is the case of the organ and its function, in relation to the living substance of which it is a peculiar modification. Vital actions are manifested by a lump of protoplasm; but these actions are as sharply demarcated from the actions of more highly organized animals, as the phenomena of a steam-engine are from those of a tea-kettle."—(*Id.* p. 79.)

This analogy holds good, we may remark, throughout the domain of biology, increasing in importance, however, with the increasing complexities of organization. From the uniformity of this fact, the author deduces and italicizes what he calls a biological law, as follows :

"Identity of tissues everywhere implies identity of property; and similarity of tissue corresponding similarity of property. Identity of organic connection everywhere implies identity of function; and similarity of organic connection similarity of function."—(*Id.* p. 77.)

It would be doing gross injustice to the author to close our brief notice of this volume, *The Physical Basis of Mind*, without some allusion to the chapter on *The Reflex Theory*. The author's studies in this department of physiology place him in the front rank of the modern school. He combats the popular notion that sensibility is confined to the sensorium, and insists that the evidence, which he adduces, is sufficient to render "the hypothesis which assigns sensibility to the nervous mechanism as a whole," more acceptable than the one generally received. Experiments on birds and other animals from which the brain had been removed, prove conclusively to us, that the phenomena known as animal automatism, are due to spinal reflexes; and they are of such a character as not to be legitimately excluded from sentience. In other words, the spinal cord is a centre of intelligence, at least to the extent of directing and controlling bodily movements and

functions—under the influence of appropriate stimuli, of course. As, for example, the decapitated bird walks *when put upon its feet*, or eats *when food is put into its mouth*; but it could not voluntarily get up on its feet, or voluntarily seek or select its food.

The author instances analogous facts of this class in great profusion, from his own experience and that of others, in support of the new hypothesis. The following experiment from his own notes is of exceeding interest:

"I decapitated a toad and a triton, and divided the spinal cord of another triton and a frog. At first, the movements of the decapitated animals were insignificant; but on the second day, the headless toad was quite as lively as the frog; and the headless triton little less so than his companion with cord divided, but brain intact. I have, at the time of writing this, a frog whose cord was divided some weeks ago. He remains almost motionless unless when touched; he is generally found in the same spot, and in the same attitude today as yesterday, unless touched, or unless the table be shaken. He occasionally moves one of the forelegs; occasionally one of the hindlegs; but without changing his position. If he were brainless, this quiescence would be cited in proof of the absence of spontaneity in the absence of the brain; but this conclusion would be fallacious and is seen to be so in the spontaneous movements of his companion who has *no* brain."—(*Id.* pp. 482-483.)

The author enlarges upon his subject with great particularity and detail, collating biological facts from distinguished sources, as well as from experiments of his own, and comparing them with the phenomena of human life in its manifold phases, physiological and pathological, in support of a conclusion irresistible to one with a physiological bias,—altogether making a contribution to the subject of mental physiology which no student of either medicine or philosophy can afford to ignore, or remain in ignorance of.

The fourth and concluding volume of this series is a monograph on *The Study of Psychology*. One familiar with the preceding volumes can have no difficulty in anticipating the author's method in this. He complains that the study of the sentient side of human nature has heretofore failed of fruitful results for the want of a scientific method. In a true science, he rightly says, "the discovery of today enlarges without overturning the conceptions of yesterday." It has been otherwise with discoveries in psychology. Heretofore, each development of it has taken the name of its author, as the psychology of Kant, Hartley, Cabanis, Lotze, Bain, or Spencer. There has been, therefore, plenty of systems, but no system. Instead of the labors of each contributing to a common fund, and enlarging the boundaries of the science, they have been the source of anarchy, nullifying the labors of past investigators and adding little to lighten the labors of their successors. There should be evolution in psychology the same as

there has been in mathematics, astronomy, or chemistry; the same as there is now going on in biology, anthropology, ethnology, or physiology. In all these sciences the elementary principles are established, and the discoveries which are made in their respective departments do not displace or overturn those that have preceded. Every new fact, or generalization, in either of these sciences is a direct contribution to the sum of human knowledge.

Nor is this the only specification in the indictment which he brings against the modern "systems." Students of psychology have heretofore misapprehended the scope of the science, and mistaken the true lines of its study. They have persistently regarded life and mind as distinct essences existing independent of the organism, and given their phenomena a local habitation and a name—Soul. Acting on the suggestion of St. Paul, of a spiritual body, they have endeavored to find its seat and to discover its nature and probable destiny. Nor could they understand how any of the related sciences could be of any service in its investigation. Nothing could be more natural. In the then conditions of the collateral sciences of biology, physiology and sociology, the study of psychology had to be prosecuted independent of any light they could lend. Moreover, psychology, in their view, comprehends the study of the soul, and is therefore unrelated to other subjects, or phenomena. So long as theology dominated the minds of men he would have been a bold man who dared to intimate the propriety of studying soul, or psychical phenomena, outside the human kingdom. Hence psychical observations have been confined to the human species, and chiefly to the study of consciousness. We have had, therefore, a psychology based on the intuitions and sensations, developed under the lead of introspection, leaving the vast realm of the unconscious entirely unexplored.

The author believes that the time is come, that the materials exist, when "a first approximation, to the constitution of the science may be made." And he avers, that "neither introspective analysis alone, nor objective observation [investigation] alone, nor even the union of the two, if confined to the investigation of the individual mind and individual organism, will suffice. Psychology investigates the human mind, not an individual's thoughts and feelings; and has to consider it [the mind] as the product of the human organism, not only in relation to the Cosmos, but also in relation to society. For man is distinctively a social being; his animal impulses are profoundly modified by social influences, and his higher faculties are evolved through social needs. By this recognition of the social factor as the complement to the biological factor, this recognition of mind as an expression of organic and social conditions, the first step is taken towards the constitution of our science."—(pp. 5-6.)

This idea is by no means new, or original with the author. Nor does he claim its originality, due credit being given by him to its true author, M. Comte.

The author's differentiation of psychology from physiology deserves a passing notice. He everywhere keeps clearly before the mind the distinction between subject and object ; the analogy between life and mind, conditions and entities. The *phenomena* of mind is the subject of investigation, not *mind* in the abstract, of which one knows as much and as little as one does of any force in the abstract. He declines, therefore, to separate psychology from biology, since he is not able to separate mind from life. Both are to be studied in connection with the organism and its relations to the external world. The place of physiology, therefore, he defines, as "that of the organic *conditions of production* ; the place of psychology being that of the *products*." In other words, "physiology deals directly and chiefly with the objective aspect of sentient facts, and their relation to the visible organism ; psychology with the same facts in their subjective aspect as states of feeling, not as organic changes."—(pp. 13-14.)

In this manner the author goes through the complexities of his subject, acknowledging the merits of this thinker and controverting the fallacies of that ; and while giving due credit to the labors of others in the same field, fails not to recognize the merits of his own. The work is an important contribution to psychology, and must in the end have a tendency to discredit the merits of those works on mental science, which, unfortunately, still find acceptance as text-books in the schools and colleges of Europe and America.

From a literary point of view, this volume is not the equal of those that have preceded it. It is wanting in that fulness of detail, elaboration and precision of statement and expression, which so remarkably characterize the other volumes of the series of *Problems of Life and Mind*.

Faith and Rationalism. With Short Supplementary Essays on Related Topics. By GEORGE P. FISHER, D.D. 12° pp. 188. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

THE "tidal wave" of rationalism which swept over the religious world in the wake of the scientific spirit, a quarter of a century ago, has had the effect of producing a revival of theological interest. The adherents of Faith are rallying recruits from all quarters. The best scholars of the schools are being sent forth to battle with the "Infidel hordes," the influence of whose teachings is "exciting dismay" throughout Christendom. But not only is this being done : a special effort is put forth by theological seminaries so to train a class of theologians in the sciences that they may be able to meet and vanquish the "progeny" of rationalism on their own ground. Even the Unitarians at

Cambridge have caught the *zeit-geist* and are moving in the matter. And now Prof. Fisher, of Yale College, in his essay on *Faith and Rationalism*, gives his trained intellect and wide scholarship on the side of orthodoxy.

This movement has not been inaugurated any too soon, if a trace of the old scholastic doctrines is to be preserved. Theologians have too long rested on their laurels—laurels won, not with the pen and other agencies of reason, but by an appeal to the fears of the ignorant, and that failing, to the fagot, sword and Inquisition; and when these weapons ceased to be effective, to opprobrious epithets and social ostracism. These last having proved inoperative, they are doing what they should have done at the beginning of the controversy,—entered the arena of debate with their opponent's weapon,—reason, sharpened by experience in nature's scientific workshop, on small salaries and scanty fare.

Dr. Fisher's volume will meet with appreciation, even by those who do not accept his premises. It is an outgrowth of an essay delivered before the theological students at Princeton during the present year. While rationalists will not approve his definitions of *their* faith, and Liberal Christians will not admit the justness of his characterizations of the influence of theirs, the essay displays so much scholarship and is written so agreeably as to avert a prejudice which might otherwise have been engendered in the mind of both of these classes.

Is Life Worth Living? By WILLIAM H. MALLOCK. 12°
pp. 323. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

THE animus of Mr. Mallock's volume is disclosed in his prefatory letter to Mr. Ruskin, to whom the volume is dedicated by his "admiring and affectionate friend." "The insolence, the ignorance, and the stupidity of the age," he complainingly and ungrammatically writes, "has embodied itself, and found its mouth-piece, in men who are personally the negation of all they represent theoretically. * * * We have men who practise every virtue themselves, proclaiming the principles of every vice to others; we have men who have mastered many kinds of knowledge, acting on the world only as embodiments of the completest and most pernicious ignorance." These, in the author's view, are the Tyndalls, Huxleys, Mills and George Eliots (a woman). To the moral worth of these men and this woman Mr. Mallock unbends to pay a glowing tribute. He is gracious enough to admit that, as examples of character, there is nothing finer to be found in the Roman Church, nor even in the Church of England. At the same time, the principles of these moralists are leading the generation to perdition. And he represents himself (to Mr. Ruskin) as humbly kneeling "in the mud"

"to pick up the truths that are being trampled into it by a headstrong and uneducated generation,"—that is to say, by these excellent people aforesaid, the leaders and representatives of the dominant thought of the age.

Mr. Mallock may be perfectly sincere in denouncing, in this ungracious manner, the influence of truth-loving men and women, "positivists," who have the good of mankind as earnestly at heart as he has; but in doing so, while perhaps discharging what he regards a duty, he falls into arrogance, if not "insolence," and commits the very errors which he imputes to them. He bewails the necessity he is under of having to "taunt people of such excellent characters" and "earnest and high purposes" as most of our positive moralists possess, "with an ignorance which is not their own fault." And yet, he declares, "the charge is one that it is quite necessary to make, as we shall never properly estimate their system if we pass it over."—(p. 177.) This "necessity" is to be regretted, more perhaps on the author's account than that of the class whose influence he contemns. There can be no doubt that his arguments in support of the old incentives to morality—the fear of hell and the love of heaven—would have been more kindly received and less barren of results, had he eliminated the personal element from them. With all his felicity in dealing with his opponents, and apparent anxiety to represent them fairly, his bias is so unmistakable, and his citations from their writings so interpreted, twisted and applied as to leave the impression of misrepresentation strongly marked on the mind of the reader.

The volume is substantially a criticism on morality as a religious creed. The author makes an attempt to show that the love of humanity is an insufficient incentive to morality; that self-renunciation is too rare a virtue ever to become the basis of a moral polity; that the endeavor to establish a "kingdom of heaven on earth" by the sacrifice of millions of human souls for the benefit of their remote posterity is too high-toned, impracticable and irrational to command the sanction of the rational mind. The author argues with much force that a life actuated by impulses so generous and unselfish, would be a failure, and not worth living, were there no ultimate compensations for it agreeable to the doctrines of the Christian Church. Vicarious happiness, as an end, would not be rational on any other hypothesis than that of the hope of reward either in this life or the life to come. "If we consider human nature as it is," he writes, "and the utmost development of it that, on positive grounds, is possible, the conditions that can produce the requisite self-sacrifice will be found to be altogether wanting. The future we are to labor for, even when received in its brightest light, will only excel the present in having fewer miseries."—(p. 171.) Be this as it may, the author is certain that the views of the moralists, or "positivists," as he prefers to call them, are opposed to human nature as at present constituted. They contain no inducement for men to lead a

higher life than they now have. The ideal which the positivists have to offer cannot have "a more vivid effect on the world than that near and glowing one, in whose place they put it. Will it incite men to virtues," he asks, "to which heaven could not incite them? or lure them away from vices from which hell-fire would not scare them? Before it can do so," he says, "it is plain that human nature must have completely changed, and its elements have been remixed in completely new proportions."—(p. 169.) While we have no purpose of controverting the views of the author, on this point, we venture the remark that the class on whom he animadverts so sharply find fault with human nature as it is, and propose to change it. In that case, and should they succeed, many of his objections to their principles will have been superfluous.

The author seems to overlook the paradoxical in the philosophy of human life. He argues, in effect, that the wheels of progress would inevitably stop rolling were mankind to practise self-renunciation. Men would be saying to each other at every turn "after you," and cease, therefore, to struggle or contend manfully in the pursuits of life; emulation, so essential to progress, would be extinguished. But, it may be answered, that self-renunciation is the ideal of the moral life. The objection which he urges to its practice applies with equal force to the desire for wealth, position, or power, or to the longing after perfection, or for all knowledge. It is physically impossible for all men to be wealthy, and were it possible, moreover, it would seriously embarrass the present order of things,—abolish, for example, the lower class of laborers, the boot-blacks, bakers, barbers, lackeys, waiting-maids and waiting-men, &c., whose service is indispensable to the well-being of society. But no one will question for a moment the obligation all men are under to *strive* to become wealthy and to ameliorate their condition. So it is with the acquisition of knowledge, or the attainment of perfection in one's work, be it in art or science. The ideal is possible to the few, yet there is a divine element in all which impels them to persevere in the chase, regardless of the logic, which, as Mr. Mallock seems to imply as regards spiritual things, would paralyze all effort and turn human endeavor back upon itself. Fortunately for mankind, the divine impulses of the human heart are responded to without regard to consequences and despite the most obvious deductions of logic. Man does not stop to consider whether it is worth while to work, aspire, eat, breathe—in brief, to *live*. He does all these things for their own sake, and lives because he *must*.

HISTORY.

The Early Years of Christianity. By E. DE PRESSENSÉ, D. D.
Translated by ANNIE HARWOOD. 4 vols. 12°. New York :
Nelson & Phillips. Cincinnati : Hitchcock & Walden.
1877-1878.

- I. *The Apostolic Era.* pp. 536. II. *Martyrs and Apostologists.* pp. 654. III. *Heresy and Christian Doctrine.* pp. 479. IV. *Christian Life and Practice in the Early Church.* pp. 521.

No chapters in the world's history are more saddening and discouraging than those which record the story of the Christian Church. Its bigotry, its hatred, its hypocrisy, its cruelty,—its dark and bloody crimes stand in fearful contrast to the charity, the love, the unselfishness, the gentleness of the pure and meek and lowly Jesus. No man can follow its course through the centuries without painful doubts of the capability of the human race to retain, in its pristine purity, any divine bequest. Surely, no thoughtful Christian can read its story without danger of falling from grace, and, in his horror and indignation, unjustly charging upon the original teachings of the Son of Man, the vast mass of fables and phantasms—with their terrible fruits—which the pestiferous ingenuity of theologians has evolved from them.

The earliest and latest phases of the Church, however, are more fruitful of pleasing emotions ; the one, of approbation, since the spirit of Christ was still influential ; the other of hope,—as that spirit is again becoming dominant in humanity. The Church during the first three centuries was inspired by the pure and heroic lives of its original members ; it had not yet bowed beneath the yoke of a heartless external unity,—it was free ; it manifested, in full vigor, all the elements of Christian greatness ; and yet, unfortunately, it contained all the germs of error and enslavement which have since attained so fearful a development. It is to these three centuries that the volumes of this great French divine are devoted.

The strongest feature in the first volume is the author's masterly exposition of the doctrines of St. Paul and St. John. The character of Paul's teaching is polemical ; its essential feature is the agreement of the religious with the moral elements. The first idea in his theology is the idea of justice, which is the principle of all religion. Paul taught that the fall was a violation by man of the laws of eternal justice ; that the condemnation was universal ; the decree of salvation a free act of grace ; and that the redemption by Christ was primarily an act of obedience, yet his death

was a free sacrifice. It is Paul's ideal of justification which attaches the special seal of originality to his doctrine. The Gospel of Luke reproduces this doctrinal type, as does also the Epistle to the Hebrews, which adds the allegorical element of the Alexandrian school.

Paul, the man of contrasts and antitheses, commences with man and his misery ; but John, gentle and loving, begins with God and his perfection. He develops the love of God in its eternal principle, rather than in its historical manifestation. Love is not only a manifestation of God's being, it is its very essence. Love, moreover, is so assuredly the absolute truth, that he who loves is "of the truth,"—a partaker of the nature of God. True knowledge, then, is inseparable from love. All the elements of John's theology spring directly from this sublime thought, which had never before been expressed so clearly. It was the closing utterance of the apostolic age, and the crown of all that had gone before.

The constitution of the churches, Christian worship and Christian life, during the apostolic period, are sufficiently starting when we reflect upon the contrast displayed on these points, at the present time. There was no "Mother Church ;" no representative assembly ; no centre of unity ; no clerical consecration of the sacraments ; no priesthood, temples, or holy days,—not even a Sabbath,—of the New England acceptance. At this time, too, there was no opposition or affiliation between Church and State, or between Christianity and Art. But that noblest of all institutions—the Christian family—was now founded ; manual labor was ennobled, slavery was morally abolished, and charity was born upon earth.

The volume on *Martyrs and Apologists* opens with some intensely dramatic chapters on Christian missions and Pagan persecutions. In his treatment of the fearful ordeal which the Church suffered at the hands of the Cæsars, De Pressensé's clear, rapid, nervous style is seen at its best. Most graphic is his account of the difficulties which beset the Christians as they endeavored to keep themselves unspotted from the world. The very attitude and scruples of the Christian necessarily drew down persecution upon him. Daily life was so largely made up of Pagan practices, that he betrayed himself every hour. The professions and trades, the tenderest social relations, the common speech were impregnated with Paganism. The Christian could hold no magisterial or military office without idolatry. The religious and the civil arm were stretched out to destroy ; for, in the position of the new sect, the priest saw infidelity, and the Emperor, rebellion. The mob seized the Christian and dragged him before a judge, shouting "*Christianos ad leonem !*" Cast into prison, he languished, chained and famishing. Excruciating tortures were applied to induce recantation. But a more fearful ordeal was the agonized entreaties of beloved voices, as, with subtle cruelty, the officers

led in a wife, or daughter, or aged parent, to implore the prisoner to save his life by returning to the ancient gods. The trial was a farce, conducted by the mob; and by the mob, too, was the victim hurried to the arena and cast between the teeth of lions or into the fangs of fire.

It seems strange, at first thought, that the good emperors were the bitterest persecutors, while the bad ones often refrained, and sometimes even showed favor to the Christians. The fact, however, is usually explicable on personal grounds. Thus Commodus, the frenzied tyrant, tolerated the Christians because Marcia, his favorite mistress, was well disposed towards the new religion. Septimus Severus showed them kindness at first, for a Christian had cured him of a serious malady. He gave a Christian nurse also to his son Caracalla, and consequently under him too, when this vile madman became emperor, the Church enjoyed some respite. Heliogabalus, the most abandoned of them all, spared Christianity, and even had some intention of embracing it with all other religions, in his favorite worship of the sun.

The second book of this volume is a keen analysis of the character and works of the Fathers of the Church in the second and third centuries. We scarcely know where to direct the reader for a more lucid and just account of those writings which contribute so essentially to our knowledge of history, and on which subsequent theology was so largely based. The Apostolic Fathers, indeed, should not be regarded as great writers, but as great historic characters. Of Clement, Ignatius and Polycarp we have but little reliable information; but the character of each is sufficiently apparent from his works. Clement had neither passionate energy, powerful thought, nor brilliancy of style; he loved peaceful ways, admired natural beauty, and his piety was of a bright and cheerful cast. Ignatius, on the other hand, had a burning soul. He was continually stirring up the Church to heroic endurance, and longing inordinately himself for the martyr's crown. Polycarp, the bosom friend of St. John, was lacking in originality. He delighted to be the mere echo of the Apostles; he was the living tradition of the Church.

Justin Martyr, Irenæus, Clement of Alexandria, Origen, Tertullian, Cyprian, all receive elaborate treatment; the discussion of Origen being especially brilliant, as is also the sketch of the Alexandrian church—one of the most fascinating themes in Christian history.

The same incisive analysis and masterly delineation appear in the remainder of the second volume, in recounting the attack and defence of Christianity in the domain of controversy—the assaults of Lucian, Celsus, Philostratus and Porphyry, and the defence of the Apologists—and throughout the entire third volume on *Heresy and Christian Doctrine*. Gnosticism, which abandoned the noble banner of Christian spirituality and returned to the dualism of the ancient world; Manichæism, absolutely dualistic, comprising

the residue of all the speculative errors which had from the first attempted to transform Christianity; the Judaizing heresy, which, contrary to Gnosticism, sought to confound the two Testaments; Montanism, imperilling the whole of Christianity by its doctrine of the Paraclete; and, lastly, the first school of Unitarians, whose final utterance was the apotheosis of the man Jesus—these are all presented to us in the light of a scholarship so profound, and a diction so brilliant, as to make discernible their finest shades of divergence from one another and from the body of truth.

The concluding volume of this series will doubtless prove of greater interest to most Christian readers than any of the preceding; and, since it treats, not of doctrine, but of *Christian Life and Practice in the Early Church*, it will certainly be highly instructive—not to say startling—to the large number who are bewailing the laxity of church organization and government in our time, and loudly demanding a return to “primitive Christianity.” We especially commend to these the chapters on discipline, the organization of authority in the local churches, the mutual relations of the churches, the changes in primitive worship, and, above all, the account of the primitive Sunday. “The coexistence of this Sabbath celebration and of the Lord’s Day,” says the author, “was in itself sufficient to save the early Church from that Jewish Sabbatarianism to which ignorance of history, and yet more, unfaithfulness to the great principles of Christianity, have too often given ascendancy in our day. * * * * Sunday was to the other days what the bishop of this age was to his brethren—simply *primus inter pares*.”

With regard to disputed questions in the history and theology of the Church, De Pressensé believes,—that Peter went to Rome, but was never Bishop of Rome; that Paul’s fighting “with beasts at Ephesus” refers to the howling mob, and not to lions in the circus; that Paul was not twice a captive; that Christian missionaries did early penetrate to India; that immersion was at first the only mode of baptism, and that children were not baptized; that there is no reason to doubt the genuineness of the second Epistle to the Thessalonians, and the Epistles of James and Jude,—or the authenticity of the Gospel, Epistles and Revelation of John,—while admitting a strong doubt in the case of the Second Epistle of Peter; that the “Acts of the Martyr Ignatius,” with four of the seven letters attributed to him, are spurious, as is also the Second Epistle of Clement; that there was but one Celsus; and that the “Philosophoumena” is really the work of St. Hippolytus.

A History of the Church of England from the Accession of Henry VIII to the Silencing of Convocation in the Eighteenth Century. By G. G. PERRY, M.A. With an Appendix containing a sketch of the *History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.* By J. A. SPENCER, S. T. D. 12° pp. 690. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1879.

LET no one imagine that this trenchant and scholarly work is of interest only to members of the great Anglican Communion, or even to students of ecclesiastical history. The history of the Church of England is inseparably interwoven with the history of the English people, and the latter can never be fully understood except by an adequate acquaintance with the former. Moreover, the period of the Church's life covered by Canon Perry witnessed the great schism from which sprung eventually all the Protestant sects now existing in America; the schism, furthermore, which was the direct cause of the founding of the American colonies. Thus, this volume recites, to a wide extent, the history of our own people and our own religious denominations.

Some of the most hotly-contested struggles of all Church history come within the scope of this volume; yet, Canon Perry, while a stiff High-Churchman, and never withholding trenchant comments on his vast array of facts, treats these troublesome questions, not only in a highly skilful, but in a remarkably dispassionate manner. The alienation between clergy and laity, which began with the sixteenth century; the growth of the royal supremacy; the spread of Luther's opinions in England; the divorce of Henry VIII; the reformation Parliament under that sovereign; the suppression of the monasteries; the persecution of the reformers by Mary; the settlement of the Thirty-nine Articles; the struggle with the Puritans; the reaction against Calvinism; the Westminster Assembly; the contest between the Church of England and Romanism, under the second James; the convocation controversy, and the minor struggles which, at various times, have disturbed the peace or strengthened the power of the Church, are treated with a breadth of view, a vigor of thought, and a force of expression which make the volume equally interesting and instructive, and place the author in the position of one who has ably served his fellow men. His judgment on the Puritans is severe; but he pays a noble tribute to the Evangelicals. If we were to take any exception to his temper, it would be that his pride is in the past history of the Church, while he does not look forward with sufficient trust to the future.

Yet the great Anglican Church stands midway today between a noble past and a still more noble future. With all its blindness and errors, notwithstanding its occasional bitterness and bigotry, it

has been the broadest, freest, most enlightened and most Christian, religious organization the world has seen. It has elevated and ennobled the English nation, and sent forth beneficent influences to the farthest bounds of earth. To this day it retains a hold, more or less strong, on the love and reverence of all the dissenting bodies that have strayed from its arms. From its ample bosom it has richly nourished millions of sons and daughters who cling to it with devotion as to a mother. With unsurpassed liberality, it has cherished science, literature and the arts. It has sent forth some of the profoundest scholars of modern times. It has produced many of the grandest heroes, and inspired many of the sublimest deeds recorded in the pages of all history. Today its noble ritual,—unequalled in strength and beauty by any similar work—is beginning again to throw over the dissenting churches,—even such as were once antagonistic to it—the charm of its tender devoutness, its sturdy vigor, and its sonorous rhythm. Today, too, its fold is the broadest, and its pastures the richest of all. Here, more than in any other church, is found the sincere manifestation of that profound principle—so essential to the loveliness and power—to the very existence—of any church : *In certis unitas ; in dubiis libertas ; in omnibus charitas.*

A History of San Francisco and incidentally of the State of California. 8° pp. 498. By JOHN S. HITTELL. San Francisco : A. L. Bancroft & Company. 1878.

ONE of the redeeming acts of the Forty-fourth Congress was its resolution of March 13th, 1876, recommending that in every town the delivery of a historical sketch of the place from its foundation, should be made a feature of the local celebration. It is evident that this work could never be so well done as by the pioneers, or while the pioneers are still living and the rich stores of personal recollections were still available. This is especially true in the case of California, whose history, more wonderful than fiction, more thrilling than the most highly-colored romance, has been chiefly enacted within our own generation. Thousands of men are now living, who have not only witnessed, but have aided the evolution of California, from an almost unknown wilderness, inhabited by savage tribes and dominated by a handful of priests and bandits, to one of the noblest and most powerful States in the Union. Mr. Hittell's *History*, consequently, is one of the most valuable fruits of our centennial glorification.

And by no means the least interesting portion of this book is its preface. The author is inspired with a filial, manly love, without affectation ; a lofty State pride untainted by the heresy of State rights ; and a confidence in the future wholly unclouded

by pessimism. If there is an occasional tendency to exuberance of language, it is a charming trait in speaking of one's motherland, and can be readily condoned when we consider the temptation offered by the grandeur of the theme.

"We envy," he exclaims (p. 9), "neither France, Tuscany, Naples, nor Palestine. The soil of our State is not sacred to us in the sense in which the Ganges and Nile valleys, Jerusalem, Rome, and Nauvoo have been sacred, but our attachment to it is intense. Bounded by Shasta on the north, and San Bernardino on the south, Yosemite on the east, and the Golden Gate on the west, we have a territory that is blest by nature beyond all the world. Why should we not be proud of it? The commerce, the wealth, the literature and the art of San Francisco; the hydraulic washings and quartz mines of the Sierra Nevada; the quicksilver furnaces of the coast range; the borax deposits of the enclosed basin east of the snowy mountains; the wheat fields of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys; the orchards of Santa Clara and Alameda; the orange and olive groves of the southern coast; the sub-tropical valleys, the semi-frigid Californian Alps, the ever cool clime of our middle coast, a thousand precious mineral springs of various qualities, adapted to cure a hundred different phases of disease [?], an exemption from the influences that lead to the spread of many of the most formidable epidemics elsewhere, and the possession of remarkable advantages for sanitary purposes by large districts; these form an aggregate sufficient to breed, nourish and stimulate local pride as great as that which fills the breasts, not only of the pioneers, but of most of the other residents of our city."

The first epoch of Californian history Mr. Hittell denominates the "Indian Era." All the indications and discoveries show that the ancient inhabitants never rose above a very low stage of savagism. Their instruments were of the simplest kind. The men went naked in the Summer. They had no religion, no historical traditions, and no semblance of political organization. Polygamy was common, and slavery by no means rare. In 1535, Cortes, induced by reports of an extensive empire, sailed from Mexico on a voyage of conquest to the northwest, but discovered only the barren peninsula of Lower California. The name *California*, by the way, was first used in an obscure Spanish romance, published soon after the conquest of Mexico, and applied at first to an imaginary empire. After Cortes, came Drake in 1579, and Vizcaino, in 1595, both of whom pushed up the coast beyond the present bay of San Francisco, without discovering this noble harbor.

No attempt was made to take possession of the country, until 1769, when Junipero Serra, a typical Franciscan, established a mission at San Diego. In the same year, Friar Juan Crespi discovered the bay and site of San Francisco, and the permanent settlement of this great city was made in June, 1776, with military and religious solemnities. The "Mission Era" now fairly opens. The gradual

elevation of the natives was the result, although the improvement was very slow and never reached beyond a low degree. The condition of the women, especially, was ameliorated; yet their lot was far from enviable. Those living at the Missions were kept at hard work under a distressing espionage; while they were never taught to read, or to make any article of value. The friars, indeed, treated the Indians as children, and considered them very near the brutes. Besides all this, the Spanish soldiers introduced diseases which, combining with the already existing causes of mortality, carried off the natives so rapidly that the Missions largely failed to accomplish their purpose. The rebellion in Mexico, in 1810, brought the Mission Era to a close. The friars were attached to the Spanish crown, and consequently the new government secularized the Missions.

Then followed the "Village Era," which witnessed the partial occupation of the territory by Americans. The administration of Mr. Polk looked forward to the acquisition of California as its chief ambition, and the close of the Mexican war saw this ambition realized. In 1847, two years before the outbreak of the gold excitement, the authority of the United States was fully established in California.

It is impossible for us, with our limited space, to follow Mr. Hittell through the "Golden Era" and the "Silver Era," and to trace, with him, a development absolutely unparalleled in the history of the world. That mighty madness—the rage for gold—which seized the American nation in '49; the struggles and hardships of the pioneers; the wild careers of the bandits; the terrible vengeance of vigilance committees; Walker's brilliant dream of a new empire; the swift flight of clipper ships; the advent of the iron horse; the fabulous increase of individual wealth; the alternations of commercial prosperity and depression; the dizzy ventures of capitalists; the romantic development of politics, literature, and art—all form a tale that rivals the "Arabian Nights," and appeals with thrilling eloquence—not alone to Californians, or even Americans—but to the thousands of European homes which have sent forth their children to the golden metropolis of the West.

Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion, as illustrated by the Religions of India. BY F. MAX MÜLLER, M. A. 12° pp. 382. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

PROFESSOR MÜLLER long since attained a position which makes him a preëminent authority in questions relating to the language and religions of ancient India; at the same time, the searching criticism that has been applied to his theories by Oriental scholars—notably by Prof. Whitney—necessitates a

considerable degree of caution in accepting his conclusions. This latest volume from his pen displays, to a marked degree, not only his vast possessions of Oriental learning, his enthusiasm, his reverent spirit and catholicity of mind, but also his too vivid imagination, his tendency to unwarranted assumption, his rambling style and inconsequential utterance, and, furthermore, his almost utter lack of the theologic spirit on the one hand and the scientific spirit on the other.

The author begins by asking how we came to have a religion. Before answering the question, he asserts that we must decide upon a definition of the word. After attempting to discover the etymological meaning of *religio* (in a passage full of curious learning), he objects to the definitions of Kant and Fichte as too limited; to those of Schleiermacher, Hegel, Comte and Feuerbach as incorrect; and, finally, to his own definition, given in 1873, as also incomplete. Religion, he now thinks, is the perception of the infinite. With much skill, he shows that the infinite is that which transcends our senses and our reason. Consequently, intimation of the infinite comes first through the senses. "Man sees, he sees to a certain point; and there his eyesight breaks down. But exactly where his sight breaks down, there presses upon him, whether he likes it or not, the perception of the unlimited and the infinite."—(p. 35.) In that poetic manner which so characterizes his works, but which, somehow, makes us suspicious of their trustworthiness, Prof. Müller then traces the evolution of the consciousness of the infinite among the Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian races. With this the first lecture closes; but we have already discovered that the author is at variance with the Bible. Religion, in his view, did not come down from God, but it sprung up in man, and went forth seeking God.

In the second lecture he asserts that fetishism is not a primitive form of religion; that not stocks and stones—not tangible objects—but clouds, mountains, seas, the ether—all things that man could not compass or grasp, first called forth in him the spirit of wonder, reverence and worship.

The third lecture marshals the ancient books of India to support this view of the origin of religion. In India, better than anywhere else, we can watch and study—not the history, but the genesis and growth of religion; how religious thoughts and language arise, gain force, spread and change their forms as they pass from mind to mind. Then follows a long dissertation on the historical character of the Vedic language, and the right position of the Veda in the science of religion. It contains, however, nothing which the author has not given to us many times before, except a most interesting "postscript" on the handing down of the Sanscrit literature by means of oral tradition. We learn, too, that the authority of the Veda, in respect of all religious questions, is as great in India today as it has ever been.

To the vast majority of orthodox believers, it still forms the highest and only infallible authority.

Lecture IV takes up the worship of tangible, semi-tangible, and intangible objects. Here, again, Prof. Müller's position with regard to the Christian theory of revelation is most frankly stated. "We want to reach the point," he says, "where religious ideas take their first origin, but we decline to avail ourselves of the beaten tracks of the fetish theory on the left, and of the theory of a primordial revelation on the right side, in order to arrive at our goal."—(p. 162.) And these lectures were delivered in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey! *E pur si muove!*

How did man know that there are gods? How did he gain the predicate, *God*? The theory of a divine revelation is cast aside as unsupported by fact; so likewise is the theory of a religious instinct. Great stores of learning are brought together—Epicharmus, Prodicus, Cæsar, Herodotus, Celsus, Quintus Curtius and the Vedas are quoted—to prove that the earliest objects of worship were the semi-tangible and the intangible. The earliest roots of speech are not names of objects, but of actions. The river, for instance, is always conceived of as acting; *i. e.*, it is not the river, but the runner; or, if it flowed in a straight line, the plougher; if it nourished the fields, the mother; if it protected one country from another, the defender. Material objects, in other words, are always looked upon as agents; and thus we find, in the lowest depths of language, the germs of what we call animism, anthropomorphism.

Yet, because objects were conceived of as active agents, it does not follow that primitive man considered them human. Our Aryan ancestors were probably far more impressed by the difference between these objects and themselves than by any imaginary similarities. A curious confirmation of this theory is, that in many of the Vedic hymns comparison is expressed by negation,—“firm, not a rock,” instead of “firm like a rock.”

Tangible objects seldom appear among the deities of the Veda. When they are mentioned, it is as being useful or sacred, never as assuming any individual character. Even the semi-tangible and intangible, although praised and invoked, were not at first conceived of as we conceive of gods. “The concept *gods* was, no doubt, silently growing up, while men were assuming a more and more definite attitude towards these semi-tangible and intangible objects.” Gradually men passed from the natural to the supernatural by intermediate steps, as through the worship of the fire, the sun, the dawn, the thunder, the wind, the clouds. In this manner arose the Vedic pantheon—the oldest pantheon of the Aryan world. Through the evolution here shadowed forth, were developed the ideas of infinitude and law, to which theme the fifth lecture is devoted.

In the two remaining discourses is traced the development among the Vedic Indians, of henotheism, polytheism, monotheism,

and atheism; and the consequent departure of the Hindu mind toward speculative philosophy on the one hand, and on the other, toward the most degrading superstition. The work closes with a passage which savors strongly of the Rev. Joseph Cook. The learned and sanguine author looks for the time when the deepest foundations of all the religions of the world shall have been laid free and restored; when those foundations, like the crypts beneath the old cathedrals, shall serve as a place of refuge for all those who long for something purer, older and truer than the sacrifices, services and sermons of our day; and when all such aspiring ones shall flock thither to enjoy the new and only true religion,—the Hindu bringing his innate disbelief in this world, his unhesitating belief in another world; the Buddhist, his perception of an eternal law, his submission, gentleness and piety; the Mohammedan, his sobriety; the Jew, his persistent grasp of the One God; the Christian, "that which is better than all,"—his love of God, manifested in his love of man. So shall "the Crypt of the Past" become "the Church of the Future."

BIOGRAPHY.

Life and Times of Stein: or Germany and Prussia in the Napoleonic Age. 2 vols. 8° pp. 546, 548. By J. R. SEELEY, M. A. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.

ONE of the most marked features of present scholarship is the light which is being shed on intricate and mysterious historical problems. Simultaneously with the Duc de Broglie's revelations on the Partition of Poland, comes this most exhaustive exposition, by Prof. Seeley, of the chaos, the blunders, and the struggles from which united Germany was evolved. The reading of the *Life and Times of Stein* should be prefaced by a study of Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*, and supplemented by a knowledge of the life and labors of Bismarck. Thus only can be obtained a just conception of one of the most momentous events of modern times.

Heinrich Friederich Karl, Baron vom Stein, born in 1757, belonged by birth to the order of Imperial Knighthood, a fact which had a marked influence on his life and character. With all their gross faults, the Imperial Knights had two strong virtues. They retained the spirit of freedom, so completely lost among the petty absolute governments of Germany, and they formed the only class which held sacred the unity of the Empire. Both these characteristics, working afterwards through the person of Stein, became of incalculable advantage to the German people. Of his family relations, it is pleasant to know that he largely owed his strong fidelity and reverence to the influence of his mother, and

also to that of his elder sister, who was the original of Goethe's beautiful countess in *Wilhelm Meister*.

Trained at first for the law, which he greatly disliked, Stein suddenly, at the age of twenty-three, determined to enter the service of "Frederick the Unique." It was the very year, 1780, in which William Pitt entered the English Parliament; yet in three years Pitt became Prime Minister, while a quarter of a century elapsed ere Stein acquired a similar position in Prussia. Indeed, his advancement, notwithstanding his great qualities, was so slow that Pertz gives but one volume—out of the seven in which he has related the life of Stein—to the first fifty years of this most fruitful career.

However, his life, between 1780 and 1804, which he passed as director of mines and provincial governor, was not only serviceable to Prussia, through the great engineering works which he conducted, but was also valuable as fitting him for the high position which, in the latter year, he was called to fill—as Minister of Finance. It was a most difficult post, for the finances of Prussia were in a frightful condition; but the clear vision and restless vigor of Stein accomplished all that was possible in such grievous times. He immediately abolished the internal customs and reformed the Salt Administration—two measures of paramount importance; and, in 1806, made the great innovation of issuing paper money to meet the cost of the war with Napoleon. During the bloody months that followed, Stein wielded his power with unflinching honesty and resolution, thereby, of course, incurring the hatred of the jealous Cabinet officers, and finally the anger of the weak-minded king. There was one man, however, who valued him at his worth. This was Napoleon. Finding Stein the only one in Prussia not subject to his will, he succeeded in driving him from office. Soon recalled, as the only man capable of saving the country, Stein became Minister of State, and virtually director of the entire reformed administration, which had been at last forced upon the king. The final result of his labors was the complete transformation of the State. He immediately promulgated the "Emancipation Edict," an act for which all Germany does him honor and the world owes him homage. The edict conferred a three-fold benefit upon the people; it abolished serfdom, established free trade in land, and at the same time endeavored to guard the peasantry against the dangers, so common in such cases, of the unequal competition to which they would be exposed.

Notwithstanding all this—or rather, partly on this very account—Stein's position was most precarious. The nobility were embittered against him, and the weak king was greatly under their influence. The middle class showed utter indifference to politics, and the means of reaching the common people were few and very inadequate. The Minister's desperate struggle over the negotiations in the matter of the ruinous indemnity demanded by Napoleon, his great military reforms, and his arousing Germany

to an insurrection, after the manner of the Spaniards,—all stirred the French conqueror to increased efforts to crush him. An unfortunate letter of his was intercepted, and made a pretext by Napoleon for his proscription. He fled in the night, with a price upon his head.

Three years of exile, in which he still labored untiringly for the salvation of Fatherland, were closed by a summons from the Czar, who knew no man but Stein able to save him from the swiftly approaching Napoleon. Stein went to Russia from the noblest motives,—went for love of Prussia, which could be snatched from destruction only by an alliance with the Muscovite. Yet it was perhaps the greatest mistake of his life. When, after his heroic support of the Czar and the failure of Napoleon, he returned to Königsberg to arouse the German people, he was looked upon rather as a Russian agent than a Prussian patriot. Nor could he ever free himself from this false position. He overthrew Napoleon: he liberated Germany; he did, in his day, the work that Bismarck has done in ours. Yet it was done, to all outward appearance, as the friend of Alexander and not as the representative of Prussia. Laboring ever and only for his country's good, he was never suffered to appear in his right character. He had, indeed, become a German, rather than a Prussian, and Prussia was not yet quite ready for this. When Stein could no longer lean on Russia's support, his influence gradually waned. He had nobly performed his great mission in life, and death found him ready to go. He was a believer in religion, a reformer without contempt for the past,—a thorough Christian and a thorough German; a man of grand conceptions, untiring energy, dauntless courage and unconquerable faith. He was the greatest German of the Napoleonic Age.

The Life and Adventures of Ernst Moritz Arndt, the Singer of the German Fatherland, compiled from the German, with a Preface by JOHN ROBERT SEELEY, M. A. 12" pp. 450. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.

IN natural connection with the *Life of Stein* is this *Life of Arndt*, who was intimately associated with Stein for many years, and a co-laborer with him in the War of Liberation.

The greater part of the book is autobiographical. The first seventy pages are filled with charming reminiscences of childhood and youth, from his birth, in 1769, to his entrance upon university life at Griefswald. The most interesting fact of this period, to our mind, is that his poetic genius was first aroused through emulation of his brother Fritz, who used to turn Roman history into plays. After pursuing his studies at Griefswald and Jena, he spent some

time in travel, and returned again to Griefswald in 1805, to become Professor of Philosophy in the University.

It was here that Arndt first became a political writer. He had become "fixed in certain political ideas" even before the age of twelve,—being a royalist to an extravagant degree, and espousing with boyish ardor the cause of England against the American colonies. The French Revolution obtained his sympathy, but the French victory over the Germans aroused in him the bitterest hatred of the conqueror. "I hated them with entire hatred, and recognized my Fatherland, and loved it with entire love. My Swedish predilections were once and forever dead. When Germany, through its discords, had fallen to nothing, I recognized its true unity." Napoleon, who perhaps never heard his name, determined, hereafter, the whole complexion of his life. Henceforth, Arndt was the singer of *Nationality*.

His first publications were *Germany and Europe*, a wild outpouring of his opinions on the state of the world; and the *History of Serfdom in Pomerania and Rügen*, a dangerous subject which he insisted upon ventilating despite the warnings of his friends. The effect of this latter book was to bring down on the writer the hatred and abuse of the nobility. The king himself was much excited; but, upon Arndt's supporting his grave charges by facts, he became satisfied, and exclaimed "the man is in the right." The little book doubtless contributed largely to the abolition of serfdom, which occurred a few years later.

Soon after, there appeared the first part of Arndt's *Spirit of the Age*, a work which, in its several parts, exercised considerable influence on the times. It was full of a genuine, honorable anger over the condition of Fatherland, a faithful love of truth and justice, a prophetic foresight of the immediate future, and a hope which illumined even its despair.

After many adventures during the next years of war, and constant flights before the omnipresent Napoleon, Arndt was summoned to Russia by Stein, whither the latter had gone at the call of Alexander. Here he had a fixed position under that minister, being at the same time in the Russian service, and receiving his salary from that Government. His duties were similar to those of Dr. Busch under Bismarck in the Franco-German war,—the writing of "inspired" papers,—answers and refutations of the various Napoleonic documents. Here, too, he met with many famous people, of whom he has given us graphic accounts,—among them Madame de Staël and August Wilhelm von Schlegel, both flying from Vienna. Of the former, he says: "She was not beautiful in figure, being almost too strong and masculine for a woman. But what a head! The brow, eyes and nose, fine, and lighted up with genius; the mouth and chin less beautiful. With all the spirit and vivacity which shone from her eyes and flowed from her lips, her countenance expressed judgment and kindness. She could tell every bird by his beak,

and knew at once how she must sing to him—a royal talent, though many kings lack it.”

On his return to Königsberg with Stein, Arndt wrote the famous “Song of the German Fatherland,” which has so often stirred the German soldiers from that day to this. At Königsberg he met Kotzebue, who, “with all reverence for his great talents,” “had a very mean appearance.” At Dresden, a little later, he saw much of Goethe and Körner. Goethe was greatly depressed. “Shake your chains, if you will,” said he, speaking of Napoleon, “the man is too great for you. You will not break them.” But Goethe’s position during his country’s struggle was one of the most serious errors of his life. At Dresden, too, Arndt wrote his *Soldier’s Catechism* and the *Songs for Soldiers*, including the famous “Der Gott, der Eisen wachsen liess.”

It would be pleasant, did space permit, to follow the patriot singer through the remaining years ; to recount his glowing songs and trenchant essays ; to witness his joy over Waterloo ; to see him with Stein’s remarkable sister at Frankfort, with Stein and Goethe at Cologne ; to find him Professor of Modern History at Bonn, and to feel his peaceful joy over the “last great gift” of “a brave, faithful wife,”—a second marriage. Not so pleasant, however, is it to read of his arrest by the power he had served so well during the stormy times of 1819 ; to witness the seizure of his noble writings, the indignities heaped upon him, the suspension and the long trial. But the storm passed by ; he was restored, honored, and beloved ; dying at last in peace, and leaving behind him an influence which is felt to this day, and a name which Germany will never forget.

In concluding this notice we cannot but express our surprise that he who wrote *Ecce Homo* and the brilliant lectures on *Roman Imperialism*, could ever fall into such literary clumsiness as is frequently manifest in the *Life of Stein* and the preface to this *Life of Arndt*. In the plenitude of our regard for the noble task there so worthily performed, we refrained from speaking of the subject in our review of the former work. But this “preface” certainly demands comment. What can be thought, for instance, of such English as this ?—“but what this Prussian State was which he overthrew, the French and most of the English historians of the time are ignorant to an incredible degree.”—(p. v.) It seems to us, also, that Prof. Seeley contradicts himself twice (pp. iv, v, vii, viii) in discussing the value of historical narrative.

Bismarck in the Franco-German War, 1870-71. Authorized translation from the German of DR. MORITZ BUSCH. 12° pp. 347. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

As there is no public man more conspicuous at present than Prince Bismarck, so there is doubtless none of whose personal traits and private feelings the people are more curious to learn. And certainly, in the pages of Dr. Busch, this curiosity is amply gratified. The author was attached to the person of Bismarck, through all the terrible days of the war. He was exceptionally fitted for the work he has done,—being a thorough hero-worshipper, a perfect gossip, having an unfailing memory and a ready pen. Whether the publication of the book was discreet or not, seems to us to admit of but one answer; yet it is evident that the book must have appeared with Bismarck's sanction,—that he, indeed, must share the responsibility with Busch himself. One reads these pages with ever-increasing interest and amazement—the writer, with his flippancy and toadyism, is in such amusing contrast with his ponderous, arrogant and patronizing hero. In two things alone do they seem to be well matched,—in their love of eating and their hatred of the French; and even here the Chancellor carries off the palm.

With regard to the wisdom of allowing these revelations, Bismarck himself should be the best judge. He is astute, and does nothing without a purpose. He evidently desires the people to know how he lives, eats, drinks, sleeps and talks. Perhaps he wishes them to know him better as a *man*, rather than consider him solely as a statesman. Possibly, too, the book is a bid for the friendship of the masses,—among whom Bismarck has been rapidly losing favor. Yet it is not strange that the publication aroused a storm in both Germany and France; for many of the disclosures are not calculated to increase respect for him at home; while his opinions of the French and his sledge-hammer policy concerning them were admirably fitted to wound the vanity and excite the hatred of that sensitive people.

The Prussian Foreign Office crossed the frontier completely mobilized, and even including such officials as would be required for ruling the French districts, as fast as they should be conquered. There was always plenty of work, for Bismarck is not only himself a great toiler, but knows how to keep all busy around him. Being a general, he wore a uniform throughout the war, never appearing but once in his dressing-gown; and he also partook, without grumbling, of "a soldier's couch, a soldier's fare." Sometimes, indeed, he is forced to sleep on the floor; and once he describes how he kept himself warm by crawling into a bedtick filled with straw. The office of the *chancellerie* was frequently of the rudest description,—Bismarck sitting on a box and writing

on a shutter, while many of the army officers secured elegant quarters and slept in "four-posters."

The "soldier's fare," it must be said, was always plentiful, for Bismarck is a great eater and would brook no parsimony in spreading the board; and, although at first quite plain, at Versailles it became really sumptuous, as various admirers in Germany were constantly sending him "love-gifts" in the shape of liquors and game. "If I am to work well, he remarked, "I must be well fed." He is always boasting of his powers of eating, and looks back regretfully to the happy days of his youth, when he could eat eleven hard-boiled eggs at a meal, while now he can eat but three. Cherries are his favorite fruit; the cod his favorite fish (which should endear him to all Yankees); and of meat, he prefers the "brisket," while not caring for fillet or roast beef. He drinks as he eats, with great relish. "What things I used to do—the heavy wines, especially the Burgundies!" He admires corn brandy, and disapproves of beer. "It is the cause of all the democratic pot-politics which people talk over it." Evidently the great Chancellor thinks that "a man is what he eats." He took but one meal a day, and usually had bad nights,—nothing strange after such a gorging! We are surprised to learn that he is a very nervous man, and that after some important diplomatic contests he was so excited and exhausted that he could scarcely stand. It is asserted, indeed, that Bismarck is fast breaking down; yet a recent writer in *Blackwood* says of him: "He is a powerful man. That is what strikes at once every one who sees him for the first time. He is very tall and of enormous weight, but not ungainly. Every part of his gigantic form is well proportioned—the large round head, the massive neck, the broad shoulders, and the vigorous limbs. Everybody who sees him feels that Prince Bismarck is still in possession of immense physical power." His physical courage, also, is great. He boasts of having, when a student, fought twenty-eight duels in three terms; and during the war he often rode, unattended, far from camp, and took solitary walks by moonlight, manifesting an utter indifference to danger.

He is, moreover, a grim joker, as we might expect. "In another place," he says, describing his ride over the field of Sedan, "we smelt suddenly a strong odour as of roasted onions. I remarked that it came from Bazeilles, and it was probably the French peasants who had been killed by the Bavarians, and had been burnt in their houses, because they had fired at them from their windows." This grimness, indeed, did not confine itself to joking. Nothing is more apparent, from these pages, than the terrible earnestness with which Bismarck conducted the war. Palliation for the enemy, charity, mercy, he had none. Neither their prayers, their tears, nor their tragic threats could move him. When General Reille, coming to treat for terms on the evening of Sedan, exclaimed that the French troops, sooner than submit to such conditions, would blow themselves sky-high with the fortress:

—"Do it if you like," said Bismarck, with a shrug of the shoulders. He wanted to burn every village and hang every man, where the peasants fired on the Germans,—an act which he always pronounced "treachery;" and he was constantly complaining that they took so many prisoners, instead of shooting them down at once. His bitterest wrath, however, was reserved for the *Francs-tireurs* and *Turcos*, and indeed, in this case there seemed to be some justification of it. Bismarck's wife was even more bloodthirsty than himself. "May I ask," said Prince Albrecht, "how the Countess is?" "Oh, she is quite well, now that her son is better, only she suffers still from her bitter hatred of the Gauls, all and sundry of whom she would like to see shot and stabbed, even the little children, who are not responsible for having such horrible parents:"—an account which we may safely believe to have been exaggerated. He was especially angry at the delay in the bombardment of Paris, complaining bitterly of the long forbearance of the military.

With all these traits Bismarck is a religious man, a devout Christian, if we may believe his own accounts. We think, however, that his "*Hew-Agag-in-pieces*" policy shows him to be better versed in the Old Testament than in the New. He was accustomed to read at night, during the war, two devotional books, of a very peaceable character—"Daily Watchwords and Texts of the Moravian Brethren for 1870," and "Daily Refreshment for Believing Christians." These biblical morsels, sandwiched between vast quantities of beef and deep draughts of corn brandy, must have greatly aided his digestion and done much good to his soul. He is more than religious, indeed; he is superstitious. He objects strenuously to sitting thirteen at a table; and he dislikes to work on Fridays, or on the anniversary of Jena. He also claims to have prophetic knowledge of the day of his death.

His opinion of men and things the Chancellor expresses with a frankness almost brutal. He depreciates nearly every one whom he mentions; and yet it must be confessed that his judgment is very keen and generally supported by the facts. Napoleon he considered—what he pronounced him in 1854—"stupid and sentimental, a far kindlier man than he usually gets credit for, but nothing like the clever fellow he used to be thought." It is curious that at the very time when the first-quoted opinion was formed, the Emperor said of Bismarck: "*Ce n'est pas un homme sérieux*,"—"a *mot*," the Chancellor says, "of which I did not think myself at liberty to remind him in the weaving-shed at Donchery," where they met the morning after Sedan. He says Favre is "no politician;" makes fun of the tears he shed during their interview, and thinks he painted his face white, in order to play better the part of the "injured and much-suffering man." Thiers was "an able and likeable man, witty and ingenious, but with hardly a trace of diplomatic quality—too sentimental for business; * * * not fit to make a bargain about an armistice—hardly fit, indeed,

to buy or sell a horse." Thiers' vanity, also, did not escape him, but was made often the butt of his ridicule. The Chancellor's aversion to Garibaldi was unconquerable. He looked upon him as simply a "foreign adventurer," and hoped to catch him, that he might "show him about for money, with a placard round his neck, labelled 'Ingratitude.'" To go further back, he thinks William Tell was a sneak, because he shot at his son at all, and because he killed Gessler in an assassin-like manner:—"it is not becoming in a hero, not even in *Francs-tireurs*." The gods of Greece, also, came in for their share. He "never could bear Apollo. He had flayed Marsyas from conceit and envy, and for the same reason had killed Niobe's children. He is the very type of a Frenchman; that is, one who cannot bear that another should play the flute as well or better than he." He depreciates the study of the classic tongues, and thinks Russian should be substituted for Greek, as it would give as much mental discipline, besides having immediate practical use.

Bismarck is kind and condescending to his inferiors; stiff-necked toward all princes; cares nothing for titles; would rather be stabbed than shot; would not die in a struggle without first having his "revenge"; would not want to be seen alive after suffering a marked defeat, but "would join a regiment at once"; thinks the gift of oratory a curse to mankind, and that diplomats should be governed by "facts" and not by "consistency."

From these things it will be seen that the pages of Dr. Busch are not only intensely interesting, but highly important as revealing the character of the most prominent man of our times.

The history of the Franco-German war, moreover, can never be thoroughly understood without the aid of this book. It gives us many brilliantly executed pictures of famous events; and the author, withal, is as gossipy and *naïf* as one can wish.

The Life of J. M. W. Turner, R. A. By PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON. 12° pp. 414. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.

THE announcement of a forthcoming life of Turner by Mr. Hamerton aroused expectations which have been fully realized by the event. The author possesses qualifications, both as a painter, a *littérateur*, and a critic, that make him especially fitted for the task; and certainly the task itself is one that sorely needed to be performed.

There is no name among modern artists around which controversy rages more fiercely than that of Turner. He has been so extravagantly praised that he has been just as unduly censured,—the bitterness of the censure arising, naturally enough, from the

blindness of the adulation. From Ruskin's false and impolitic criticism—which can hardly be called criticism at all—there must necessarily be a reaction. Mr. Hamerton now essays to judge between the two extremes. In the sobriety and soundness of his views, and the even-handed justice he deals out,—both based upon a thorough technical knowledge and exceptionally well-balanced faculties,—we have one of the finest displays of art criticism which the present generation has been permitted to see.

With Mr. Hamerton's views, it was unavoidable that his work should partake of the nature of a polemic against Ruskin; yet it is but just to say that the polemic is conducted with a courtesy equalled only by its skill. He does not under-estimate the great and eccentric master. He fully appreciates both his wonderful genius and its fruits; but his appreciation is well grounded, and consequently a safe guide for others, while Ruskin's is fantastic, misdirected and misleading. The wide divergence in the views of the two men is apparent on nearly every page; but the reader, especially if he be a student of Turner's works, will be inspired, in every instance, with confidence in the judgment of Mr. Hamerton. Many a student has gazed upon the "Slave Ship" with intense disappointment because, strain his imagination as he might, he could not find in it all that Ruskin so glowingly describes. But when, by a great effort, he has succeeded in throwing off the tyranny of this description, the splendid power of this painting, its marvellous handling of color, its boldness and sublime untruthfulness, all the horror and the darkness, burst upon him overwhelmingly, and he feels both the grandeur and the mystery of Turner's genius. A result somewhat similar will follow the reading of Mr. Hamerton's book.

Ruskin asserts that Turner never met with "a single word or ray of sympathy until he felt himself sinking into his grave." The fact is, as clearly shown by Mr. Hamerton, that he received exceptional encouragement from his earliest years. Both the time of Turner's birth, and its attending circumstances were favorable to his career. Landscape painting was just ready for the arrival of a great genius. The lad's father, although a poor man and lowly, gave him every advantage in his power, as soon as he discovered his son's inclination. So happily was Turner situated, and so diligent in his work, that when but twelve years old he succeeded in getting a picture into the Academy exhibition. His reputation was then quickly made, and wealth, of course, speedily followed. When he died he was worth half a million of dollars, and the works which he left, he could at any time have sold for as much more. He was honored and even obsequiously courted by all classes. There was but one important exception to the general adulation; the public press derided his originalities, and would never admit his genius.

What this genius was, and why it was so often misunderstood,

will best appear from Mr. Hamerton's *résumé* (p. 360), which is a most admirable specimen of the art of recapitulation :

" I should say, then, to sum up, that Turner was a landscape-painter of extraordinary yet by no means unlimited genius, a subtle and delicate but unfaithful draughtsman, a learned and refined but often fallacious chiaroscuroist, a splendid and brilliant but rarely natural colorist, a man gifted with wonderful fertility of imagination and strength of memory (though this last is less easy to determine because he altered everything), a student of Nature whose range was vast indeed, for it included mountains, lakes, lowland rivers and the sea, besides all kinds of human works that can affect the appearance of a landscape (castles, abbeys, cities, villages, houses, bridges, roads, etc., etc.), yet not universal, for he never adequately illustrated the familiar forest trees, and had not the sentiment of the forest, neither had he the rustic sentiment in its perfection. I should say that Turner was distinguished greatly by his knowledge, but still more distinguished by his exquisite taste, and by the singular charm which it gave to most of his works, though not to all of them ; that he was technically a wonderful but imperfect and irregular painter in oil, unsafe and unsound in his processes, though at the same time both strong and delicate in handling ; that he stands apart and alone in water-color, which in his hands is like a new art ; that he was an excellent line-etcher in preparations for mezzotint, and a good engraver in mezzotint besides ; and that with all these gifts and acquirements he was a very great and illustrious artist, but not the greatest of artists. I believe that his fame will last ; that he was as much a poet on canvas as Byron and Shelley were in written language, and that although it is possible that his performance may be afterwards excelled, it will be very difficult for any future landscape-painter to rival his reputation in his own country."

Turner is less agreeable to contemplate as a man than as an artist. After an early disappointment in love, he developed a dual life, becoming actually two men in one. His artist nature was one of exquisite refinement ; his moral nature was coarse and, in many ways, contemptible. It is not simply that his relations with women were immoral. Byron and Shelley lived in utter disregard of such conventionalities ; but each found a mistress capable of mating his better self, and even of elevating his character. But none of Turner's mistresses were of this class ; they fed only the brutal side of his nature. The strange feature of the case is, that these two natures dwelt side by side in him to the close of life, without apparently affecting one another in the least. He was unsocial and downright churlish, yet could riot with his friends when the mood was on. He was habitually avaricious, yet splendidly liberal when it pleased him to be so. Indeed, strange as it may seem, generosity, not with money merely but in the general condition of his feelings, was the best point in Turner's character.

Robert Dick, Baker, of Thurso, Geologist and Botanist. By SAMUEL SMILES, LL. D. 12^o pp. 436. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1879.

MR. SMILES has laid us under a new debt by this life of another of the self-made men of science. Robert Dick, apprenticed at

the age of thirteen to a baker's trade, working early and late throughout his boyhood, attending faithfully to every duty,—yet found some time for reading, and began very early to display that love of nature which made him, in after years, one of the greatest botanists and geologists the world has seen. When strong enough to carry the basket on his head he was sent to deliver bread in the neighboring villages, which was a great delight to him, since it gave him opportunity to look for ferns and mosses, to watch the growth of plants, to study their order and to classify them.

At the age of twenty, Dick commenced business for himself in the town of Thurso, where the remainder of his life was spent, and where his great work was accomplished. Our admiration is aroused for the man whose love of nature was so intense that he could walk all night through rain and snow, to find some rare fern or fossil, yet always returning to the bake-shop in time for his daily work. Never neglecting his humble calling, living in the most simple manner, and reduced at last to extreme poverty,—his courage yet never failed, his devotion never grew faint, and his unselfish love of science led him to give freely to others with no thought of reward. Isolating himself from society, both because the hardships of his youth had somewhat soured him, and because his intense application to business and study left him no time for social intercourse—he soon became known in scientific circles, and visitors came in upon him thick and fast. These he often turned away without admission, and even when he granted an interview, he never ceased working while the conversation went on. Even Sir Roderick Murchison was dismissed unseen, on the occasion of his first call, as Dick was busy with his batch. On a subsequent occasion, however, the famous director-general of the Geographical Society was admitted; and, ever after, he delighted to tell of his surprise when, on his complaining that there was no sufficient map of the county, Dick proceeded at once to mould a model of the geological structure of Caithness out of a lump of dough. Hugh Miller, also, was among his friends, and profited largely by his rare knowledge. To the discoveries which Dick communicated to him, and to the numerous fossils he generously supplied, Miller owed, in a high degree, the value of his geological writings.

We cannot give a better glimpse of Dick's character, as felt through every page of this book, than by the following brief quotation:

"The sea was his delight. He wandered along the shores, and found things rich and beautiful and full of wonder. Though he wandered about solitary, he had no time for melancholy dreams. Every flower melted him, every star touched him, even every beetle engraved itself upon his mind. He was a reverent man. Unbelief is blindness, but his mind was all eyes and his imagination was full of light, and life, and being."

The book abounds in delightful illustrations of the picturesque

scenery of Scotland, which make one long to see the very mountains he scaled and the depths into which he descended. We cannot refrain from expressing hearty gratitude for this fresh assurance that there are men in the humblest, most obscure walks of life, whose lives are consecrated to great and noble work, whose genius is unsurpassed, and who leave behind them fruits which will endure though they themselves may soon be forgotten.

English Men of Letters. Edited by JOHN MORLEY.

1. *Spenser.* By R. W. CHURCH. 12° pp. 180.
 2. *Robert Burns.* By PRINCIPAL SHAIRP. 12° pp. 205.
 3. *Thackeray.* By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. 12° pp. 206.
- New York: Harper & Brothers. 1879.

1. THIS admirable series of biography displays unevenness of merit; yet not more than should be expected, perhaps, when we consider the diversity in the talents and styles of the various *collaborateurs*. But we are a little astonished to find a writer of Dean Church's scholarship saying (p. 21): "Between Cambridge and Spenser's appearance in London, there is a short but obscure interval;" and, "Spenser's first, and as far as we can see, to the last, dearest friend."—(p. 19.) Worse still: in speaking (p. 133) of the profusion of misspelt words in Spenser's verse, to meet the necessities of rhyme, he says that they argue "either *want of trouble*, or want of resource." Again (p. 76), he writes: "the two Norreys;" but further on, "the Norreyses," which is correct. These things "argue," at the least, a lack of careful revision.

But when the most that is possible has been made of all these little flaws, it must still be said that Dean Church has given us a very entertaining and useful sketch of the life and writings of Spenser. The work was demanded; for although Spenser is one of the greatest of English poets, he is also one of the least known and least read. The *Faerie Queene*, to be made inviting to the present generation, needs not only the glossary which every good edition supplies, but just such a key to its mysteries and unravelling of its intricacies as Dean Church gives us in the second half of his book. The great fault of construction in the poem—the fact that it nowhere explains itself, is thus remedied; its affectation of the language and the customs of life which belonged to an age not its own, is fully explained; and its imperfections and inconsistencies are found less annoying, as the cause of them comes to be understood. Then, too, the quaint stateliness of the poem, its sweetness and beauty, with the poet's philosophy of life, are clearly seen and keenly felt; and we discover why it is that Spenser has always been the poets' poet.

2. Principal Shairp is one of the highest authorities on all subjects connected with modern English poetry. His style, moreover, is not only strong, with a quiet strength, but graceful as well; and his utterances are always stimulative of thought. He is a Scotchman, too; and this, combined with the fact that his studies have been largely devoted to the poets of the reaction against classicism, makes him peculiarly qualified to deal with the poetry of Robert Burns.

This volume could hardly give us any new facts, since the biographies of Burns are so numerous. The events of his life are moreover too well-known to need recapitulating. Professor Shairp, however, discriminates with much skill and judgment between the various opinions, laudatory and depreciative, of the poet's character. In this, he does the world a good service. The closing chapter, on Burns' "Character, Poems and Songs," is a perfect gem.

This volume is very free from faults of style; but we find evidences of careless proof-reading—the errors being typographical.

3. It must seem strange, to those who do not know the cause, that so long time has elapsed without producing a life of Thackeray. It appears, however, that the great novelist and humorist emphatically declared his wish that no such work should ever be written. His sense of humor was too keen, his scorn of flattery too intense, not to disgust him with the fulsome biographies which abound at the present day. Mr. Trollope, therefore, does not attempt to write a *Life*, and considerably less than one-third of the book is biographical in its nature. Thackeray's character is briefly and happily set forth; but we are left to acquire our knowledge of it chiefly from his unfading works.

One of the most entertaining passages in this volume, for the editorial fraternity, and one which every would-be contributor to the press should read, is Mr. Trollope's discussion of Thackeray's editorial career:

"It has sometimes been thought well to select a popular literary man as an editor; first, because his name will attract, and then with an idea that he who can write well himself will be a competent judge of the writings of others. The first may sell a magazine, but will hardly make it good; and the second will not avail much, unless the editor so situated be patient enough to read what is sent to him. Of a magazine editor it is required that he should be patient, scrupulous, judicious, but above all things hard-hearted. I think it may be doubted whether Thackeray did bring himself to read the basketful of manuscripts with which he was deluged; but he probably did, sooner or later, read the touching little private notes by which they were accompanied—the heart-rending appeals, in which he was told that if this or the other little article could be accepted and paid for, a starving family might be saved from starvation for a month. He tells us how he felt on receiving such letters in one of his *Round-about Papers*, which he calls '*Thorns in the cushion*.' 'How am I to know,' he says, 'though to be sure I begin to know now—as I take the letters off the tray, which of those envelopes contains a real *bona fide* letter, and

which a thorn? One of the best invitations this year I mistook for a thorn letter, and kept it long without opening.' Then he gives the sample of a thorn letter. It is from a governess with a poem, and with a prayer for insertion and payment. 'We have known better days, sir. I have a sick and widowed mother to maintain, and little brothers and sisters who look to me.' He could not stand this, and the money would be sent, out of his own pocket, though the poem might be—postponed, till happily it should be lost. * * * A man so susceptible, so prone to work by fits and starts, so unmethodical, could not have been a good editor."

The analysis of Thackeray's works, and the incidents accompanying their execution, are admirably presented; and altogether, Mr. Trollope has produced a very happy sketch of one who was "the most soft-hearted of human beings, sweet as Charity itself, who went about the world dropping pearls, doing good and never wilfully inflicting a wound."

TRAVELS.

From Egypt to Palestine, through Sinai, the Wilderness and the South Country. By S. C. BARTLETT, D.D., LL.D.
8° pp. 555. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1879.

UNLIKE most books of travel, and especially travels in the Levant, this is a work of real importance, and worthy of a more extended treatment than we can possibly give it at present. Omitting, therefore, all reference to the pleasant record of daily travels and sight-seeing, we will notice briefly the heart of the book, that which gives it its *raison d'être*.

The journey was undertaken with some learned friends for the purpose of personally examining the various supposed routes of the Exodus, and sites of biblical places, in order to compare on the spot the conflicting theories of scholars, and make a contribution of value toward settling these interesting questions. President Bartlett considers everything from the strictly orthodox point of view, accepting the Bible as fully inspired, and never attempting to explain away its accounts. While showing himself thoroughly acquainted with the theories of Colenso, Brugsch, Mariette Bey and others, he rejects them emphatically, though with perfect courtesy. His treatment of the vexed question of biblical chronology is scholarly, but he adds nothing new to the subject. He does not consider it necessary to regard the brick-makers, represented on the tomb at Thebes, as Hebrews. His discussion of the Pharaohs is graphic, and furnishes an admirable illustration of what may be called originality in compilation. The chapter on "Traces of Contact between Israel and Egypt" contains much that is really valuable. The mixture of the two languages in the Pentateuch, the silent influence of Egyptian customs on the early

history of the Hebrews, the confirmation of historic biblical statements by the results of Egyptian research, are all lucidly set forth. Of Brugsch's famous comment on the great famine, the author says: "I leave it on his authority." His judgments on the disputed localities in the land of Goshen, while differing often from those of eminent scholars, are usually ably supported by his arguments.

It is, however, when he has followed the Israelites to the shores of the Red Sea, that he awakens the deepest interest; and it is here, too, that he displays the only rationalistic tendency to be seen in the whole narrative. The biblical number of fleeing Hebrews does not trouble him, as he thinks, rightly enough, that the matter is not mended by reducing the multitude from two millions to one million. With regard to the point where the Hebrews crossed, he decides, contrary to Brugsch (along the Serbonian bog), to M. de Lesseps (between the Crocodile and Bitter Lakes), and to Ritt (along the dike of Chalool), that it could only have been by the southern passage, at Suez. It is in explaining the story of the crossing that he becomes rationalistic and displays his only inconsistency. No other of the conjectural passages could have been effected "without miracle;" but here the crossing was made by "natural means extraordinarily directed" (p. 182); the natural means being the strong north-east wind blowing all night, and afterward changing to a different direction. It is here that we are forced to take issue with the learned author. If the Bible narrative be strictly correct in all its features (including numbers), it cannot be explained except by admitting a full-grown "miracle." The difficulty lies not so much in the action of the waters, as in the vast numbers of people who are asserted to have passed over in so short a time. Two millions of souls, with "very much cattle (*Exodus*, xii, 38,) could never have crossed by this narrow defile in a single night, save by miracle, and the world can never be made to believe it. No *army*, however highly disciplined, of two hundred thousand *men*, could do it; how, then, could two millions, "a mixed multitude," including women and children,—not to speak of the slow-moving cattle? No, here is either a miracle, or a total untrustworthiness in the biblical narrative.

In dealing with the equally difficult question of the maintenance of the Hebrews in the wilderness, Dr. Bartlett returns to his logical consistency, and frankly admits the supernatural.

By way of the supposed Israelitish route, the party entered Palestine. A large portion of the book, therefore, deals with the interesting questions which that country presents. Unusually severe weather considerably restricted their labors in Syria; yet these chapters contain much of interest and value.

The book has one great fault. The author has so completely ignored dates that it is only on reaching the appendix that we discover when the journey was made—during the Winter of

1873-4. Yet there are many passages where the insertion of dates is really essential. The book has also one very marked virtue. There is an utter absence of the *odium theologicum*; or, if any exception must be made, it is in the rather wholesale condemnation of the notions of Piazzì Smyth.

There are several excellent maps; but the illustrations, although valuable, have been so often used in the publications of this firm that we begin to wish they would give us new presentations, when dealing with the old scenes.

Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates. By LADY ANNE BLUNT.

8¹/₂ pp. 445. Edited, with a Preface, and some accounts of the Arabs and their Horses, by W. S. B. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1879.

ONE's interest in this book is bespoken at the outset, by the fact that Lady Anne Blunt is the granddaughter of Lord Byron. Yet, if the book is opened with the expectation of finding in it any reminder whatever of the poet's peculiar gifts, disappointment will certainly follow. Travelling through a country redolent with romance, among tribes whose very traditions are poetry, and meeting with many strange adventures, she never displays any imagination or fancy, never breaks into rhapsody, and is utterly lacking in that picturesqueness which enables one to delineate sharply both scenes and persons. She is cool, hard-headed, and intensely practical. Yet she has made a most interesting book.

This fact is due to two things: she passed amid scenes the barest description of which must necessarily be entertaining, and she possesses in a marked degree, certain moral qualities which lead her to discern many truths which would be hidden from most people, and to describe them in a way which is often quite original.

The book is especially interesting, also, as displaying the genuine English pluck and endurance,—surpassed by those of no other people in the world. We wonder how many American women there are, who would start off on so venturesome a trip, in the face of entreaties and gloomy prophecies, to travel, in a time of war, among the wildest of the desert tribes? Yet, on second thought, we believe there are many—enough to colonize the whole desert, if need be. Far be it from the NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW to underrate the spirit of American women. The American women are second to none in bravery and—persistency. We call to mind several missionaries among them who have done the very thing that Lady Blunt did, with the addition, too, of a heroic motive; for the latter appears to have travelled from a certain restlessness, or simply to find a pleasant Winter climate “far from the madding crowd.”

We cannot follow the Blunts on their long journey, but we heartily commend the narrative to our readers. They will find in it much agreeable entertainment, and considerable new information about the customs and beliefs of these curious people, and especially about that ever-fascinating subject—the Arabian horses.

SCIENCE.

Color-Blindness: Its Dangers and its Detection. By B. JOY JEFFRIES, A.M., M.D. 12° pp. 312. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

THE volume before us is the third on the subject of color-blindness that has yet appeared in book form—Professor Holmgren's *Color-Blindness and its Relations to Railroads and the Marine*, appearing in Swedish at Upsala, in 1877, being the second, and Professor Wilson's *Researches on Color-Blindness*, published in 1855, being the first. To Dr. Jeffries is due the credit of writing the first book on the subject, in America, though we believe an abridged translation of Professor Holmgren's book was published in 1878 in the Report of the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, of that year.

Color-blindness is a subject possessed of so much interest to managers of railroads and the marine service, as well as to the public at large, that one wonders why attention to it has been so long neglected. The author shows the importance of the subject to these corporations by the numbers of their employés that are color-blind, and hence incapable of properly attending to their business,—guarding the property of their employers and protecting the lives of passengers.

The author has produced a book of wide usefulness. Being himself a medical man, he has made it of value to the profession, both from ophthalmological and physiological points of view. It is full of practical information on its theme, giving interesting historical cases of color-blindness, its statistics, physiology, ætiology, &c., illustrated with drawings and colored plates, and a complete bibliography of the subject, with an index.

Sewer Gases: How to protect our Dwellings. By ADOLPH DE VARONA, A. M., I.L.B., M. D. 16° pp. 157. Brooklyn: Eagle Book-Printing Department. 1879.

THIS little volume on Sewer Gases deserves a wide reading. The subject may not be as entertaining or popular as a drama by

Tennyson, or a love-story by Mrs. Burnett or Charles Reade ; but it is invested with far more interest to those who have bodies and brains to care for than any that a poet-laureate or novelist would write about. Dr. Varona has treated the subject scientifically. His drawings and illustrations are original, and his suggestions sensible and practical. Altogether the work shows a decided advance in the state of sanitary science.

ART.

A Handbook of Legendary and Mythological Art. By CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT. 8° pp. x-541. Boston : Houghton, Osgood & Company. 1879.

Painters, Sculptors, Architects, Engravers, and their Works. By CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT. 8° pp. xii-681. Boston : Houghton, Osgood & Company. 1879.

Artists of the Nineteenth Century and their Works. By CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT and LAURENCE HUTTON. 2 vols. 8° pp. lxxxvii-429 ; lviii-416. Boston : Houghton, Osgood & Company. 1879.

OF the two volumes at the head of this list, the first, originally published in 1871, is now in its twelfth edition, and the second, first issued in 1873, has reached the fifth edition. After this evidence of their wide acceptance, and at this late day, it cannot be supposed that our readers need to be instructed as to their nature. It is enough to say that they are the only compilations of their kind ; that they are exceedingly full and accurate ; and that their adaptation to the end in view is well-nigh perfect.

Of the *Artists of the Nineteenth Century*,—a recent work—we cannot speak so unqualifiedly. We recognize the great difficulties necessarily encountered in attempting anything so comprehensive ; yet, after making every allowance, some of the short-comings of these two volumes seem to us inexplicable. What can be thought, for instance, of the omission of such names as Chantrey, Constable, Flaxman, A. N. W. Pugin, Moritz Retzsch, Elizabeth Thompson, and Toschi ; and, among our own countrymen, Sol Eytinge and Waugh ? There is also occasional inaccuracy in giving the names, as in the case of *Sir Benjamin West*. Noted works of some prominent artists are unmentioned, a mistake—a fault—easily explained and condoned ; but an art-critic of Mrs. Clement's standing certainly ought not to perpetuate the popular error which attributes the title "*Huguenot Lovers*" to Millais' famous picture. To conclude our fault-finding

—among the authorities quoted we do not find *The Crayon*, the best art periodical we ever had in this country; or Dunlap's *History of the Arts of Design in the United States*; and we surely must protest against the *uncritical* manner in which the various criticisms are selected. The best authorities, to be sure, are most all here; but there is also an abundance of poor authorities, and some of no authority whatever,—some whose *dictum* no true artist would heed. Charles Blanc, for instance, is quoted only five times, but the vapid Jarves, fifty-seven times; while the *London Art Journal* is quoted four times as often as the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*,—a fact partly owing, doubtless, to the preponderance of English names among the artists. Allston, Eastlake, Cunningham, Chesneau and Planche, are missing.

These remarks have not been made for the mere purpose of finding fault. In the first edition of such a work, errors like those we have pointed out are, to a large degree, absolutely unavoidable. It is the province of criticism to discover and direct attention to errors of every nature; for in this way only can future editions be brought nearer to perfection. The wonder is not that there are so many, but that there are so few blemishes in a work comprising biographical and critical notices of about two thousand and fifty artists, covering all countries and a century of time.

It is a pleasure to briefly call attention to the great excellencies of the work. It is very full, and generally reliable. The *Introduction*, giving an account in outline of the Art Academies and Institutions for Art Education of the present day in various countries, is admirably compiled, and each volume contains four complete indices. The publishers, too, have given the volume a most dainty, attractive, and convenient dress.

Conversations on Art Methods. By THOMAS COUTURE.

Translated from the French, by S. E. STEWART, with an Introduction by ROBERT SWAIN GIFFORD. 12° pp. x-252. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

THOMAS COUTURE, who died at Paris, last March, at the age of sixty-five, has probably exercised on American painting an influence greater than that of any other modern master. Among the most notable of his pupils are Daniel Huntington, W. M. Hunt and John Lafarge. In France, his fame was, for a long time, supreme, owing largely to the fact that, although he had been a pupil of Gros and Delaroche, his originality was very pronounced, his personality almost tyrannical, and his influence upon his pupils exceedingly marked. If his fame was somewhat diminished during his later years, when he almost ceased to work, it was perhaps a mere passing phase, such as all great men meet

with in these times, and doubtless his reputation will once more come to the front, when he shall have become more fully understood.

The little volume before us is a translation of Couture's *Méthodes et Entretiens d'Atelier*—published in 1867—and its value is in inverse ratio to its size. The young painter was rebellious against all science, and could never learn by academic means. He cast all these aside and turned eagerly to nature. Through long and laborious processes, involving many failures, he finally succeeded in discovering simple rules and short paths by which acquisition of the art may be secured. These rules are few, and they are indeed so "simple" as almost to arouse suspicion. Yet they bear the impress of genius and of truth.

He objects strenuously to employing the antique, "those beautiful things," in first lessons. "It is a monstrosity to use them with beginners;"—a doctrine which evidently does not hold in our National Academy. The teacher should "not confound art with material things." In discussing drawing, his remarks on looking at the object, on the use of lights and shadows, and on the treatment of texture are particularly clear and incisive. Unlike many of our American artists, he believes that great pains should be taken with drawing:—"A musician would say to you: 'the scale! the scale!' I say to you: draw! draw!"

Couture's system of painting is readily comprehensible, and exceedingly simple to follow. We can hardly say that it is as *easy* to follow, since it involves such a course as this: "Be truly Christian, cultivate your heart; above all things, be humble; in the art of painting humility is the greatest strength." He advises the use of colors pure, without mixing; at least, the artist should never go beyond three, and, if a fourth is sometimes necessary, he should wait until the three are dry, then moisten the brush with linseed oil and lay on the fourth color, merely as a thin glaze upon the surface, with light and rapid touches.

The conversations cover nearly the whole field of painting, both abstract and historic; are incisive and profound, perfectly French in spirit and expression, and enlivened with many bright anecdotes and parables. The book, from beginning to end, glows with enthusiasm. It will be especially valuable to amateurs, and to all art-students who are so situated as to be without the personal instructions of a master.

Hints for Pupils in Drawing and Painting. By HELEN M. KNOWLTON. 12° pp. 32. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Company.

In addition to thirty-two pages of text, this little volume contains twenty full-page illustrations from charcoal drawings

by W. M. Hunt. Why learn to draw? who can learn to draw? why use charcoal for drawing? what shall we take for a subject? how to begin, sketching from memory, proportions of the figure, form, what to paint, Allston's method, canvases, and varnishes,—are some of the questions answered, and subjects treated in this short space; which shows how comprehensive are these "hints;" and yet under every head something of value is given. Every word, too, is spoken with Miss Knowlton's well-known enthusiasm, which should set every one to learn who is now ignorant, and make an artist of every one who has the power latent in him.

Her earnestness is of the "revival-meeting" sort. "I saw a beautiful sunset last night," she imagines some one saying, "and I would have given worlds for the power to put it on canvas, even in the rudest manner!" "That desire," she answers, "indicates talent. Will you use your talent or smother it?"—(p. 6.) "*Draw whatever fascinates you! Love something and paint it!*"—she italicises. "*Will you do it, or will you doubt your ability, or question the convenience of doing it just now?*" Even the type catches her enthusiasm, and she cries, in Pica Clarendon Condensed, where we might have expected an Expanded Antique Face:—"Now is the time, and the opportunity once gone may never return." Such a spirit is irresistible, and leaves us no room for wonder at her remarkable success as a teacher. The illustrations, after Hunt, are full of power, and an essential feature of this inspiring and helpful little book.

The Grammar of Painting and Engraving. Translated from the French of *Blanc's Grammaire des Arts du Dessin.* By KATE NEWELL DOGGETT. 8° pp. xx-330. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Company. 1879.

THIS work was so thoroughly reviewed at the time of its original publication in this country, some years since, and is now so widely known and appreciated, that it hardly seems, in the crowded condition of our pages, to demand extended notice. It is well, however, to assert once more that the work is indispensable to all who are entering upon the study of art, and to all, indeed, who *feel* the beautiful, but cannot yet *see* it, or who both feel and see, but are unable to give precise and just reasons for their delight or disapproval.

BELLES-LETTRES.

Mixed Essays. By MATTHEW ARNOLD. 12° pp. 346. New York : Macmillan & Co. 1879.

THE essays comprised in this volume have been before the public in detached form these many years ; the first one—that on *Democracy*—for twenty years. But anything from the pen of the author of *Literature and Dogma* is worth re-reading; and these essays will certainly be found to be so. There is a brightness in Mr. Arnold's thought, expressed in an idiom of singular purity and felicity, which charms the reader even while his views provoke dissent.

"The present volume touches a variety of subjects, and yet it has a unity of tendency." So says the author in his preface, and so we should say. His themes are living ones, and he treats them in a manner to make them subserve a vital purpose—to throw light on issues that are subjects of present controversy, literary, ecclesiastical, political, or theologic. The essay on *Equality*, in the volume before us, affords a good illustration of this point. He dilates at length on that famous line from Menander : *Πηχέρονται ἡθῆ, καὶ σὺν ὀφείλει κακὰ*—"Evil communications corrupt good manners," and applies its sentiment to show the influence of classes on civilization, controverting the views of Messrs. Froude and Lowe, Lord Beaconsfield and Sir Erskine May, and showing conclusively, by comparing the condition and progress of living peoples, that civilization advances more securely along the lines that lead to equality. "Civilization is the humanization of man in society," he forcibly observes. "To be humanized is to comply with the true law of our human nature."—(p. 63.) Learning, or scholarship, he maintains, is not so good a test of civilization as intelligence and culture. The peasantry of France are, for example, more ignorant of letters than the working classes of Germany or England ; and yet they are more civilized. The French have more of what Voltaire called *l'esprit de société*—"the spirit of society,"—the social spirit, the spirit of equity and equality, than any other people of modern times. Hence they are more highly civilized. "A nation with a genius for society, like the French or Athenians, is irresistibly drawn towards equality. From the first moment when the French people, with its congenital sense for the power of social intercourse and manners, came into existence, it was on the road to equality."—(p. 69.) In the same connection the author sets forth wholesome truths in a delicate way in respect of the condition of England, declaring that with her "splendid aristocracy," the "finest aristocracy in the world," she is less civilized than her Christian neighbors. "To him who

uses his mind as the wise man recommends," he writes, "surely it is easy to see that our [England's] shortcomings in civilization are due to inequality; or, in other words, that the great inequality of classes and property, which came to us from the Middle Ages and which we maintain because we have the religion of inequality,—that this constitution of things, I say, has the natural and necessary effect, under present circumstances, of materializing our upper class, vulgarizing our middle class and brutalizing our lower class. And this is to fail in civilization."—(p. 87.)

Surely, these are true words. The aristocracy of England *is* a menace to the nations it essays to govern, by lowering the ideal for which man should strive. Its influence *is* "materializing," and therefore degrading on those who struggle to attain a like independence, as well as on those whose condition of helpless poverty and misery dissuades from making the attempt to elevate themselves. America felt the withering influence of English aristocracy in her system of negro slavery. The ideal of the masters of slaves was a position of luxurious ease and idleness such as was maintained by England's "splendid aristocracy." And that unfortunate class in the southern part of the Union has not yet gotten rid of that low ideal of society. Obermann has truly said that no life can be happy "*passée au milieu des générations qui souffrent.*" "To the noble soul," says Mr. Arnold, "it cannot be happy; to the ignoble it cannot be secure." All one's observation of human nature sustains this most natural and rational conclusion.

Apart from the elegant print and delicate scholarship of this volume, it is peculiarly gratifying to us to find sentiments like these in books issued from English sources.

Marriage, with Preludes on Current Events. By JOSEPH COOK. 12° pp. 270. Boston: Houghton, Osgood and Company. 1879.

IN the volume before us Mr. Cook deals, in his characteristic way, with love and marriage,—or love with marriage and love without marriage—not to mention the "preludes," in which nearly all the problems which command the attention of thoughtful men and women of the period, are discussed in a style of rhetoric more befitting the orator than the essayist.

This volume, like the others of the series of the *Boston Monday Lectures*, is made up of a course of lectures, delivered, one would suppose, extemporaneously, and reported *verbatim et literatim*, and printed unhappily without revision. On every page one may discover the art of the orator and rhetorician, appealing to the ear of the auditor, straining after effect and striving to win

applause by the use of high sounding, euphonious, and striking phrases which, while they charm the ear, not unfrequently mock the sense.

To one who has learned his physiological alphabet in regular order, the method of Mr. Cook in dealing with marriage is not altogether pleasing. Such a one prefers to see such a subject discussed from a physiological, rather than a theological, point of view; not because the subject is unrelated to morality and religion, but because it is primarily physiological in its character, never theological, and is only ethical and religious in its bearings and influence. As one might suppose, therefore, Mr. Cook has an exalted idea of marriage—which he borrowed from Genesis—but a low idea of divorce. In this respect he is inconsistent; for it is self-evident that no practicable scheme of carrying out the divine idea of marriage is possible that does not likewise comprehend the divine idea of divorce.

Let us look at Mr. Cook's matrimonial ethics a little closer. In his lecture on *Marriage without Love*, he lays down three propositions, which, if heeded, would in his view cure the evils resulting therefrom. The first of these is, "Prevention by judicious Marriage." This we understand involves divorce *ab initio* of such parties as have unhappily formed an injudicious marriage. Surely, a "judicious marriage" is possible to such as have already contracted and consummated a *mésalliance*, only by a divorce.

The second proposition evinces less discernment than the first, viz.: "Endurance by Conscientiousness." It is certainly inconsistent with it, so much so that at first view we concluded the word "endurance" must be a misprint for *abrogation*. When one calls to mind the evil consequences to themselves and their children of a pair unhappily mated, one finds it impossible to conceive a "conscientious" reason for enduring the mal-relation. The proposition involves an obvious error, for it exalts marriage above the end it is designed to subserve in the economy of human life. Hence, to be strictly correct the second proposition should read either "Abrogation by Conscientiousness," or "Endurance for convenience." The latter rendering is probably what the author means—or ought to mean.

The third and last proposition which the author advances as a cure for the evils of marriage without love, is that so eloquently advocated by Milton, before the very learned and most benighted theologians of the seventeenth century, viz.: "Termination by Divorce." This remedy is in perfect accord with that embodied in the first proposition of Mr. Cook, and will meet with less approval than that of his second proposition. But the author nullifies the force and chief virtue of his meaning by a subsequent statement, viz.: "The necessities of children are such that the only grounds for divorce justifiable in the eyes of science [theology] are adultery and malicious desertion."—(p. 105.) This proposition he reads, he says, to his "Pagan jury in Pliny's villa,"

and discovers, to their discredit it seems to us, no disgust in their faces ! But were he to read it to a physiological jury, we are confident he would find no lack of disgust "in their faces ;" for such a jury would know full well that the necessities of children are such as to demand the highest order of wedlock, and the disparagement or abrogation of loveless marriages. Nor should it be made contingent on crime. Incompatibility is a sufficient excuse for divorce. The rights of children, be it observed, may be protected by divorce, as well as by marriage ; a fact which, unhappily, is too often overlooked.

It is an encouraging sign of the times when these subjects, so vital to the progress of society, are brought up for discussion, even though those who discuss them sometimes arrive at erroneous or misleading conclusions. The average reader is capable, when freed from the superstition which has enveloped the subject of marriage, of drawing correct conclusions, if all accessible facts are fully and fairly placed before him. Let it be clearly understood that "hate is the mightiest divider" of human hearts, and that when it is allowed to generate in the relations of the married, it constitutes of itself the worse possible form of divorce; that love is the sole justification of forming the marital union and of accepting parental responsibility, and one will properly stand in greater awe of marriage and in less fear of a divorce which a loveless union has already decreed. It should never be forgotten that love is the element divine which dignifies the institution of marriage ; and that "love in marriage cannot subsist unless it be mutual ; and where love cannot be there can be left of wedlock nothing but the empty husk of an outside matrimony as undelightful and displeasing to God as any other kind of hypocrisy." — (Milton.)

It will be well for mankind, when the leaders of public opinion —among whom we take pleasure in classing Mr. Cook—come to regard the marital union as an institution founded in the nature of the human heart, and not as an ordinance created or imposed by civil society. Should that day ever come, the laws which determine the relation of the sexes will be studied, we make bold to predict, with the same sagacity and diligence that the laws of other relations, as finance, or physics, for example, are studied, and the union matrimonial formed in accordance with those laws. This view of the subject is already favorably received by a large part of the Christian public and seems destined soon to be accepted by all intelligent people who have disentangled their convictions from the "roots of creeds and churches." Everybody knows that a marriage formed agreeably to the divine laws of conjugal love needs no other guarantee of its perpetuity ; and that a marriage formed in disregard or defiance of those laws is a fraud on human nature, a mockery of human hopes and aspirations, full of perils to the parties contracting it and of dangers to the society that permits or perpetuates it.

Nadeschda. A Poem in nine Cantos. By JOHN LUDVIG RNEBERG. Translated from the Swedish by MARIE A. BROWN. 8° pp. 103. Boston : Marie A. Brown. 1879.

THE translator of the Schwartz novels has again earned the gratitude of American readers, by introducing them to a new field in literature. Runeberg, though but little known to us, is a household name in Sweden, where he has made himself dear to the people by his sympathy for the oppressed, and his faithful pictures of life among rich and poor in the far north. Born in Jacobstad (Finland), growing up in poverty, living, studying, and teaching among the people, he became thoroughly acquainted with their peculiar life ; with the thousand isles, with the wonders of that land which awoke in him the power of song, and, notwithstanding its dreary, desolate nature, became through him an image of the most elevated beauty. His life was happily devoted to the expression of his genius, and it was during his best years that *Nadeschda* was written.

A young girl, seeing her image in the stream, admires her own beauty and recalls her dream of love. Suddenly remembering that she is a serf, and not a free woman to love and to be loved, she indulges in bitter thoughts, which are intensified by the appearance of her foster-father, who wishes her to deck herself in fairest flowers and unite with others in welcoming the approaching Prince to his ancestral estate. No flowers will she wear, but "sedges coarse," and around her waist a "fetter of straw,"—hoping thus to disguise her beauty, and save herself from an abhorred fate. In this costume she wends her way toward the castle. She seeks a very obscure place in the throng, that she may escape unobserved ; but her foster-father, proud of his darling's beauty, hastens to bring her before the Prince. Woldmar takes no notice of her at first, but his brother, Dmitri, to whom he has promised one or more of his serf girls, at once chooses Nadeschda. She lifts her eyes full of agonizing appeal to the Prince, who is attracted by the purity and loveliness of her face, and he tells his brother that it was a *serf* he promised him,—but this girl is free ; whereupon he publicly releases her from thralldom. Woldmar is filled with love, Dmitri with revenge. Nadeschda is carried off by Prince Woldmar (who was the very person she had seen in her dream of love), and secreted for two years, when the Prince brings her home to the castle. But evil minds are at work, and a violent change ensues : the hatred of Dmitri triumphs for a while ; the Princess Nadeschda, with her two sons, is driven from the castle, and the Prince is forced into exile ; while Dmitri and his haughty mother usurp their place. The great Empress Catherine visits the castle, goes about among the people, and wins all hearts by her tenderness. The young afflicted mother comes forward and offers her

two sons to Russia. Catherine gratefully tells her to ask what she wishes in return:—

“To the stricken, lone one, soon worn out with weeping,
Give her back her children's father!”

The style of the poem is simple; the scenes in court, country, and serf life are very vivid, and the descriptions of scenery charming. The verse is unrhymed and the rhythm irregular; but in this, as in other ways, the translation faithfully reproduces the original.

Poems. By SARAH HELEN WHITMAN. 12° pp. 261. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Company. 1879.

THE death of Mrs. Whitman, last year, revived an interest in a life which had its share of romance, and in a character which was pure, serene, and lovely. These poems were selected and partially revised for publication by the lady herself, shortly before her death.

Mrs. Whitman's relations with Poe have made her name known to many who never read her songs; but if all such desire to know more of her character, of her inner life, and of Poe's influence upon these, they will be readily gratified on studying these little poems. To our mind, however, the best are not those which manifest the influence of her love for this erratic man. She is most pleasing in her descriptive poems, which display a tender feeling for nature, and an insight into its moods; and in her sonnets on slavery, addressed to Mrs. Browning.

We can hardly say that Mrs. Whitman possessed genius; but she was a woman of rare talent, and, what is better, a most exalted soul.

Motives of Life. By DAVID SWING. 16° pp. 162. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1879.

In *Motives of Life* the author discourses, at once gracefully and instructively, on a variety of themes which concern the highest interest of men. Avoiding for the most part points of difference in faith and doctrine, he sets forth the advantages as well as glories of the divine life. In other words, he shows that the temporal interests of men and women are furthered by doing those things which the preacher of former days too exclusively regarded as indispensable to their eternal interests. The volume is therefore not devoid of practical utility. In the discourse on *A Good Name*, the admirable style and strong good sense of the author are fitly illustrated: “Whether some new influence has come to cloud the value of personal character, or whether the human race

has always thus failed to read the laws of happiness, one may not tell. But this one must perceive: that our land is not yet conscious of the height and depth of that happiness that comes from a spotless reputation, and the depth of that misery which comes from this honor lost."—(p. 71.)

Locusts and Wild Honey. By JOHN BURROUGHS. 16° pp. 253. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

WOULD that we could review this exquisite little book—where it should be read—"in green pastures and beside still waters!" Even now, between hot brick-walls, and amid the city's roar, it brings near to us the twilight twitterings of birds, the shimmering streams, and the *tremolo* of the trees.

Mr. Burroughs is something more than a lover of nature; he is beloved by nature. She confides in him—he knows her secrets. His books are full of the most delicious poetry, albeit in the dress of prose. His epithets are exceedingly happy, his similes apt and pictorial. The strawberry, he says (p. 67), "is a kind of vegetable snow. How cool, how tonic, how melting, and how perishable! It is almost as easy to keep frost." Most charmingly he sings its praises: "It has that indescribable quality of all first things [including first love] that shy, uncloying, provoking, barbed sweetness. It is eager and sanguine as youth. It is born of the copious dews, the fragrant nights, the tender skies, the plentiful rains of the early season. The singing of birds is in it, and the health and frolic of lusty nature. It is the product of liquid May touched by the June sun. It has the tartness, the briskness, the unruliness of Spring, and the aroma and intensity of Summer."—(p. 66.)

In this paper on "Strawberries," and in those entitled, "Is it going to rain?" "Birds and Birds," "A Bed of Boughs," and "The Halcyon in Canada," the author is seen at his best. Indeed, we may as well add all the rest, "The Pastoral Bees," "Sharp Eyes," "Speckled Trout," and "Birds' Nesting." Some one may object that this is not criticism; but, indeed, how can one be critical with so genial, lively and wholesome a writer, and in the face of all the tenderness and loveliness of nature which fills the volume? Besides, there is really almost nothing to find fault with, except a rather incongruous vulgarism on page 17.

It is a delightful book to go a-Summering with.

RECEIVED.

The Writings of Albert Gallatin. Edited by HENRY ADAMS. 3 vols. Royal 8° pp. 707-666-646. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1879.

The Life of Albert Gallatin. By HENRY ADAMS. 8° pp. 697. London and Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1879.

History of the English People. By JOHN RICHARD GREEN, M. A. 3 vols. 8° pp. 576-500-451. With Maps. New York : Harper & Bros. 1879.

A Lover's Tale. By ALFRED TENNYSON. 16° pp. 32, paper. Boston : Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

The Life and Letters of Francis Baroness Bunsen. By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE. 2 vols. (complete in one volume) 12° pp. 486. With Frontispiece and Autograph. New York : George Routledge & Sons. 1879.

Discorso di Filosofia di FRANCESCO DELLA SCALA. 2 vols. 12° pp. 354-459. Seconda edizione. Firenze : 1876-1878.

Discovery and Conquest of the North-West, with the History of Chicago. By RUFUS BLANCHARD. Paper, 8° pp. 128. Wheaton (Ill.) : R. Blanchard & Co. 1879.

Organon of Science. JOHN H. STINSON. 12° pp. 183. Eureka (Cal.) : Wm. Ayres. 1879.

A Rhythmic-Prose Translation of Virgil's Æneid. By HENRY H. PIERCE. 12° pp. 367. London and Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1879.

System of Shakespeare's Dramas. By DENTON J. SNIDER. 2 vols. 12° pp. 460-458. St. Louis : G. I. Jones & Co. 1877.

A Compendious and Complete Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon to the Old Testament : With an English-Hebrew Index. By BENJ. DAVIES, Ph. D., LL. D. Carefully revised, with a Concise Statement of the Principles of Hebrew Grammar. By E. C. MITCHELL, D. D. 8° pp. 752. Andover : Warren F. Draper. 1879.

The Epic of Hades. By the Author of Songs of Two Worlds. Three Books. Seventh Edition. 12° pp. 284. Boston : Roberts Brothers. 1879.

Library Notes. By A. P. RUSSELL. New Edition revised and enlarged. 12° pp. 402. Boston : Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

Cæsar. A Sketch. By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A. 8° pp. 550. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

Goethe and Schiller : Their Lives and Works, including a Commentary on Goethe's Faust. By HJALMAR H. BOYESEN. 12° pp. 424. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

How To Get Strong And How To Stay So. By WILLIAM BLAIKIE. 16° pp. 296. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1879.

Poems. By MATTHEW ARNOLD. New and Complete Edition. 12° pp. 369. New York : Macmillan & Co. 1878.

The Metamorphoses of a Creed : An Essay in Present Day Theology. By FRANK WAKELEY GUNSAULUS. 12° pp. 376. Chillicothe (Ohio) : Gould & Kello. 1879.

The Constitutional and Political History of the United States. By DR. H. VON HOLST. Translated from the German. By JOHN J. LALOR, A. M. 1828-1846. Jackson's Administration—Annexation of Texas. 8° pp. 714. Chicago : Callaghan & Co. 1879.

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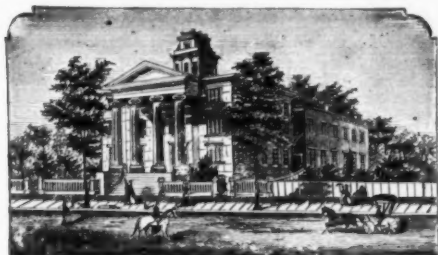
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- VIII. The Structure of the Bee's Tongue. *J. D. Hyatt.* Plate XX.
- IX. Oleomargarine and Butter. *Thomas Taylor.* Plate XXI.
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16
8
16
744

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